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STEAMBOAT REMINISCENCES.

The old steamer Wilson G. Hunt, which went round the Horn in 1849, and made much money running between San Francisco and Sacramento, is now lying on the beach at Victoria, British Columbia, worn out, and will never turn another wheel.

I find the foregoing paragraph in nearly every paper that I pick up. The old boat has evidently made the last revolution of her once busy wheels. And as everybody who arrived in California after 1850 and before 1861 has either traveled on the old boat or seen her under way, a glimpse at her history and those of a few contemporary steamers may be worth preserving. Thomas Hunt was an old man who lived in New York and carried on the importation of woolen cloths from Great Britain and the continent. His eldest son Wilson G. Hunt, was then a clerk in his employ and attained his majority in 1848. About that time Mr. Hunt built a small low-pressure steamer to ply between New York and Coney island and named it after his son. She was about 180 feet long, and had one of those sash-frame engines of Secor's invention, which have long since become obsolete. I don't think that any of them have been built since 1855.

The Wilson G. Hunt ran as far as Fort Hamilton only, in the winter months, and made expenses barely. In the summer months her route extended to Coney Island and was very profitable. But in the winter of 1848-49 came the news of the discovery of gold, and steamers were needed to ply upon the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and of course they could not be built in any such primitive country as California was at that time. Therefore boats built for the navigation of the Hudson river and New York bay must be sent out to take the desperate chances of the violent *pamperos* off the river Plate, and the rough weather that awaited them in the vicinity of Cape Horn. The first of these to leave New York was the Senator, a large oak-framed boat nearly new, which had done a single season's business between Boston and Bangor. She made a very successful voyage around the cape, and coined money on every trip, with passage at $25 to Sacramento, meals $2 50 and berths $5 for the run. Next after her were the Antelope and Confidence, boats of about 350 tons each, which ran to Long Branch and Shrewsbury during the summer. Then the New World left New York under command of Captain Edgar Wakeman, and by this time the California returns began to come back from the Confidence, in which Mr. Hunt was part owner. They were so satisfactory that he decided to send out the Wilson G. Hunt which everybody pronounced to be too light in her frame to make the voyage in safety. She took on board sixty passengers, cut away the planking from her guards and by good luck, coupled with good management, reached the Golden City in safety.

Some idea of the danger of the undertaking may be formed from the fact that the large steamer Rhode Island, of the Stonington line, of about 950 tons burthen, started out shortly after the Hunt, for the same destination. She was owned by W. P. Furniss and others, and was abandoned at sea when off Rio Janeiro, her crew suffering almost untold privations before they reached port. And yet the Rhode Island had run Long Sound for twelve years, and was regarded as one of staunchest boats on the line. The Champion, of the New Haven line, also attempted the trip, but put into Bahia leaking where she was condemned and broken up. Thomas Wardle, of New York, about the same period, built a beautiful boat called the [illegible] City, which he rigged as a three-masted schooner, and placed all her machinery in her hold, together with her upper works in frame. She got as far as Valparaiso however, and then she was condemned and sold. Nearly contemporaneous with these ventures was the building of two steamers for the San Joaquin river, a tortuous stream, which required double-engined boats capable of going ahead on one wheel and backing with the other. These were called the Sophie and Cornelia, and both were rigged as schooners, carrying their machinery as freight, and both accomplished the perilous voyage in safety. They ran for many years on the Stockton route, the former under the command of Captain John W. Polk and the latter in charge of Capt. E. Conklin. And by the way, at me mention that in 1853 Captain Conklin started out with the steamer W. J. Pease, a boat about the size of the Hunt, to bring her from Philadelphia to San Francisco. She encountered heavy weather off the river Plate and was so badly strained that she was condemned and sold at Montevideo. A dozen other cases of like character occurred at the time, but have slipped my memory.

By the time the Hunt reached San Francisco there was no lack of steamboat tonnage on both rivers, for the southern steamboatmen had knocked down half a dozen boats and shipped them around the Horn from New Orleans and Mobile in sailing vessels. These were the J. Bragdon, Capt. T. W. Lyles and American Eagle, Capt. H. C. Houston, from Mobile. Those that came from New Orleans were the Urilda, Capt Eben Clark; the Kate Kearney, Capt. Jas. Whitney, Jr.; the Camanche, Capt. Geo. R. Barclay, and the Kate Hayes, Capt. Stephen Card. By the time the Hunt was refitted and ready to run, the price of passage had got down to $8, and on the southern boats this included meals as well. The low pressure boats all adhered to the Yankee style of charging extra for meals, however. There were three lines of low pressure boats on the Sacramento route in 1852. One of these was the line controlled by Lafayette Maynard, Richard Chenery and Marshall Hubbard, embracing the Senator and New World. Hunt's line embraced the Wilson G. Hunt and the Confidence. The latter boat became rotten in 1859 and was dismantled. Her engines were put into a boat called the San Antonio and were taken out after ten years later to put into the El Capitan, now the oldest boat on the Oakland ferries. A third line consisted of the steamers Antelope and J. Bragdon. On the Stockton route, Samuel J. Hensley controlled the steamers Cornelia and Sophie, while Whitney had the Kate Kearny and E. Corning, the latter boat being commanded by Louis McLane, afterward manager of Wells, Fargo & Co. The Camanche and Urilda ran through from San Francisco to Marysville about eight months in the year and in March 1853, the former boat ascended the Sacramento as far as Tehama. She was wrecked in Suisun bay in 1854 and her engines were shipped to Oregon where they served first in the Senorita and afterward in the "old reliable" Okanagon that made every landing between Astoria and Lewiston.

It became evident along in December 1853 that there was four times as much steamboat tonnage in California waters as could find employment, and a few of the large owners decided upon a combination to be known as the California Steam Navigation company, and accordingly it was formed on the 20th day of January, 1854. Into this at once went the steamers Senator, Confidence, New World, Hunt, Antelope, Bragdon, Urilda, Sophie and Kate Kearny, together with the stern-wheel, light-draft boats on the upper Sacramento and Feather consisting of the Gem, Belle, Orient, Gov. Dana, Pearl, Pike and Cleopatra. The Cornelia and Camanche had been left out in the cold, but Captain Conklin lay the former boat on the berth for Marysville with freight at $5 per ton (the regular rate was $15) and hired a young black-eyed fellow named Thomas J. Stump to pilot his boat above Sacramento. The Cornelia landed her freight intact without reshipment in a stage of water so low that the combination were obliged to buy her up on her return to Sacramento, and immediately transferred her to the Stockton route where she afterwards ran constantly for fifteen years. And just while they were deliberating about the Camanche she was wrecked. The new organization elected Richard Chenery as president; Samuel J. Hensley vice president; William Norris secretary, and Horace Morrison (who had been purser on the Confidence) cashier. Alex. Baldwin, who had been purser of the Antelope, went into the firm of S. H. Meeker & Co. The purchasing agent, or port steward of the new concern, was Isaac M. Hall, the first landlord of the Union hotel.

The Senator was then taken off the river and placed on the route to San Diego, touching at Monterey, Santa Barbara and San Pedro. It now takes five steamers, three of them larger than the Senator, to serve the same route with the new way landings that have sprung up since then. The Senator was placed in command of Capt. Tom Seeley, with John Gorman as first officer and John S. Butters as second. Capt. Seeley was killed at San Pedro in 1862, by the explosion of a boiler on the little tug Ada Hancock, which was carrying the mails and passengers off to the Senator. The boats placed on the Sacramento route were the New World and Antelope. The former boat is dismantled in Oakland creek but the latter is kept as spare boat on the Donahue route, the oldest boat now in active service on the Pacific coast except the Goliah at Port Gamble. The New World was under command of Capt. Samuel Seymour, the Antelope of Capt. David Van Pelt, and the Hunt, when she ran as extra boat, was placed in charge of Edwin A. Poole. The Stockton route was served by the Cornelia and J. Bragdon, the former commanded by Capt. Conklin, and the latter by Capt. Daniel Mosby.

In 1853, just before the combination formed a ship arrived from New Orleans with one steamboat comprising her entire freight. This was the great side-wheel steamer Eclipse, built at New Albany, Indiana, by a company composed of Captain T. W. Lyles, Charles H. Houston, Henry Huntington and others. She was put together at Potrero by Patrick Tiernan and came on the route in November of the same year, with Lyle in command, Houston and E. C. Chadwick as pilots, Captain Charles as purser and Huntington as freight clerk. After she was taken into the combination, Captain Charles was made agent at Red Bluff where he committed suicide. Captain Lyles came to Portland, was one of the founders of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company and died in this city. Houston was captain of the steamer Belle when she was blown up near Russian Crossing in September, 1856. The Eclipse consumed so much fuel that she could only be made to pay for about three months in the year when the spring and fall rush of freight was on; and then she could carry about 850 tons. For speed she was no great marvel, and either the New World or Confidence could run away from her. Shortly afterwards some citizens from Marysville built an elegant boat called the Queen City and put her in charge of Captain George R. Barclay. She ran on the route for three months and was bought off by the big combination, Captain Seymour succeeding Barclay as master. I mention these facts to show how the Hunt has outlasted many boats built a long time after her and most of them at greater cost.

In 1855 a smart little boat arrived from New York, via Panama, called the Surprise. She belonged to a young man named Arthur J. Brown, who commanded her on the river while she ran as an opposition boat. She was speedily bought off by the combination, though too small for anything but a midwinter boat. Occasionally she relieved the Senator on the San Diego route until 1858, when she came up to Victoria and ran awhile on Fraser river. Some English shipmaster, just arrived from Hongkong, saw the tidy little craft and negotiated for her purchase. She took her departure for the "flowery land" and in the following year was burnt up at Boca Tigris. Her departure created a vacancy and her place was filled by the Wilson G. Hunt, which she was brought to Astoria and sold to the Oregon Steam Navigation Co. Under the excellent pilotage and faithful supervision of Capt. John H. Wolf she ran on that route till 1867, when the company sent her over to the Sound under command of Capt. Josiah Myrick, with W. J. Wait as pilot, Tom Smith as engineer and Frank T. Dodge as purser. She ran there two years till the Olympia came out when the Hunt was sold and went back to California. She was moored off Antioch, at the mouth of the San Joaquin river, for ten years, when John Irving bought her and brought her once more into British Columbia waters, and his time under the British flag. For two years she ran to Nanaimo and New Westminster alternately, until Irving formed the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co. and purchased the Olympia and Yosemite to serve those routes. The latter boat he bought for $40,000, which was less than the cost of her boilers and engines.

During the time the Hunt ran to Sacramento each boat had two first-class pilots and the captain never went to the wheel. These four pilots were Walter Buddington, J. G. Swan, Enos Fouratt and William Collett, and of these Captain Fouratt, now in command of the steamer Apache, is the sole survivor. Buddington was at on the Stockton route in 1861 and his place was filled by Daniel C. Gay, who shot himself about four years ago. The other three pilots on the Stockton route were John Fouratt, James Faulkner and Robert H. Chandler. All these are dead, except Fouratt, who is living at Perth Amboy, N. J. John Fouratt was made captain of both the Julia and the Amador before he left the route. Every man who ever commanded the Hunt in California is now dead, Captain Poole being the last one to go. And it is quite fitting now, that having buried nearly every one of her early officers, the old boat's bones should be permitted to rest on the gravelly shore, and her once busy engines, that must have earned nearly two millions of dollars, broken up for old iron and relegated to the ignominious level of the scrap-pile. The men are gone who were the life of that busy era and it is fit that the old boats should go likewise. And so shall we all wear out and pass away.

M.

The Sculpture of the Greeks.

Christian Union.

The early history of Greek sculpture is interesting more to the student than to the general reader; the products of the archaic periods, with their imperfect anatomy, their weak, stiff drapery and vacant smile, are to the ordinary observer amusing rather than inspiring; but the student sees in them the struggling dawn of those wonderful qualities which in the fifth century B. C. suddenly displayed themselves in a blaze of glory in the works of Pythagoras, Calamis and Myron, and then, under Pericles, in the perfected works of the immortal Phidias and his school. Of this glorious period much has been spared to our own day; and during the seventy-two years which have elapsed since the arrival of the Elgin marbles in London first awoke the civilized world from its blind worship of Roman art to a perception of the marvelous perfection of that of Pericles' time, the works of Phidias and his successors have become more and more the school and standard of the sculptors of to-day. Goethe thought himself "happy to have lived long enough" to see the Elgin marbles. Dannoker said, "They are formed as it were after nature—and yet I have never had the happiness to see such natures;" and Canova accounted these broken fragments worth a half million of dollars. No sum would avail to buy them to-day.

Spiritualism in Boston.

Boston Advertiser.

One of the most astonishing features of the present trend of thought in the modern Athens is the hold which Spiritualism and clairvoyance have taken in what are usually known as the higher walks of life. Not, of course, in the more markedly intellectual classes, but among the wealthy and fashionable have the vagaries of mediums and soothsayers a host of more or less eager believers. Strictly literary circles are little affected, albeit the amateur band who hover on the borders of professional authorship may count in its ranks certain distinguished examples, prominent among them a lady who holds weekly conversations with the spirit of her deceased husband through a professional trance medium. Perhaps this state of things is the natural consequence of the scepticism of the age, but in any case it is a sufficiently striking phenomenon.

RACING AND TROTTING.

The "sport of kings" is now in full blast at the east, the Louisville meeting having been a grand success. Freeland proved to be a bonanza for Mr. Corrigan, the Colorado cattle man, having won the Dixie, the Merchants and the Exchange stakes, all within ten days. Buchanan went down to Cincinnati and won the Ripple stakes, but was beaten in the Hindoo stakes by Audrain and the California filly Fallen Leaf, by Grinstead out of Molly McCarthy. Audrain and Buchanan have given the talent a great deal of trouble so far this season. The former won the Blue Ribbon at Lexington when the English colt Admiral was the favorite, and this made Audrain favorite for the Kentucky Derby. To the astonishment of all he was unable to catch either Buchanan or Loftin, the former winning cleverly. At Cincinnati, however, Audrain turned the tables and now by half a length from Fallen Leaf, the great Buchanan coming in third. Since then Buchanan and Fallen Leaf have both been bracketed as winners, and the latter is regarded by good judges as the best three year old filly that has so far shown up. She can be sold to-day to match against Modesty, Mr. Corrigan's fine War Dance filly. In the Illinois Derby and Oaks at Chicago she will have to carry a penalty in consequence of her victory at Cincinnati, and this may spoil her chances in the former race though not in the latter. We see no mention of either Gano, Griemer, Lucky B, or any other of Mr. Baldwin's horses, except this filly, having run at the Cincinnati meeting.

The handsome Alabama horse Harry Gilmore, own brother to Buchanan, won the Latonia cup at Covington in very easy style, his old antagonist Barnum not being in the race and Wallensee being unplaced. The second horse was that good and serviceable second rater, Taxgather by Tipperary out of Colleen Bawn, who ran a dead heat for second money with Levant. The track was dusty and no fast time could be expected. The Montana colt, Bonnie Australian, by Regent, won a race of a mile and an eighth at Covington, beating the celebrated Fellowplay and the imported colt Admiral. We see no mention made of any of Mr. Haggin's horses taking part in the Latonia meeting. Old Premium seems to have lost all her speed or else have been knocked off by her long railroad trip, or she has not been able to get a better place than third in any of her races, besides being beaten by rather inferior horses. If Shenandoah and Freda are anywise up to their form of last year they are liable to be "pektersome" before the season is over. Duke of Monday seems to have gone amiss altogether, and as for Winnemucca he has not been able to get better than second place.

Levi Knott's horse Jim Renwick, won the Fordham handicap at Jerome Park on Wednesday last in rather hollow style if the telegraph speaks truly. It does not give the number or names of the starters, but the other placed horses were Mr. Belmont's mare Rica, by Kingfisher, and the four-year-old colt Euclid, own brother to Clara D. The big 'un was ridden by Donohue, who has just returned from England, where he went to ride Girofle for "Plunger" Walton. Donohue held the old bald-faced gelding well in hand for six furlongs, and then let him go by his horses under a big pull. The time 1:47 is not fast, but it is fast time. Besides, there is no desire to make fast time on the eastern tracks, as safety is the great consideration. In Oregon a horse may run six races in one season. In California he may run ten or twelve but at the east he is liable to have twenty-five or thirty engagements, and the object is to prevent him from getting lame. They want to win as many races as possible regardless of time. Between Jim Renwick's win at Jerome park and Bonnie Australian's victory over Fellowplay near Cincinnati, the Pacific northwest is already meeting with a well deserved recognition. My own idea is that horses, intended to participate in spring races at the east, should not be trained and run in California at the spring meetings, but should be sent on in March by the Southern Pacific route. Renwick went on there early and got well acclimatized before beginning his fast work; hence he won cleverly and showed all his old speed. George Buchanan, his trainer, must feel very good over the result. We need not be surprised to hear it announced that he is "a bigger man nor old Grant."

My own idea is that Mr. Baldwin's trainer, Cyrus Holloway, is saving Lucky B for the Chicago cup, two miles and a quarter, which is to be run in about three weeks and has some sixty odd nominations. It is by no means certain that any horse engaged in that race can beat the big son of Rutherford at that distance, for Leonatus has broken down entirely, and so has Barnes, while George Kinney is not among the nominations in the race. If the track should be muddy, old Barnum is likely to be a troublesome customer in the race just as he was at Louisville. But Harry Gilmore can always beat him on a good track, and if Lucky B. comes up in good shape by that time the race will be between him and the son of Buckden, unless Lida Stanhope recovers her lost form. A mare that can do three miles in 5:25 is always dangerous, and it would be well for the master of Santa Anita to keep his eye on her. Gano, like his sire, is a horse of phenomenal speed, and yet he is well strung out at a mile and three-fourths. Griemer, the little sorrel gelding, is a useful horse, and will earn his share of the oats and hay for the stable.

One of the most useful horses in America is General Monroe by Tom Bowling out of Jesteral's dam. He won the great metropolitan handicap at Jerome Park, one mile and a half, on Tuesday last, beating Hartford and Trafalgar. He has a very short stride but gathers rapidly and is very handy about starting. General Monroe is out of his class with Eole, Monitor and Iroquois, but with horses of anything like his own grade he seldom loses a race. He belongs to a man named McElmeel, residing at Yonkers, who gave $1100 for him at four years old and has long since got his money back. And now, ignored by all the great breeders of the east, old Tom Bowling is standing for mares at Glendale, Montana, while Chesapeake, his former stable companion, is at Baker City in this state. Six or seven years hence, the colts of these two monstrous sons of the peerless Lexington will be battling for supremacy on the territorial turf, both in Idaho and Montana. Tom Bowling was a good horse, undoubtedly the best son of Lexington up to two miles. Whether Wanderer of Norfolk could have beaten him above that distance, had they been enabled to come together, will always be a mooted point among turfmen.

Mr. Hancock's horse Eolus, sire of Freddy Gebhardt's great horse Eole, is rapidly rising in fame as a sire and taking place beside Longfellow and Enquirer as a favorite son of the double Chester cup winner. The latest of his get to run into public favor is the colt Knight of Ellerslie, owned by Thos. W. Doswell, of Richmond, Va. He is out of a mare called Lizzie Hazelwood and won the Vernal stakes on Wednesday and the Preakness stakes on Friday at Baltimore. In the former he carried 118 pounds and did his mile in 1:45, and in the latter he carried 110 pounds and ran a mile and a half in 2:39½ under a big pull. It is a long time, nearly twenty-five years in fact, since the Doswell colors were successful in any big event. In 1859-60 they had Planet, Exchequer, Fanny Washington, Ninette and Orion, all of which were racers of superb quality. In three seasons they won every race they started for except five. Planet was beaten by Socks and Albine each once, and Fanny Washington was beaten by Congaree and Albine each once. Exchequer was twice beaten by Jones Hooper and once by Uncle Jeff. Outside of that the stable won over $30,000 in purses and stakes in a single season.

The Withers stakes at Jerome park brought out a terribly grand lot of colts, but the Philadelphia colt Panique, by Alarm out of Iroquois' dam, won the race in 1:48. Himalaya was second, Pampero third, and the favorite, Burton, was in the unplaced lot with Vocalic, Thackeray, and Keene's imported colt, Dutch Roller. The Dwyer brothers, who own Burton, must have lost heavily as they always back their horses liberally. The time is not fast, but Jerome park always was a slow track, and the time of the race is a good key to Jim Renwick's performance in the Fordham handicap. The ladies' stakes fell to Duchess, with Economy second, and Nonage third. The flying filly Leasquena either ran unplaced or did not start at all, as we see no mention made of her in any of the summarized telegrams. She was in the stable with Panique and had she been anywhere near his equal in form, they would undoubtedly have started her for this event. The three year old fillies at the east will not have any fun, however, till they meet Modesty and Fallen Leaf.

It must have been a great sight at the New York horse fair, in the Madison square pavilion, when old Volunteer (sire of St. Julien) was led out. This most famous son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian is now 30 years old and his back is badly swayed, but in other respects he is a wonderfully preserved horse. His eyes are bright and free from any optical defect; his legs are clean and free from blemish; his head and neck show but little mark of his great age; his teeth are better than those of many horses 12 years his junior; and his muscles evince but but little signs of the waste that characterizes horses that have crossed the quarter-century line. Six generations of his descendants have been shown alongside of him and there were thousands of ladies to caress the old horse as he stood in his box. He carried off the first prize in the show ring, the second being given to his son Kearsage, who was from Dexter's dam.

Bayonne Prince, black horse by Kentucky Prince, is the great coming five-year-old of the east, if his trotting at Philadelphia in the 2:23 class. All the heats were trotted between 2:27 and the class time, but the third heat was won by Maria on account of a bad break by Prince. In the fourth heat Prince broke again and the leaders got a big gap on him so that he was obliged to trot the last half-mile in 1:07¼, which is at the rate of 2:14½. The Prince is owned by Mr. Cadugan, who says he is not afraid of his horse having a low record and claims that the Prince trotted his heat in 2:25, instead of 2:27¼ as officially reported. Another good horse emerged from the dark division at Philadelphia in the person of Fleet Medium by Happy Medium, who won the 2:00 class in straight heats, the last heat being trotted in 2:29½. Walnut, by Florida, took the purse for 2:23 class, the best heat being 2:22¼, and the last half in 1:0. The 2:19 class brought out Sleepy Joe Tony Newell and St. Cloud, the former being a hot favorite. He won the first heat in 2:22, but was distanced in the second in 2:24¼, won by Tony Newell. St Cloud took the next three heats, in which 1:1 to the half-mile was twice beaten. Fleet Medium also won the 2:50 class at the same meeting, but was not compelled to beat 2:30 in doing it. Code the promising young son of Dictator, has won at Columbus, Ind., in the 2:26 class beating a field of six, and did not have to beat 2:31 to do it. Revenue, by Smuggler, won the 2:42 class at the same meeting, beating seven others. Best time :31¼. He belongs to Commodore Kittson.

[illegible] private sale nearly a dozen head of his Alwood colts and fillies within the past sixty days, for some of which he got fair prices, while others were sacrificed. He sold several fillies with which he should never have parted, and he should get rid of his geldings whenever he can obtain fair figures. Alwood is a remarkable breeding horse, and for uniformity, I doubt if his superior ever was brought to the coast. He breeds size, bone, and ability to pull weight, and these are three cardinal requisites, coupled with fine color and good style. Add to this a good temper, and you have a pretty good horse. Whether Alwood will get early trotters is a matter of doubt, but certainly when those big fellows get their full growth they will be heard from. No tourist visiting Walla Walla should fail to visit the Fleetmont farm and see the trotters at work, all the way from yearlings up to five-year-olds. It will give him a correct idea of the capacity of the inland empire for producing horses that are saleable at all times and available for all classes of work. The farm is but half a mile from Bolles' Junction, and there is no trouble in reaching it by the foot-bridge across the Touchet. And the visitor should also "take in" the farms of Charles Russell and James W. Foster before saying that section. The horses are superb, and the cherries are ripe.

M.

GENERAL SPINNER'S PREVENTIVE OF PANICS.

General F. E. Spinner of Mohawk New York, ex-treasurer of the United States and now largely engaged in the banking business, was asked at the Fifth Avenue hotel Saturday by a New York *Tribune* reporter for his opinion on the financial flurry. He said:

"I think it has blown over. Stocks are going up, money is a little easier, no new failures are reported. If we hold this gain Monday everything will go on again."

"To what do you attribute the trouble?"

"It is a periodical affair, ever since I can remember. This has not been a full panic, but a premature affair. Men have not been crazy enough in their dealings; there has not been overtrading enough to bring on a great panic. I have been through a good many of them—1837, 1857, 1873. They come every twenty years. That of '73 was premature, precipitated by Cooke's failure, just as this has been premature. There was no panic due now, and no occasion for one."

"Is there no remedy for this periodicity?"

"Yes, I have always thought there was. I so reported three times while I was United States treasurer. The last time Mr. Bristow eviscerated my report, cutting out that part of it. It came to me directly that he said that he could get along without my advice, and I immediately resigned."

"What was your remedy?"

"My remedy was for the government to issue a bond at a low rate of interest, which should be interconvertible with cash at the will of the holder. With such an arrangement there never could be a panic. I talked to-day with a large number of bankers here and all said that with such a bond nothing could break them. It would be to their business what a governor is to an engine or a balance wheel to a watch. It would keep things steady. Grant believed me right for a time but afterwards changed his mind."

"What about politics?"

"I am in favor of the man who can be elected. My own man is Gen. Sherman. He can carry New York."

An Engineering Feat.

Buffalo Commercial.

The Central bridge works of this city this morning successfully accomplished one of the most difficult engineering feats ever attempted in this country. When the upper suspension bridge was constructed it was placed upon wooden towers. For some time past the company has felt the necessity of replacing these with others made of more durable material, but how to do it was the question. The engineers of the Central bridge works were consulted, and they agreed to undertake the work. New iron towers were constructed, and this morning the work of transferring the weight of the bridge from the old towers to the new was successfully completed. An idea of what this involved may be formed from the fact that the bridge is a 1220 foot span and the dead weight to be transferred was 52 tons, or 26 tons at each end. This was done on a small bed-plate, or saddle, only four by four feet. This was possibly a more difficult job than anything connected with the great cantilever bridge which this company was so successful in constructing.

TRESPASSES.

My experiences are exceedingly limited as a driver of those peculiar vehicles to which the redoubtable Col. Jack Gambill referred in 1863, when he said, "A confederate sympathizer, sir? Of course I am. Why do you know that all my relatives reside in the south. The air; and my brother Bill was wounded at the battle of Molasses Gap and carried across the mountains to Tennessee in an avalanche."

I turned out last Monday as an intelligent voter and for my own preferences I voted a fusion ticket—of my own making. As a piece of patchwork it was an enormous success, for every man on it was elected—even Thayer of whom I am now no longer in doubt. The next day I hitched up the horses to an ambulance and went out in search of the killed and wounded. As I drove out of the stable I heard a clear tenor singing a somewhat familiar air. At first I thought it was Mr. Hdwell getting ready for a second performance of "Patience." But it turned out to be Jeffery. "Jeff, what the dickens is that tune you're singing?" I asked.

"It's a new song written expressly for me," he replied, "it has an adagio in the first line and four slogatos in the third stanza; and it is entitled 'Over the Hill to the Brickyard.'"

"Where are you going now?" I asked.

"Going to work, of course. You don't think I'm going to lie around here and 'beef' because I'm licked in a political fight. No sir, my hair don't grow that way."

I drove out on the road toward the Western precinct polls and picked up Ellis G. Hughes and J. P. O. Lowndale. While I was bringing their remains to the morgue I noticed quite a crowd of men and boys and dogs, gathered about the door of the Occidental hotel. It seems that Ben Norden had advertised for two St. Bernard dogs, for which he would pay a liberal price. One boy had a big brindle mastiff, with undershot jaws, and was trying to palm it off as a St. Bernard on the guileless and unsuspecting Boniface. Two gentlemen of color—Mr. Pixley Johnson and Mr. Alfred Carr—were evenly divided as to the merits of the animal.

"I done tole you dat's a ginnywine Saint Barnard, Mr. Kyarr," said Pixley.

"An' I done tole you dat you doan' know nuffin' about it no mo' dan de ghost ob Horace Greeley, Mr. Johnsing," retorted the aged Abyssinian war-horse.

"Kum in offen de ruff, Mr. Kyarr," cried Pixley.

"Eat a brick, yo tarrier," retorted the old man, as he hobbled away on his stick.

By this time Ben had bought the dog in dispute, and was negotiating for another. The boy wanted $70, and Ben would only give $45.

"Say, Ben," I began, "what the dickens do you want of St. Bernard dogs?"

"I am going to send them out in search of Jack Marshall. He's snowed under somewhere, by Jupiter."

On election day Bybee and I were standing in front of Lemline's cigar store, and the vote of Morrison precinct was one in which the Justice felt an absorbing interest. He had just lighted a Partaga and handed me another when a vehicle drove by with placards attached, which read, "Don't forget to vote for Jordan!" "Remember Sandirs, the Workingman's Friend!" "For Senator Jos. Simon and J. C. Carson" Bybee looked at the vehicle and says to me,

"Is this what they call 'landaulets'?

"Well, you see I came out here when I was a small boy, and have been here ever since, and I haven't seen half of these new vehicles that are being introduced and that's why I want to know if a vehicle that is used for carrying voters to the polls, can properly be called a 'party hack?'"

I heard no more my head reeled and the sidewalk came up and took me on the bridge of the nose. Lemline started off for the coroner and when I recovered my consciousness I was lying in bed with a towel of cracked ice around my head.

The polls may be called the last resort of the unfortunate brave for "many are called but few are chosen." The battle is over and the slain are being gathered in and cremated as fast as slab wood can be procured. The polls are closed, the returns have been counted and there is "no mo' occasion to sing dat song"—at least not for two years to come. The job-presses that worked off the countless myriads of tickets may ease their weary joints until another patriotic rally is needed. The Republicans feel good, as they have elected their legislative ticket; and as for the democracy (of whom I am which), they may congratulate themselves on having elected Mr. Corbett as commissioner of the county court. The constitutional amendment is mired out of sight in a quicksand; and for two years we shall have peace on that score. The candidates, that is those who were defeated, have been properly embalmed. On Monday morning their name was legion; but times are changed, and now their name is Dennis.

The day after election a lank-visaged man called at the office of Ladd & Tilton, and began to inquire concerning a piece of land owned by the banker, about a mile and a half out of town, which he wished to use for a campmeeting of the religious sect to which he belonged. Mr. Ladd told him that the land in question had already been rented and there was no chance for him to secure it for that purpose. But he would see a friend of his and try to get a suitable location for that purpose. That afternoon the banker drove out by the brickyard, and says he

"Mr. Jeffery, is that adjoining lot occupied, or used for any purpose?"

"None whatever," replied the defeated candidate in a very affable tone. "Did you want it for anything?" he continued.

"No, I had no particular use for it, but there are some friends of mine who would like to use it for a camp-meeting."

"Bring 'em along, Mr. Ladd, every one that wants to come, and it shan't cost 'em a cent. Let 'em all come—send down Sal—I beg your pardon, I mean let all use the premises who feel devoutly and religiously disposed. Bring 'em along. If there is anything I feel in need of just now it is a prayer-meeting.

The suspension of the well-known caterer, Louis Eppinger, is one of the calamities that have grown out of the boom and its certain reaction. The house was a credit to the city of Portland, as every tourist who has visited here will testify. Ambitious of earning a solid reputation, Mr. Eppinger has been very exclusive and refused any custom but that of the most reputable character. He thought that Portland might support one place where ladies and heads of families might visit without the fear of meeting improper characters of either sex—and he has been mistaken. He has paid severely for his mistake, too. Sixteen months ago Louis Eppinger had a saloon worth $12,000 which he has since been obliged to sacrifice in order to keep up his elegant down-town dining palace. One thing must be said of him—he gave everybody a fair equivalent for their money and never allowed a man to leave his house unsatisfied. It will be a long time before we see another such place, presided over by another such man.

It does not look well for the city that so elegant and well conducted an establishment was allowed to run down, for there was local wealth here to have kept it up. It very often occurs that our rich men have families and elegant homes and yet are compelled, as matters of business, to entertain men whom they would prefer not to invite to their houses. In cases like these Eppinger's neat and well ordered refectory was the bridge across the social chasm. He furnished excellent viands, wines of rare quality, attendance equal to the best in the land, and was always there to superintend the carrying out of all the details of the house. Since the decadence in the Villard stocks the business of the house has steadily fallen off until in May its receipts were actually $315 less than its expenses. Eppinger has made a name for himself and should he go elsewhere to be better appreciated, I trust he will speedily retrieve his Portland losses. And the next time a "boom" comes along he will not get caught by it, nor be worsted by the reaction that must certainly follow it.

Immorality and its legal punishments afford some curious food for reflection, at times. If I were to ask some staid minister of the gospel, or some thoughtful practitioner of the law, what city in the civilized world he regarded as being the greatest hotbed of immorality and indecency, and his answer would probably be "Paris," without a moment's hesitation. Yet in that self-same city of Paris the courts sent Mlle. Marie Colombier to jail for the term of ninety days, as a punishment for her indecent and scandalous book entitled "Sarah Barnum," supposed to portray the life of Sarah Bernhardt, the actress. And yet in this highly moral city of Portland, which boasts a forest of church spires and claims to be a religious city if there be one on the Pacific coast, that self-same book, translated into English in a manner that is fearfully suggestive, can be purchased at any book stand for twenty-five cents. There are no arrests for selling this book, or a dozen other equally as licentious and indecent; nor are there likely to be unless some new man arises among us to imitate the example of Anthony Comstock. There are worse places than Paris, after all, and one does not have to go away from home to find them.

Somebody in Pendleton telegraphed to this city, about a week ago, a dispatch which said that "the body of an unknown horse thief was found hanging to a tree in Vansyckle canyon." Now, what I wish to ask is, if the man were unknown, as the telegram states, how did anybody know that he was a horse thief? I once lived in one of the southern counties of this state, where, at one term of the circuit court, five different cases of attempt to take life were suffered to go unpunished. At the same term of court two men were convicted of horse stealing and two boys of killing a calf belonging to some other man. All four of these parties were found guilty of grand larceny and sent to the penitentiary for terms varying from one year to five. The old adage, "touch a man's horse and you touch his heart," was manifest in those cases and it seems to hold good in the ethics of the Vansyckle canyon case. The onus probandi is thrown upon the defense rather than the prosecution, and the supposition is that every man is a horsethief until he can, by competent witnesses, establish the fact that he is only a poor and honest murderer.

I see that an effort is being made to get the council to allow Tyler Woodward's old rickety and rotten shell, at the corner of First and Yamhill streets, to be rebuilt in wood. This should not be allowed for one moment, as the house is more than half destroyed already, and should be pulled down at once. If the chief engineer had done his duty, he would have put on the hooks at once and leveled it to the ground. Should a strong westerly breeze spring up, the rickety old ruin would fall down and cripple some good man for life. The other three corners of First and Yamhill are covered with good and reliable brick buildings, and there is no good reason why this rotten old firetrap should be allowed to stand and menace their security. Again, it is injustice to the brothers Davenport, who contemplate erecting [illegible] stress is laid upon the fact that one of the Ross heirs is interested in the property, and said heir is poor, but, on investigating the facts, I find this same heir to be the owner of Second street property, which rents to Chinese tenants at $300 per month. I hope the council will refuse to allow these premises to be rebuilt of wood, as the owners are abundantly able to build of brick, and should be made to do so.

It always does me good to chronicle a good action, more especially after the doer thereof is dead and gathered to the eternal rest. Some years ago a man named Anthony Whittaker settled on the Columbia bottoms, about six miles from this city. He had one son, Henry, a very industrious and thrifty lad who worked hard, wore old clothes and saved every cent he could get hold of. About two years ago Henry Whittaker began to show unmistakable signs of pulmonary consumption and came into town for medical treatment. In August, 1883, he died and left about $3100 worth of property, of which he left $1000 each to his father and mother, $330 to the Good Samaritan hospital, $330 to the Episcopal Orphanage and $330 to the Children's Home. The estate was finally settled up last Thursday and I have seen receipts for all the above legacies which have been paid over to the respective beneficiaries. Henry Whittaker was an humble lad but "died as firm as Sparta's king, because his soul was great." Considering the value of his earthly possessions, no man has died in Oregon who gave more to public charities than this modest farmer's boy, and to me his self-denial for this end seems almost heroic. Little children who never saw him will be taught to love the name of Henry Whittaker.

GRIZZLY.

Men's Dressing.

Echo in Spectator.

But there is one thing of which, perhaps, it would not be altogether indiscreet to speak. Scarcely any one who has given the matter of men's dressing any attention can fail to notice how carelessly St. Louis men dress during business hours. After eight o'clock in the evening there is little fault that can be found with their appearance, and, as a rule, they stand the crucial test of full-dress better than the men of other cities. But during the day the majority wear clothes that make one almost inclined to believe the story that some of them fell on themselves, of the Jew who stops them on the street to say confidently that he will "giff schön tollars for all dem gloze you got on." They seem to have a faculty for getting their clothes out of shape; for making pockets in the knees of their trousers, and wrinkles in the shoulders of their coats; for giving a hitched-up look to their vests just above the trouser pockets, and a dragged down look to the front corners of their sack coats. While no one seems to object to being clean, every one seems to have an apathy to being tidy during business hours, but certainly if the former is attainable in this dirty place, the latter must be within easy reach.

Perhaps the cleanest looking men are New Yorkers; the tidiest looking, the Washingtonians. A New York man always looks as though he had just had a bath; a Washingtonian as though he never needed one; New York men seem always to have just bought new clothes. Washington men never to have had any old ones. And near as the places are, the difference is as great in physique as in style. A typical New York man is sleek, solid, florid, with a fattish head and a rather short neck that runs in straight lines from his ears to his shoulders. A typical Washingtonian is apt to be a narrow-shouldered man with a large, lean head, a long neck that is possessed of a style of its own; a person who never was quite young and never will be very old.

A Smart Irishman.

At Monte Carlo it is the custom to fill the pockets of the suicides with bank-notes, so that it may be seen that they did not kill themselves on account of losses. A recent letter from there relates how a presumably dead Irishman succeeded in getting his pockets filled a short time ago. After losing a small sum at the gambling tables he suddenly jumped up, exclaimed "I am ruined!" and rushed into the gardens. Almost immediately afterward the guards heard a pistol shot and then a cry of pain, and, rushing to the spot, found the Irishman dead. It was dark, with no one around, so they filled his pockets with money and left him to be discovered in the morning. They had scarcely gone out of sight, however, before the Irishman was on his feet again, and skipping away in the most lively style.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Daily Orege

SATURDAY MORNING JU

LANE COUNTY PIONEERS' I

Eu

Yesterday the pioneers of Lane gathered from far and near the even annual reunion of the Pioneers. The day was lovely, not too warm, and the town was filled with carriages, people. The exercises were held at the side of the town. The Eugene band discoursed music and their instruments glistened in that portion of the sunlight that through the maple foliage overhead.

Hon John Whiteaker presided. Walton was the orator of the day. H was an able one, was well received nent men, pioneers, followed with remarks. Among them were Rev I 49er Rev J M Dick the man who Lane county, that is to establish Hon M Wilk ne the shepherd Alb of Linn, T J Vaughn, the heavy of Lane who made the "best time on Dorris the miner, and others. Of followed after which the association the courthouse for the transaction and election of officers. The officers about the same as those of the prev Hon John Whiteaker president, A, vice-president and G Hendricks se

SALEM NOTES

S

Miss Addie Cann of Seattle is vis this city.

Mrs Z F Moody of this city home at The Dalles.

Mrs L M Kanoff of Eugene City is story for the daily *Statesman*.

The Kendall Dramatic Company is at Reed's Opera house for one week Monday evening next.

Rev and Mrs J Taylor Chambers of East Portland in attendance at the the Episcopal church.

Eugene Breyman will soon move his dence on the vacant lot opposite church preparatory to erecting a n home on the corner of Court and Chu

The Dalles Mill and Water Compa filed articles of incorporation in the retary of state, with Frank Dekum H C Wortman as incorporators. Cap 000

The governor has recently appoint notaries public: H C Heald, Otis Hall Wolf creek, Robert M Christi K E Purington, Drews J Q Ada Ewing and J G Baird, Alkali C Whea land, J B Condon The Dalles

Protection Lodge No 2 A O U the following officers for the ensuing G Evans, P M W W G Piper M bellwood, G F, Jacob Wrage, Overse corder Charles Unslovage, financier ceiver W W Munkers, guide A F John Green, O W Frank E Hodgki Waller and Frank L. Hodgkin delegat lodge.

The Oregon and California rail road granted half fare rates for the round land, and stations south to Salem and and Albany and stations north to Sal wishing to attend the printers' picnic July celebration in this city. Tick 3d, 4th and 5th of July. This will from abroad to indulge in the varied the day at greatly reduced expense, a crowd will no doubt be in attendance

At the regular meeting of Capital E No 1 held last evening, the followi elected for the ensuing year: Hon president, W L Boise, secretary Jo treasurer William F Dugan, foreman first assistant, Tilmon Howard sec representative in the board of fire D'Arcy W T Gray and Frank E. Hod pany presented Thomas N King as it chief engineer at the coming election

CHURCH NOTICES

St Matthew's Chapel, Episcopal Sc Morning service at 11 A M. No even

First Presbyterian church, corner and Third streets—Chaplain Stubbs pulpit in the morning subject The The pastor Dr A L Lindsley, w evening service beginning at 7:45.

Calvary Presbyterian church cor Clay streets—Pastor Rev E T Lee 11 A M, and 7.45 P M Sabbath o'clock Young Peoples Christian U praise service at 6:45 P. M All are c to these services.

North Portland M E Mission co and S streets—Sunday school 10 A M 11 A M by Rev G M Peirce

South Portland M E Mission Bake Mead and Hood streets—Sunday s Preaching 7:30 P M by Rev G M Pe

Scandinavian Gospel Meetings in the Portland, corner of Sixteenth and P 3:30 P M Rev C J Larson, pastor

Unitarian church—T L Eliot m ices at 11 A M and 7 45 P M Sun 12:30 and afternoon mission school land at 3 o clock

United Presbyterian church Dura corner First and Clay streets—Sabb 12.30 P M. No services on the Sabb of pastor's absence from the city

First German Evangelical Church day June 8 at 11 A M and 7.30 P M 9.30 A.M. Preaching by the pastor, R Residence 191 Clay street. The publi invited to attend

North Portland Presbyterian Mis Rev R J Laughlin. Sunday school Couch engine house on G street betw and Fourteenth, at 2 30 P M Preac Watson's hall on the corner of St streets at 7:30 P. M. All are cordiall

Plymouth church, corner of Four streets—Services in the morning at 11 ing 7-45 Morning services will be C Haffenden of the Y M C A Sunda P M Strangers are cordially invite us in worship

There will be preaching in Shuttes addition to East Portland on Sunday and 7.30 P M, by Rev O G Poling town, Penn., now pastor of the new ized in East Portland by the Evangeli Sunday school will be organized at public are cordially invited to attend

First Baptist church, corner Fo streets—Rev J Q A Henry paste services at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P M. M "The Hazards of a Neglected Li "Jewels for Jesus" The ordinance be administered in the evening. Po public invited Strangers cordially

First Congregational church, corn Jefferson streets—Services at 11 A M Rev J H Acton Sunday school Evening services at 7:45, conducted H Lee, a Congregational minister at Rev E Trumbull Lee A cordial wel

Christadelphians—Meeting over Pr store, on First between Stark and Was Room No 6 Lecture by A. Susha Subject "The Death and Resurrectio the Gospel, but a mystery and unkn cost" Come with bible and learn

First Christian church corner Eas lumbia streets—Edward O Sharpe p at 11 A. M. and 7 45 P M Mornin Philosophy of Giving " Evening ing Gospel service at the Baptist port and at 4 P M All invited, but cially

Young Men's Christian Associati street between Alder and Washin Young men's bible study every Sa from 9.30 to 10 30 public song and g 3 15 P M Special service for youn every Wednesday evening in the par Also a "workers" training class each S at the same hour Young men strangers, will receive a most heart

Gospel meetings will be held by d dist ministers of Portland in the Ten North Portland, corner of Sixteenth Monday, Wednesday and Friday eve Rev. C J Larson

Taylor street M E church—Rev pastor To-morrow will be observe day At 11 A. M. the sunday schoo centenary programme for the Sun partment of American Method em programme prepared by the Sunday presented At the morning service probationers will be received. The dially invited to the services

The Church of Sea and Land corne D streets—Chaplain Stubbs pastor vices will be conducted by Mrs Stub is to make his annual statement in th terian church at 11 A. M., by the co Dr Lindsley Sunday school at minutes Preaching at 7:30 P M b Week day services Bethel Home lo of the world at 8 Tuesday propheti day prophetic study- Friday servic T Union Meetings at 7.30 P M

CRIMINAL CALENDA

THE HAMMONTON HORRO

New York June 6 —[Special]— Hammonton New Jersey gives Mis fense against the charge of cruelty death of twenty-two infants under alleges that the measles broke out a lowed by pneumonia. The childre cate and artificially nurtured and so few weeks old They were tender their deaths were due to exhaustio count says it has been found that the dead infants were the illegitim wealthy Philadelphia and New York Nevison has not yet been arrested

ENGLAND

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARK

Liverpool June 6 —The weather stuffs are firm. Wheat spring 7s 5s 4½d

Albany's Supernatural Wa

London Truth

Should a poet be regarded as a go probability is in conflict with his feeling is that he should not; he is to ize to always stick to hard, ugly fa apply the *cum grano salis* maxim heard a few days back from the poe Villa des Violettes at Cannes, M Lie of the most amiable and best fello He alleged that the Duke of Albany warnings of his approaching end he died At the last ball at whic told his astonished partner that the end of his lease of life that between sleeping and waking of Tuesday (his decease took place of the Friday following) his sister his room to tell him she watched ove he was soon to be with her and other in a sphere where all was peaceful happiness. The owner of the Villa des Violettes spoke of other signs and wonders which, to the Duke of Albany seemed like the handwriting on the wall. I can believe that in the reaction which followed pleasurable excitement he fancied he saw and heard the Princess Alice come to beckon him to another world. As to the other prodigies it is safer to think like Hotspur than like Glendower.

Consumptives call on your druggist and get a *free* Trial Bottle Dr. King's New Discovery

AMERICAN NOBILITY.

History of Some American Girls Who Have Married Foreign Notables.

GENEVIEVE WARD'S SACRIFICE.

How Plain Miss Goddard Became the Princess Poniatowski—The Young and Beautiful Baroness Riviere.

"Talker" in St. Louis Spectator

It is an unpleasant state of things for the Princess Beatrice, the queen's daughter—this morganatic marriage of her betrothed, the duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. It is rather unpleasant for the public at large, for why this ducal gentleman should be accorded a privilege of this nature is not clearer than that he is the Grand Duke Louis IV and not a private individual. The spirit of the age is opposed to this relic of barbarism, and I am one who can not but wonder how long it will yet be before the spread of republican ideas on the continent effects the same degree of purity in the marriage bond among royalty as exists in the less exalted walks of life. The good of the state with its unnatural demands of sacrifice of domestic instincts is the real root of this vicious custom. When a young French girl was sent down into Spain to be wedded to Philip II neither had ever seen the other, but the good of the state demanded that Philip should take his particular young woman for his queen, the queen's feature of the contract was so much more important than the question of a good wife. And though Napoleon Bonaparte afterwards told the beautiful Austrian girl for whom he divorced Josephine, that his marriage with her was "a mistake," yet the good of the state of France had demanded the sacrifice of Josephine and an uncongenial second marriage for Bonaparte.

But we are fast changing all that. The good of the state is getting to mean the good of society, on which the state really rests, and society cannot exist normally with open violation of morality even by dukes or czars. It is noticeable that fewer of these left-hand marriages are occurring. When one does take place the world is struck with a perceptible little tremor of horror as in this instance. There is scarcely any reason to doubt that the foibles and follies of royal personages are not condoned in this day as once they were. The state is not all in all; the people are being considered. Governments were not long since regulated according to the will of their respective royal families; now they are directed in accordance with the needs of the governed. Marriages were once, as a rule, made in subservience to "The State"; not so now. The public approved the decision of Princess Louise to marry a respectable nobleman, serving her own wishes rather than sacrifice herself for the good of the state, and now it is of interest to know whether the Princess Beatrice will be given in marriage under circumstances that in private life would be plain bigamy.

This recalls to mind the story of Genevieve Ward's marriage with a Russian nobleman as told to me by an intimate friend of the actress in St. Louis. Going to France at an early age with her mother for the cultivation of her voice, she met and married a Russian of high birth. The ceremony was performed by civil contract, the agreement being that the religious part of it, without which it would not be binding in the eyes of the Russian lord, should take place at a point on their journey to Russia, on which she was accompanied by her mother. But on arriving at the place designated no Greek church was found. One excuse followed another on the nobleman's part as the three wended their way northward. Reaching St Petersburg finally she was not only still half married, but abandoned altogether by the half-made husband. Subsequently obtaining presentation at court there in the presence of that personage and before the czar she told her story. A command to complete the marriage or accept exile was laid upon the nobleman. The former was agreed to, and at the appointed time Genevieve, dressed in black, met him at the altar, was married, bade him good morning and left him forever. There is no divorce in the Greek church.

The marriage of yet another nobleman comes to mind. The Baroness de Riviere I notice is visiting in Mobile. She was a Miss Emily — married Baron de Riviere just after the war closed and eloped with him from Mobile to New Orleans, like Genevieve Ward, accompanied by her mother. Intercepted by the father there the three re-eloped and were chased along the coast from point to point to New York, where the marriage at last took place. This De Riviere led a strange life afterwards. He dealt much in mines near the southern extremity of the world and was alternately buying his blue eyed little wife dresses at $4000 each with costly jewels in addition, and carrying her to a place where the expense of living would be in keeping with his at the time impoverished condition.

New York society has now for the first time in years a real live princess to worship and court, and what is more she is not only an American but a New Yorker, so that she comes a conquering heroine indeed. Once upon a time (I can best tell the story in the childhood fashion) not thirty years ago, there lived in the little village of Port Richmond, Staten island, a young married couple, Mr and Mrs Leonard Goddard. The husband was a young man fairly well born and in a small business in the metropolis which, especially as he was rather easy going and not over energetic, did not promise him either fame or fortune. The wife was a Miss Ely of Vermont, the daughter of Mr Smith Ely, who owned some unproductive copper mines in the Green mountain state and was an amiable old gentleman. The couple with two young children, lived inexpensively, quietly and happily in their little suburban cottage for some years. They heard the echoes only of the New York world of society as it rolled on in its orbit of balls, parties and entertainments, but they were echoes only, for newspapers in those days did not print reports of the never ending festivities and gayeties of social circles. Ten years passed away, fifteen and then the young husband died and was gathered to his fathers, ignorant of his family's future. Five more years went by, during which Mrs Goddard lived part of the time at Staten Island and part with her father in Vermont. Then the tide of fortune turned. The Vermont copper mines became suddenly wonderfully productive, Mrs Goddard moved to New York, purchased a handsome house on Forty second street, and burst upon New York society as Mrs Ely-Goddard. Her daughter, Miss Maud Ely Goddard, made her debut and became at once a great belle, and her son, Mr Ely Ely-Goddard at once took a prominent position in the clubs and elsewhere in society. Miss Ely Goddard was found to be a tall, well educated and strikingly handsome girl, a perfect blonde. People raved over her exquisite yellow hair and deep blue eyes. She bore herself with an *aplomb* remarkable for a debutante, and her suitors were in a few months legion. Parties, dinners and other entertainments followed each other in quick succession in the Ely Goddard mansion, and society welcomed the family with open arms. For five or six seasons Miss Ely Goddard's reign as a leading belle was undisputed and she was reported engaged countless times. But these reports proved in every case groundless, and she became finally considered as an heiress impossible for any American youth not possessed of lands or gold or kingdoms held in fee to win.

Three years since the mother and daughter sailed for a long stay abroad and only the son remained to keep the family prominent on this side of the water. This he did in the summer of 1882 by appearing one day on Bellevue avenue at Newport, with a handsome coach laden with handsome and well known society girls and drawn by four piebald horses. The sensation he created with this equipage never died away during the season, and Ely Ely Goddard's coach was as great an attraction on polo days at the grounds as the game itself. The young man's chief friends were Mr and Mrs Frank White, the latter of whom is one of the handsomest and most attractive of New York's young married women, and Miss Lily Lawrence, Mrs White's sister. Last winter he became engaged to Mrs. Whitney, a wealthy young widow, formerly Miss Sutton, and their marriage is soon to be celebrated. He is a slightly-built nervous man of about 29 or 30 and an inveterate smoker. The other day while at the Rockaway races with his *fiancee*, he held the butt of a half-smoked cigar between his teeth the entire time and never removed it even when talking with Mrs Whitney or other ladies, which produced much comment from every one who observed him. He no longer drives a coach, but is very much interested in turf affairs. He was a prominent member of the now happily defunct Turf club.

During the son's career of conquest here the mother and daughter were doing equally well abroad. Reports of their presence at this and that distinguished fete reached their numerous friends and acquaintances here from time to time, until at last the papers suddenly announced late in the winter the engagement of Miss Ely-Goddard to Prince Poniatowski, one of the best known young noblemen in Paris. A member of one of Poland's most illustrious families, he, as is the habit of most Polish princes, did not sojourn in his unhappy land, but spent his time in the gay capital and equally gay watering places of Europe. Their marriage followed in April, and last week the prince and princess landed in New York, accompanied by Mrs Ely-Goddard, which the *Telegram* remarks was a case of "joy and rapture unforeseen to the prince" and intend spending the summer in America. The happy couple have naturally excited much interest in New York, and wherever they go are the objects of universal interest. The prince is a delicate looking young man of about 32, very fair and with light mustache and whiskers. He is always dressed in the height of fashion, and speaks English fairly well. The princess has changed little since her departure, and is as before a strikingly handsome woman. She has the smallest waist for a person of her size ever seen in society, it is said, and half the women in New York can talk of nothing but her wonderful Parisian costumes. They are certainly wonderfully tasteful, well fitting and made. One of fawn colored cloth worn the other day was so exceedingly simple and yet so rich and effective as to call for universal comment and admiration. Every article of apparel that she has is stamped with a crown, and her jewels are remarkably fine. The prince and princess are to spend the summer in Newport after a visit to the princess' grandfather and the beloved copper mines at Ely, Vermont. So much for the story of an American girl who began life as plain Miss Maud Goddard of Staten island, and is now the Princess Poniatowski of Poland.

CONGRESS ON THE SHOULDER

Ben Perley Poore's Recollection of the Big Fight in the House

In the scrimmage in the house of representatives on Saturday morning February 6 1858 the prominent southerners engaged were Messrs Barksdale, Lamar and Reuben Davis of Mississippi, Burton Craige of North Carolina and others. On the republican side were the three brothers Washburne, Kellogg and Lovejoy of Illinois and Potter of Wisconsin. This latter gentleman was a host in himself. He struck right and left with both arms and left his mark wherever his blows fell. He had the reputation on that day of having floored no less than fifteen, most if not all of whom were the next day occupied in nursing black eyes.

It was the most surprising of all to see the venerable Richard Mott (the Quaker member from Ohio) in the thickest of the fight. Possibly he was there as a peacemaker, and I would not like to affirm that I saw him strike a blow. The most amusing sight was to witness the personal passage between Washburn of Maine and Craige of North Carolina. The former was a dapper little man of some five feet four or five inches, and the latter a tall gaunt giant six feet and a half. While the first mentioned was just tall enough to plant his blows effectually on that region of his opponent's person where he was supposed to have carried his dinner, the last was compelled to stoop in order to reach his antagonist at all and thus gave him an additional advantage. Barksdale of Mississippi lost his wig at the first attack, and having recovered it placed it on his head in a reversed position much to the amusement of the spectators. Davis of Mississippi, who made a rabid speech a few days previous, accounted for the sable setting around his eye by avowing that he accidentally stumbled over a chair, but Potter of Wisconsin thought he knew who had a hand in it.

Wealth Sown Upon the Desert

Virginia City Enterprise

During the bonanza days when nearly a dozen big mills (on Six mile and Seven-mile canyons) were rushing through the rich ores of the Comstock, the tailings that left the mouth of Six mile canyon were allowed to run to waste and spread abroad on the desert to the northward of the town of Sutro. Six mile canyon was then filled from end to end with blanket sluices and all kinds of sulphuret catching traps. It was thought that when the tailings left the mouth of the canyon they contained so little valuable material that it would not pay to catch them up in a reservoir, but the blanket sluices caught only the sulphurets and other heavy matter, they did not get the chloride that went out with the slums. For some years past men have been doing, for this where they are now mining for this material it does not show on the surface. The shifting sands of the desert have hidden it and it is overgrown with sagebrush and greasewood. The deposits must be prospected for, but when found pay well for the work of collecting. Not a pound of the tailings flowing down Gold canyon and Six mile canyon should have been allowed to get out into the Carson river. They should have been led along down over the plains and caught up in a series of reservoirs. Millions upon millions—some place the loss at $100 000 000—have floated away into the Carson river and down into the Sink.

French and English Navies

London Telegraph

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds, G C B, has compiled an interesting comparison of the naval estimates in England and France for 1884 5 with the number of ships in course of construction in each country. From this we find that while the total amount to be spent in England in the construction of armored ships is £912 455, the French devote to that purpose £1 819 360 or nearly double. At the same time France has fifteen armored vessels in course of construction while we have only twelve, and of these four are imitations of the French barbettes and two citadel ships of the old style armed with forty three-ton guns (B L). It is also stated that the new English ships are to be armored one-third their length only, while the French are armored their whole length. In the building yards of France, it is added, 22,852 men are employed, in the English yards, 18 44. Here it seems we build by contract one iron clad, two dispatch vessels, two torpedo vessels, one gun boat and four torpedo boats; the French, two iron clads, eight torpedo boats and three dispatch vessels. Admiral Symonds declares that the British navy is starved, and looks forward to a "naval Sedan" as a certainty. Of the sixty-two "fighting and sea-going iron clads," of which a list has been issued by parliament, only some fifteen—according to Admiral Symonds—can go at full speed; the rest are mere traps to slaughter and drown their crews owing to their thin armor and faulty structures. Then all the French have breechloading guns, ours with the exception of nine have obsolete muzzle loaders.

Duration of Earthquakes.

The number of shocks in an earthquake varies indefinitely, as does the length of intervals between them. Sometimes the whole earthquake lasts only a few seconds. Thus the city of Caracas was destroyed in about half a minute, 10 000 lives being lost in that time. Lisbon was overthrown in five or six minutes, but a succession of shocks may continue for hours, days, weeks or months. The Calabrian earthquake which began in February 1783 lasted through a continued series of shocks for nearly four years until the end of 1786. The area shaken by an earthquake varies with the intensity of the shock, from a mere local tract where a slight trembling has been experienced up to such catastrophes as that of Lisbon, which convulsed not only the Portuguese coast but extended into Ireland on the one hand and Africa on the other, agitated lakes, rivers and springs in Great Britain, and caused Loch Lomond to rise with startling suddenness.

It is hard to believe that the widow of Santa Ana is still alive and only 50 years of age, and yet such is the fact. She lives very plainly in the City of Mexico, and talks with admiration of the deeds and character of her husband. Santa Ana was president of Mexico three years before she was born. She was plighted to him in her cradle, and married him when she was 18. He was then a military dictator, sleeping on his sword, beset by constant perils. In six months he had lost his leg and got into a Texas prison. For twenty years her life was spent in camp surrounded by the whirl of warfare. Her husband was five times president of Mexico, and four times military dictator in absolute power. He was banished, recalled, banished again, and finally died while with his wife in exile as a traitor. She has seen much "glory" and has received unlimited adulation, but she hardly ever enjoyed one thoroughly peaceful moment in her life. It is a wonder she does not look as old as Methuselah, for she has suffered more wrong and trouble than a hundred ordinary women.

Julian Arnold tells a curious story of his father, Edwin Arnold, writing the most of "Light of Asia" on the cuff of his shirt sleeve, while riding in the cars to and from his office.

SPARKLING WINE.

How People are Humbugged on Champagne.

WAYS OF THE SILLY DUDE.

Six Times as Much "French" Champagne Sold as the Whole of France Produces—California Wines.

Alta California May 24

Every young man about town and every young fool who wants to be thought a man about town, and all the vast army of dudes and club men and well to do loungers and pawn brokers' clerks emancipated from the day's work and city officials, politicians and bloods of every rank, style and degree, beside well-to-do men of business, merchants, lawyers and ministers of the gospel, every one, in fact, who pretends to the slightest shade of fastness or good living, fancies himself to be an expert judge of champagne. Champagne is par excellence the fashionable American drink, and is becoming nearly as much a characteristic national beverage as ale is of England, tea of China, whisky of Scotland and old punch of the Green Isle. Yet the more champagne increases in popularity in America and the more people think they know about it the more quackery, fraud and adulteration there is practiced upon them. The finest drink the world has seen is good pure champagne; the biggest humbug ever imposed on a self conceited public is ordinary champagne bearing the labels of the best French manufacturers.

THE HUMBUG

Is the easier perpetrated because the casual imbibers of champagne want to pass themselves off for bloods by pretending to know all about it, and the regular drinkers who ought to know something about it seldom stop to think and pin their judgment to a particular label rather than trust to the discrimination of their palate, stomach and head. This champagne business reminds one forcibly of Mark Twain's story of the true cross. Mark Twain, when traveling in the Holy Land and elsewhere, took particular notice of relics of the true cross shown at the various shrines and in reckoning up at the end of the trip he found that he had been shown lumber enough purporting to be wood of the true cross to build a large sized ship, whereupon Mark sagely concluded that either the men who had to pack the cross up the Mount were able to carry a thousand tons, or else some of the relics were bogus. This is about how it is with French champagne. There is more so called French champagne drank in Russia than the whole of France produces, more drank in England than France produces, nearly twice as much drank in America as France produces, while the East Indies and various European countries consume as much more, leaving the consumption in France out of the question altogether, or to put it more concisely the consumption of so called

FRENCH CHAMPAGNE

Is six times greater than the actual product of pure wine. It is the simplest thing in the world to arrive at a fair estimate of the amount of pure champagne France can produce without bothering about stuffed statistics and unreliable reports of wine houses. The department of Marne, which never had more than 40 000 acres of vineyards, which have been much reduced by the ravages of phylloxera, includes all of the champagne district of France. Marne is subdivided into five arrondissements, two of which, Rheims and Epernay, are the true seats of the champagne manufacture. The vineyards of Rheims are on a hilly country, while Epernay is a level plain, so the one may be called mountain wines and the other river wines. Before the ravages of the phylloxera the total wine product of Marne was 80 000 000 litres, of which 20 000 000 were champagne. Lately the champagne product has fallen below 18 000 000, while the consumption of so called French wine has increased enormously. With only 18 000 000 bottles to supply the whole world, it scarcely requires the mind of a Daniel Webster to catch on or hold a that there is a good deal of

BOGUS STUFF

Sold under the labels of first class houses, and that buying French champagne is a good deal like purchasing lottery tickets—a hundred to one you can't catch a prize. When one thinks [illegible] knowledge of pure French champagne passing judgment on wines. Such a scene occurred the other day when a certain supervisor who was heard to declare very loudly against the judgment of the daily papers because they don't give verbatim reports of supervisors' speeches, clinked glasses with a friend in a well known barroom and remarked with the air of a connoisseur: "There's nothing like a French wine after all. I can't stand the domestic champagnes, and born as I was beneath the shadow of the capitol at Washington, with every instinct of my nature American, I have felt it my duty to try and educate my palate to endure California wines, but without success. Why a bottle of California wine always results in a case of caput elephantiasus, while I can drink this all night without even a reminder next day."

A BLAND BARKEEPER

"It's very few gentlemen as calls for wine is as good judges as you are, sir," said the barkeeper with apparent sincerity when the supervisor's friend paid for another bottle. But oh how the great supervisorial soul would have saddened could he have heard the barkeeper remark to his partner when the party had gone:

"Well, if that old guy don't amuse me, when I gave him a decent wine he found it too dry, so I rung in some of that mince pie stuff we use for cocktails, and he thought he was giving his stomach a treat with some real stuff."

It is funny too to see some young blood just turned loose on the town airing himself at some of the questionable resorts located on our side streets where wine and women are the chief attractions.

"Ah, confound you, barkeep, what do you mean by giving me this stuff, sir? I want a dry wine, sir, something more aged to it, sir."

"Ah, certainly, sir, excuse me, but I only gave you that new wine just to see how you would take it. It's mighty few young gents as comes in here what knows the difference, but I see a fellow can't fool you on wine, sir," says the barkeeper with a smirk, and forthwith he proceeds to lug the cork out of a bottle of charged gooseberry wine, which the easily flattered idiot in front of the bar tastes with the air of an expert and pretends to admire amazingly.

WHAT WINE DRINKERS DON'T KNOW

It is funny, too, to hear at the clubs and among men who ought to know better, talk about older, dryer wine, as though the older a wine got the dryer it became, or to hear some aged relic remark that for his part, he likes the "Cuvee wine" the best. And the fun lies in the fact that men who pretend to know all about champagne should not know that the sweetness or dryness of the wine depends entirely on the amount of syrup which is put in after the sediment was disgorged and the every batch of wine made up ready for bottling is called a cuvee.

We do not desire to be understood as saying that there is no pure French champagne obtainable in America. On the contrary about one-sixth of the product of Rheims and Epernay in the Marne province is exported pure to America and a good deal finds its way to San Francisco. But it cannot be purchased in this city indiscriminately. Every first-class French house has its agent here, from whom alone or from some reliable retail house which buys from the agent is it safe to go when one wants to get the pure article and is willing to pay the price. For instance the Moet & Chandon wine, comes from one of the most celebrated vineyards in the river district of Epernay in the province of Marne. For the past fifteen years the

MOET AND CHANDON

Has been the most popular wine in England, where a wine containing but little sweetening, and therefore not easily fortified, is in the greatest demand, unlike Russia and some cities in America, where a very sweet wine is popular.

People are often heard to say that they cannot drink so much champagne now as they could years ago, and a champagne head is becoming more common every day. It will be welcome news, no doubt, to many of the sufferers to learn that it is not their constitution but the wine that is at fault. For years past the French grapes have been getting lighter and lighter as the soil becomes more exhausted. They will produce a wine of delicate flavor, but the American palate demands a full wine with some body, and besides, the light poor wines will not stand a sea voyage. The ingenious Gaul however is not going to see a source of revenue decrease if he can help it, and so, when he finds his wine too thin, he fortifies it by adding a considerable quantity of spirits, and to disguise this an extra quantity of syrup has to be used. This produces a heavy, cloying wine, with some of the refreshing brightness of pure champagne, and though it goes down pleasantly, like rock and rye, the quantity of

DISGUISED BAD SPIRIT

In it—for they could not afford to use a fine aged spirit—leaves a racking head next day, and to help the spirit in its wretched work the syrup clogs the stomach and produces nausea or sick headache. For such a head as this a big dose of Glauber salts is about the only speedy remedy. On the other hand pure champagne comforts and rests the stomach, and is an acknowledged antidote to nausea. Of the French wines there are four varieties known to commerce, viz: Champagne non mousseux, champagne cremant, champagne mousseux and champagne grand mousseux. The first of these is a still wine, that is a wine that has been fully fermented and allowed to rest for a long time. The second is a wine which has a white cream or effervescent bubbles on the surface when poured out. The third is a wine that opens with a pop and foams over the bottle, and the fourth is a wine which opens with a loud report and overflows. Then there is a wine which has a large sale everywhere and is not known to commerce. That is a charged wine, or an ordinary white wine faked to a champagne taste and charged with carbonic acid to make it effervescent. Such a wine will not keep more than six or eight months without souring, and is at all times positively injurious to the stomach. A wine that can always be relied upon to be pure is unfortified and uncharged is the

CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE

Some people do not like to use it because it is cheap and its use might savor of economy, while others use the imported wines because they are considered fashionable. Yet to-day, as can be verified by the custom house reports, there is more California champagne used in this state than all of the imported brands put together, so much has the foolish prejudice been removed of late. A real dude might consider it *infra dig* to call for Haraszthy's eclipse for self and friends, but it is dollars to cents that the same dude could not pick out the native wine from a high priced imported wine if the labels were removed. There is a difference between the two, but it is just the difference that none but the most highly educated palate can detect, and certainly no one could discover it after having partaken of a hearty meal or drunk of strong liquor. The foreign wine has more bouquet and aroma, while Haraszthy's wine is more fruity. Ten to one the ordinary champagne drinker imagines that bouquet means fragrance, so it does, but it is the fragrance that the palate appreciates and not the sense of smell to which alone is assigned the duty of deciding on the aroma.

THE PROCESS OF CHAMPAGNE MAKING

Has been made familiar by frequent publication, but it will repay any one to make a visit to the cellars on Washington street, stretching a whole block from Montgomery to Sansome, where the California champagne is made. There can be found generally from three-fourths of a million to a million bottles of wine and enough wine in casks to supply America for a year. The most interesting part of the process of champagne making, after the first blending of wines, the bottling and constant twisting to settle all the sediment in the neck of the bottle, is the disgorgement or discharge of that sediment. A man with face protected by a base ball catcher's mask stands in front of a sort of sink. Taking a bottle in his left hand, the thumb over the cork, he cuts the string and then with a pair of peculiarly shaped pincers seizes the cork and shoots it out with a bang. The suction of the cork and the pressure of the wine discharges all the sediment, and after the neck is mopped clean the bottle is handed over to be prepared for the market. As it is, it is a pure wine, completely fermented, an the

HEALTHIEST DRINK IN THE WORLD

But still unsalable. Do you want it dry, extra dry or sweet? If you want it ordinarily dry, the man at the next barrel will pour into the bottle about half a gill of pure syrup; if dry, less syrup, and if sweet, more. When the syrup is in the bottle filled up it is handed to the next, who pinches a [illegible] in a mass. [illegible] clamps it with a machine to the [illegible] bottle and turns it over to a man who ties the cork with string. Then it is a bottle of champagne all ready for market, barring capping and labeling. Prejudice on the part of some can be said, but the California wine is, it can be said about it, none other [illegible] is perfectly pure, and while some for it will not pay adulterate it by use of the makers, it is so fool, wholly dishonest and there are no spurious imitations of it, so the purchaser is always sure that he gets what he is paying for.

Spain as a Hotbed

Spaniards must be prepared for occasional symptoms of political and social uneasiness, say the London *Times*. They have chosen to remain behindhand in the European race for national progress. Nowhere is education less advanced and the popular curiosity less awakened. None acquainted with the south of the peninsula can be astonished that the Andalusian vine dresser fancies he may improve his depressed wages by nipping the buds of the vineyards. Ages of ignorance with the surface stirred by the breath of change from the outside, have naturally blossomed into the outrages and frenzy of the conspirators of the Black Hand. After indulgence for a generation in the license of revolutionary experiments, it could not be expected that the country generally would settle down to peaceful acquiescence in a regular government. Cabinet intrigues and republican raids are the necessary fruits of extravagances for which every Spanish leader is in part accountable. If Cuba is still a possible field for buccaneering it is the inevitable result of the memory of misgovernment prolonged for centuries and only now at last repented of. With the best intentions and the most virtuous administrators Spain could not have hoped to enjoy the tranquillity of a state which has not reveled like it in the constant sowing of wild oats. Reactionaries and communists would not be satisfied, however reasonably and wisely either Senor Sagasta or Senor Canovas del Castillo or Marshal Serrano or Senor Castelar himself might govern. For years to come there are sure to be ambitious soldiers in the Spanish army inflamed with the tradition of batons and titles to be won by a successful rising. But because the soil is hot and feverish it is not necessary that practical Spanish statesmen should exaggerate the disorders which it spontaneously generates and study to plant the seeds of more. Spanish conservatism is accused on plausible if not certain grounds of endeavoring to make party capital by exaggerating the freaks of hostile party fanaticism. Beyond dispute the republican attempts in Navarre and Catalonia were utterly impracticable and despicable, but they have been magnified by conservative organs into pretexts for demanding that the government should be armed with unconstitutional powers. Dictatorships of all sorts, monarchical, military and republican, have been the bane of Spain. The Spanish constitution arms the government with abundant powers for the maintenance of the public tranquillity. With a perpetual resort to extraordinary measures against the most trivial plotters of revolution the constitution has no chance of rooting itself in the national faith. So apparent are the reasons for abiding within the limits of the constitution that a minister sagacious and discerning as is Senor Canovas del Castillo will not be tempted to snatch at an excuse for a gratuitous despotism. His royal master has never shown any liking for ruling in a state of siege. It is to be regretted that the prime minister has not been as constitutional in dealing with party rivals as hitherto with public enemies. By universal admission the recent elections have been a mockery of free voting. A vast majority in that which is considered the popular representation of the Spanish people will consist of nominees of a cabinet installed in office by the will of the monarch.

Senator Edmunds' Family

Washington Letter

Senator Edmunds' family consists now of his wife and one daughter, Mary, whose health for more than a year has given her parents much solicitude. Another daughter, Julia, died a year ago last July. The family is closely knit, and though hospitable, its members find most constant society among themselves. Mrs Edmunds and Miss Mary Edmunds were at the Bermudas nearly all winter for the benefit of the latter's health. They returned to Washington a few weeks ago. It is the opinion of some of the friends of the family here that if the daughter's health should require special attention from her father this summer he would either not accept a nomination or, accepting it, would leave the party to manage its own campaign. Mrs. Edmunds is the daughter of Willis Lyman, now dead, and a niece of the late George P Marsh, the linguist, and long American minister at Rome. On the senator's side of the family there are no near relatives living except a sister, Mrs Maynard of Detroit. On the other side the family relations are numerous, the Marshes and Lymans predominating.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A STORY OF GEORGE D PRENTICE

The Hon Henry Watterson vouches for the following story of George D Prentice:

During his latter years Prentice became very intemperate and for a year or two he wrote absolutely nothing. One day he went into the office of his old stenographer and said: "Get your papers ready, I am going to dictate an editorial." The shorthand man gathered his pen and ink, took a pad and sat down behind him. Prentice said "Are you ready?" A nod was the reply.

"Grant thinks," said Prentice—and relapsed into a semi-stupor. At last partially awaking he continued: "Have you got that?"

"Yes," replied the stenographer.

"Grant thinks," said Prentice again, and again he went off into a doze. "Have you got that?" he said, again awaking.

His amanuensis again assented, and Prentice went off again. In a moment he awakened and looking sleepily around, said: "Well, sir, will you please tell me what in the —— Grant thinks?" and then he got up and went out to take a drink and that was the last of the editorial.

THE GOOD MISSOURIANS

Burlington Hawkeye

Down near Fulton, Mo, last week some indignant and awfully good citizens got together and hanged a negro because he was a liar, and now they are hunting for his brother to hang him also. Good people down that way. You remember Dean Ramsay's story of the old Highlander who had changed his place of residence from highly moral reasons, removing to a good place. Something like the state of Missouri, maybe. "Donald, what brings you here?"

"Ou, weel, sir, it was a bad place you they wur baad folk, but they're a God fearin set o' folk here."

"Well, Donald, I'm glad to hear it."

"Ou, ay, sir, deed are they, an I'll gie ye an instance. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skailin, there was a drover chiel frae Dumfries comin along the road whistlin an lookin as happy as if it was in the middle o' the week. Weel, sir, oor lads is a God fearin set o' lads an they wur just comin out o' the kirk—od, they yokit upon him an a' most killed him."

KICKED FOR THE GOOD OF THE CAUSE

Cleveland Leader

While strolling up Ontario street yesterday noon a gentleman was rather startled on arriving nearly opposite an auctioneer's shop by seeing a man shooting out of the shop door as if he had been struck with a battering ram. Picking himself up the man rushed back into the store with the apparent purpose of pulverizing the person who had struck him. He had not more than entered the door before out he came again. He sailed gracefully through the air and struck near the curb.

He was followed by an apparently excited individual who proceeded to administer some emphatic touches upon his posterior region with the end of his boot. The frenzied earnestness with which the participants engaged with one another was very interesting, and in less time than it takes to tell it an immense crowd had gathered inside the shop and outside as far as the middle of the street. The much kicked man endeavored to get some of the crowd to act as witnesses that he had been severely maltreated, but failing in this both men, after a great deal of blustering, disappeared within the shop door and were seen no more.

In the meantime the auctioneer had disposed of $50 or $100 worth of goods to the crowd before they realized that they had been the victims of a dodge to get them there.

ZEPHYR CLOTH

Mrs Blank: "Well, my dear, I have bought the material for another new spring dress."

Mr Blank: "Hump! Had to have another new dress, did you?"

Mrs Blank: "Of course. I only have seventeen that are fit to be seen."

Mr Blank: "Well, I hope you didn't buy anything very expensive."

Mrs Blank: "I bought zephyr cloth."

Mr Blank: "Zephyr cloth! What is it called that for?"

Mrs Blank: "I don't know, unless it is because it's pretty sure to raise a breeze when the bill comes in."

TROUBLE EXPECTED

Philadelphia Call

Young surgeon: "[illegible] calling with you to-night."

His wife: "But you promised that you would."

"I know it, dear, but our finances are very low and I must not lose a chance to get a fee."

"But what chance will you lose? No patients have sent to you for a week."

"I know it, dear, but I expect to be summoned for a very important surgical case, perhaps a broken leg, before the evening is over."

"Why so?"

"Across the way Mrs. Brown over there is house cleaning, and I just saw Mr Brown going home with a step ladder."

ELI PERKINS AND THE ENGLISHMAN

It was the same old trouble on the train. An Englishman came into the New York Central with two setter dogs and wanted to carry them in the Wagner parlor car. As usual, the conductor kicked about it. He said he was willing to carry young chickens in coops, and ducks and small pigs, but he must draw the line somewhere. Then the Englishman got mad. High words ensued and, somehow or other, the lie was passed.

"Did I understand you to call me a liar?" yelled the Englishman, indignantly.

"No, sir," said the conductor, earnestly. "No sir. I did not call you a liar. I said you were a truthful man. I'm a liar myself."

When next I saw the Englishman he was sitting in the Utica and Black River depot, looking toward the Adirondacks, with head bandaged up, and trying to think out the problem of his own status.

HE HAD A PLAN.

Wall Street News

A German tailor in a village in Canada failed a few days ago and called a meeting of his creditors. An investigation seemed to show that his liabilities were $4 000 and his assets $1 000.

"It thus appears," said one of the creditors, "that you can pay twenty-five cents on the dollar."

"Vhell, I dean figure like dot," replied the tailor.

"How do you figure?"

"Vhy, I pays fefty cents on der dollar."

"How can you do that when your assets only allow for one fourth?"

"Vhell, I prings the odder money down from der house."

He was not permitted to fail.

THE TAXPAYER AT A DISADVANTAGE

Philadelphia Call

Mrs B—"My dear, the Blifkinses are going to Newport for the entire season."

Mr B—"Well, they can afford to. Mr Blifkins is a street contractor."

Mrs B—"And the Snifkinses are going to Saratoga."

Mr B—"I am not surprised. Snifkins was recently elected to an office."

Mrs B—"And the Niffersons, they are going to Europe."

Mr B—"Certainly, my love, why shouldn't they? Mr Nifferson is a very successful politician."

Mrs B—"But why can't we go somewhere instead of broiling in the city all summer, with only an occasional run to Gloucester?"

Mr B—"Well, you see, my dear, I am only a taxpayer."

A TOO WILLING YOUNG MAN

"Do you love me as dearly as men have ever loved women?" said Mabel, finding an easy anchorage for her cheek about the latitude of his upper vest pocket and the longitude of his left suspender.

"More," said George, with winning enthusiasm for his was about the two hundred and fourteenth encore to which he had responded since 8 o'clock. "More, far more dearly. Oh, ever so much more."

"Would you," she went on, and there was a tremulous impressiveness in the voice that warned the young man that the star was going to leave her lines and spring something new on the house,—"would you be willing to work and wait for me, as Rachel waited at the well seven long years?"

"Seven!" he cried in a burst of genuine devotion. "Seven! Aye, gladly. Yes, and more! Even until seventy times seven! Let's make it seventy, anyhow, and prove my devotion."

Somehow or other he was alone when he left the parlor a few minutes later, and it looks now as though he would have to wait 700 years before he saves fuel by toasting his shins at the low down grate in that parlor again.

HE WAS WILLING TO PAY $50.

Philadelphia Call

"What is the charge against this man?" asked an Arkansas judge as the prisoner was placed before him.

"Killing an editor, your honor."

"Hm. Was the editor a resident of the state?"

"Yes, your honor."

"What have you to say, prisoner, concerning this very serious charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor. I murdered him in cold blood."

"Well," said the judge, "there is nothing left for me to do but sentence you. The crime of murder in this state is becoming too common. You are charged with killing an Arkansas editor, to which charge you plead guilty?"

"Yes, your honor, I do, and I don't care if it costs me $50."

"Prisoner," responded the judge, solemnly, "you are fined $200 and stand committed until the amount is paid."

The prisoner then swooned away.

A SNAKE ITEM

Delaware Transcript

"Do you want a snake item?" asked a man from Elk Neck at the sanctum of an Elkton newspaper.

"Yes," said the editor, "come right in and tell us all about it."

"Well, I killed it to-day down on the Northeast road. It was nineteen feet from head to tail. I took out my rule and measured it."

"How many drinks of pear cider have you taken to-day?" asked the editor.

"Only two," said the man from Elk Neck. "What has that to do with the snake item?"

"Oh, a great deal," answered the editor. "We always deduct nine feet from the snake for each drink of pear cider taken by the man who brings in the snake item. Making the usual deductions for Cecil county pear cider, your snake was twelve inches long. A very good snake for the season. Come in again when you have a snake item."

And the editor held the sanctum door wide open for the man from Elk Neck to pass out.

ONCE MORE THE GERMAN BARBER

New York Sun

"Vell, are ve here again?" as der clown says from der circus." Thus spoke the German barber now established in the Bowery as the reporter entered the new shop.

"Yah," said the assistant, "der whole peezeness got proken owid ofer again, chust like der guesdion wedder der bolice are as rodden as beople say, onveddor dem peen roddener ved Laties und chents, vork in und fork ofer. Here's der Cherman parber. He is der author of 'Der Preadvinners'; here's der first assistant, der palance vheel of der shob, und here's der reborder vot durns up veneffer he can affort to pe shafed. It dook him six months to raise der fifdeen cends dis dime."

"Vot is dem Preadvinners? I ton'd——"

"Sh-h-h! If you jack tonkey," said the assistant, "ton'd gif avay yourselluf."

"Vell, I know I am der author of der Preadvinners—dwo of 'em—a curl and a poy," said the proprietor, "bud it ain'd der pread vot dey vin vich I gare abound so much as der bair of shoes vonce a veek und der dicket pyder dime museum und sush dings. Bud vot is der choke about der Preadvinners alretty?"

"It ain'd a choke. As a chieneral ding von man wrides a pook und der mosd beople reats it, bud in dis gase nobody reats it und der mosd beople wrodt it."

"Anyhow," said the German barber, "ve tree haf met again. Chump into my chair und I vill shafe you peaudifully und gif you a gromo mit effery shafe in shabe of elewated confessation, or you gan dake der negst chair und am aging yourselluf in a branch of a lunadic azylum mit more olt cl kes going on, und more graz dricks peing blayed as you can shake at a stick."

THE TRUE STORY OF A DUDE

New York Times

The more the fair young dude gazed upon her the more he felt that in order to complete his stature of manhood he must know her. Her spirit and his would hold sweet converse over the sparkling vintage of sunny France and the succulent product of Blue Point. But how could he manage it? Fortune favors the brave, and in this matter the fair young dude had sworn to do or die. He became acquainted with a genial usher. He courted his energies, such as they were, to win that usher's friendship. He fed him on milk and honey until his heart was won. Then he confided to that usher the story of his passion.

"Aw, yas, deah boy," he said, "I'm awfully gone, you know, quite too awfully. Cahn't sleep ahfter 10 o'clock in mawning. Cahn't eat a whole roll for bweakfast. Dweadful feeling of heaviness heah (putting hand on bosom). Must know her somehow. Cahn't you introduce me?"

"What, introduce you to Miss Mountmorris. Well, I should blush to murmur."

"Know her long?"

"Oh, you bet. Come around to the stage door after the show."

He went. His heart beat madly—that is as madly as it could—while he awaited the coming of the radiant vision. Several young ladies passed out. She did not come. Still he waited. Presently he saw his friend the usher coming out with his arm around a lady. She was not young. Indeed it would have been flattery to call her thirty. She was not fair. It would have been base fabrication to call her even pleasant looking. No, that was not she. Nevertheless the lady and the usher approached the fair young dude.

"Here you are, old boy," said the usher, "allow me to present you to my mother."

And they carried the dude away, yea even unto the confines of Williamsburg. And they buried him under a grape leaf. And no man knoweth his grave even unto this day. And no man wants to.

CAUGHT THE OLD MAN

Arkansaw Traveler

During the overflow, just as the water was creeping into the loft of a cabin, an old negro dropped on his knees, clasped his hands and prayed:

"Oh Lawd, I'd jes like ter know what I'se eber done to desarbe all dis heah punishment. Lawd, ef yar sarvant hab eber tuck nothin what didn' 'long ter him, an' he's afraid dat he hab, he's mighty sorry fur hit. Yer sarvant had allus been a Baptis', Lawd, but dis heah is a leetle more water den is good for de cause. De man said to Philip, 'heah's much water, why may not I be baptized?' but it wan't a flood, Lawd. Water am all right, Lawd, but too much eben ob a good thing makes a man powerful sick."

Just then Colonel Milridge, who owned the plantation, came in a boat and hearing the old negro climbed noiselessly upon the roof.

"Lawd, I'se tried ter be hones' an—"

"Didn't you steal Milridge's hogs?" asked the colonel in a deep voice.

"What's dat, Lawd?" in tones of agitation.

"You know what I said. Didn't you steal Milridge's hogs?"

"Lawd, come ter think er bout it, bl'ebe I did sorter take holter one."

"Old man, there is no use in lying to me. I have been watching you for a long time, and I have decided to punish you according to your crime."

"Oh, Lawd, ef yer'll jest let me off dis time, I neber will do nuffin' else to 'zerb punishment. I'se knowledges dat I'se de biggest thief in de community, an' yer sarvant crabes pardon."

The colonel began to laugh, and the old man catching sight of him said:

"I sees yer up dar, colonel. I knowed it war verse't all de time. I neber stold no hogs nor nuffin else," climbing out on the roof. "Bless de Lawd, colonel, yer boat am floated erway. Dat's what's yer gits fur tryin' ter sok de Lawd. When yer tries ter play de Lawd, yer plays der debil, lemme tell yer."

A Dinner to Miss Nilsson in New York.

Mme Christine Nilsson receives social attention from which Patti is debarred by her marital irregularities. In Washington the leading ladies paid their respects to her, and on Wednesday evening in New York, Mrs. William Astor gave a large dinner party in her honor. There were about twenty distinguished guests. The dining room and table were lit by innumerable wax candles, and the table was set with a beautiful service and decked with pale pink roses, while baskets of Easter lilies stood about the room. Each lady was presented with a bouquet of La France roses tied with a satin ribbon. After dinner there was conversation and music, Mme Nilsson singing a few songs to the delight of all present.

Colonel John Hay's biography of Lincoln is reported to be rapidly nearing completion.

S Jefferson [illegible] | George [illegible]
E Bennet, Baker City | W Irving & wf, Olympia
Chas Henderson, Astoria | J C Heun, Tacoma
Harry Williams | Willard Martin, Glenview
R S Vaughan [illegible] | F Logan, Seaside
Wm Bine, N | Sam Muldoon, Chicago
Victor Guidee, France | John R Udell, Bradfort
J W Braddock, Astoria

For Throat Diseases and Colds — Brown's Bronchial Troches [illegible] frequently imitated. *The genuine are sold only in boxes.*

NEW YORK STOCK QUOTATIONS

New York, June 6

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

N P Common	2¾	Pacific Mail	4[illegible]
N P Preferred	49⅝	North Western	99⅜
Or R Trans	14	Lake Shore	[illegible]
Or Imp Stock	15¼	New York Central	105
Or Imp Bonds	6[illegible]	Erie	[illegible]
Western Union	60⅜		

MANUFACTURERS OF CASTINGS AND MAchinery of all kinds, keep in stock ordinary sizes ENGINES, BOILERS and SAW MILLS.
Office and Works, Front and Harrison streets Portland, Oregon

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEIDler's Mill. Orders left at mill or in the box at Rose Saloon will be promptly attended to.
W. S. M.

P L Willis Proctor for Respondent
In pursuance of an order made and entered in the above entitled court on the 27th day of May, 1884, the above sale is postponed until Wednesday June 18, 1884 at same time and place.
EDWARDS KEARNEY U S Marshal.

Truly Named The King of Tonics. Dr. Henley's DANDELION TONIC.

Electric Belt Co [illegible]

LAND PLASTER
FOR SALE BY
EVERDING & FARRELL.

[illegible] Sent sealed by Dr. WHITTIER, St Louis, Mo. the great specialist, who cures for life, Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage. Consultation and pamphlet free.

ZAN BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE AND IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE
Nos. 13 and North Front, st.

Oregonian.

MORNING, JUNE 6, 1884.

ERIOR INDIVIDUAL.

place to loaf is in a bakery; the proof—in the eating—but pi has

Murray, is running a restaurant

with mushrooms is the latest dish in

Tallahassee, Florida, is nearly the able.

man who has been drunk three right of suffrage.

States has become the fourth drinking nation in the world.

reported, produces at present one- sugar used in the world.

Pa., women are employed on the ordinary work of men.

raises goats for their flesh, says are more delicate than venison.

flour is $20 a barrel; corn, $2 a a bushel, and potatoes $3 a

"boarders taken in," is the unwit advertisement of a New York

which is largely made by feed- regarded as better flavored than the

an English vegetarian, tried penny a day, and is now about

are worth twenty-five cents size costs half as much, accord-

a very fair article of "maple in some parts of Dakota terri- elder sap.

a tonic?" asks an invalid, and doctor answers—"It isn't a tonic— the tonic!"

in Connecticut, by resolution, for- to drink intoxicating liquors drinking hard cider.

is the latest name given to butter students, among whom board- is known as "kalsomine."

had George Bergold, cook of arrested in New York for throw- soup caldron just as dinner was

produced 31,500,000 bottles of of which 2,560,500 were consumed and 3,600,000 were sent to the

is probably the most costly luxury peculiar to this country. the creatures cost $5 a dozen; $5.

liquor saloon to every thirty- baker to every 470 families, every 205 families and one gro- families.

that the man who drinks mean and smokes a strong pipe, mouth right in your face in a when he has anything to say to

on the hill side is the poeti- imposed on the convicts in the Indian government sum- violets are used for making

in cooking says that the best is to put a spoonful of plate and pour the hot soup will soften them enough and taste soggy.

a peculiarly clear appearance, to half a gallon of soup put an egg, and the shell also; let on the back of the stove for ten longer, then strain it.

about to make a corn-starch lump of butter in the pudding putting the pudding into it. be no danger of the milk be- with ordinary care at least.

in a man's life that he feels when he goes into a restau- keeping the waiter standing at fifteen minutes while he fare, finally says with the air "I guess you may bring me a plate

way to cook mackerel for break- by putting it to boil it for ten the tail of the water, drain it, re- bone, then pour over the fish a milk thickened with flour, and butter added. The gravy is just you make for milk toast.

English medical journals have to point out the great import- feeding infants with starchy bread, farina gruel, etc., as the approaches. According to author- Paget, such over feeding is of the large infant mortality in The one article most necessary child at all times is water.

remarked Sam Colly at "how extremes meet in this what extremes do you refer, Mr. the Widow Flap'ach, who was the coffee. "Wel, you, for in- stout, and the coffee is so very stirred up the mixture and smiled of a way. "It's not as thin as not paying your board regu- not said "coffee" since.

punch is a plain fruit-ice, added, a gill to a quart, and in of rum is placed in each sort is made of an ice with the quart of which, when half frozen, whites of eggs, beaten stiff, six powdered sugar, and one glass brandy. Roman punch glace to a quart of lemon-ice made whites of eggs beaten stiff, and brandy, champagne and mar- freezing it.

parties are the latest and most in secret circles. They more tony, louder and not so bubble parties. The onions are but the unanimous opinion of been honored with an invitation is that an onion pie by any would smell just as bad. The im- that one onion eater was un- the perfume of another onion has been shown to be erroneous. fastidious persons have to throw after attending one of these real 'sahionable—ultra fash- either male or female, think it indeed to wear a dress suit twice.

breakfast is slighted. In the the importance of its being wholesome is overlooked. Surely, to think of it, the first meal of to be something better than the remains of yesterday's dinner. It is that a breakfast should be elabor- be particularly well cooked, nourishing. If one is to fight or moral battles success- go forth in the morning "in the inner man." Well fed know little of the craving for gnaws at the stomach of the laborer. Wives and mothers their husbands and sons from cannot too early learn this les- fruit is always a most acceptable addition to any breakfast, when will possibly allow it. A in this luxury in the spring many a doctor's bill.

where English beer may be cut after the English between meals, are to be greater numbers than formerly of Paris. But there is an of sandwiches, as there is in French waiters, who are more inserting a slice of meat into the then goes by the name of of preparing the article on Brit- general y longer in serving a London waiter would do. one of the fraternity of Par- whose reputation as a sdan- henceforth made, and who, in has won the sum of forty it seems, being grumbled at by an irritated Englishman, his afternoon sandwich, and quickly, indulged with some friends remarks about the clumsiness of The serving man at the bar succeeded in his dinner *propre*, and offering to bet a thousand he could, not cut two thousand the space of twenty-four hours, challenge, the Briton consenting value of the bread and ham in the losing. He did lose, for the two sandwiches were cut in the presence of witnesses within the time named, and he paid without a murmur, say the French papers. As for the sandwiches, they were handed over to the Paris hospitals.—*London Standard.*

In Dr. Sargent's recent lecture on "What shall we eat to get strong?" he said in the course of his remarks that it had been customary to train athletes on lean beef and mutton but he thought this a mistake, as tissue-making food should be used in combination with these, and the diet should be so changed as to meet the requirements of the organism of the persons using it, for to establish one diet for all persons was ridiculous. Beef alone is not superior to meal, beans, or other farinaceous food, and the size of the muscles of a man is not indicative of his strength. Farinaceous food tones a man down, and will tend to give him more endurance. A man who can strike a blow equal to 400 pounds would be called a strong man, but his strength cannot be kept up for any length of time on animal food as it comes from the base of the brain, and endurance must be sought for in other kinds of food. To reduce the weight of a man in training, lean meat may do, but when he is down in weight he must go back to food containing more carbon, such as ham and sausages, which should always be eaten cold. Three years ago it would have been considered ridiculous by trainers, but for a diet for running, walking and rowing, it has been found that saccharine food, with beef or mutton is the best; tea, coffee, and alcohol, as well as condiments, are objectionable; indeed, it is not the quantity of food that a person eats that strengthens him but the amount assimilated and worked into the organism.

THE QUAKER'S BARGAIN.

How the Godolphin Arabian was Rescued from Obscurity.

By Eugene Sue.

The winter of 1732 was very cold. The pavement, become very slippery by the frost, did not present any hold for the horses' feet; and one of these animals, harnessed to a large cart heavily laden with wood, was utterly unable to advance a step forward, while the carter, a powerful fellow, was belaboring the poor brute with his heavy whip, striking him over the head with relentless ferocity. Breathless, and struggling violently, the poor horse was so exhausted by his continued and severe efforts, that, in spite of the cold, he was covered with sweat and foam. Now, throwing himself into his collar with desperate exertion, he tugged so vehemently that the stones beneath his feet threw out sparks of fire; now, far from being discouraged, he backed a few paces to take breath, and again essayed, but in vain, to draw his load. Twice did he nearly fall his knees touched the pavement; the carter raised him by the bit, leaving the mouth of the animal raw and bleeding. A third time, after a violent effort, he fell on his knees one leg entangled beneath him; he could not recover himself, but fell on his side, where he lay trembling, bathed in sweat, and his eyes fixed on his brutal owner. The rage of his master then knew no bounds; and after breaking his whip over the head of the horse, who, kept down by the shafts, lay groaning on the stones, he began kicking the unfortunate animal on the nostrils. The spectators of this cruel sight looked on with apathy. The fellow, finding the horse did not move, took a bundle of straw, twisted it in the form of a torch, and, taking a match from his pocket, said, "I'll roast the varmint; pr'aps that'll make him get up." At this moment a Quaker stopped, and pushed his way among the crowd. When he saw the carter going toward the fallen horse, with the intention of applying the blazing straw to his body, a shudder ran through his frame, and his countenance expressed the utmost compassion. Unable for a moment longer to endure this scene, the Quaker approached the carter and took him by the arm, who turned with a menacing look as he shook the torch. "Friend," said the Quaker in a calm tone, showing the carter fifteen louis-d'or, which he held in his hand, "wilt thou sell me thy horse for this gold?" "What do you say?" inquired the carter; "will ye give me that sum for the brute?" and treading out the light beneath his feet. "Fifteen louis," said the Quaker. "But why should ye buy the horse?" "That is nothing to thee. If thou sellest the horse thee must unload thy cart, unharness the horse and assist him to rise." "Is the gold good?" "Take it to the nearest shop and inquire." The carter soon returned, saying: "It is a bargain." "Then unshackle the poor horse, for he is crushed by the weight of his burden." The bystanders lent their aid to free the horse. The poor animal was bleeding in many places; and which was the terror of ... trembled at his approach. "But I can't tell why you bought the old brute," said the carter. "I can tell thee; it was to free him from thy cruelty that I bought him," replied the Quaker.

Every Person a Lunatic Now and Then.

Prof. David Swing.

The fact that a druggist of this city has ended a human life by putting up wrong medicine awakens much indignation. He says many customers were in the store; he was in a hurry; he put up morphine instead of some similar drug. The inquiry arises whether the clerk is able to fill an order only when he has no customers in the shop? How empty must the shop be in order to secure safety? Must the street in front of a drug store also be empty? What if a fire engine goes by? What if a dog fight occurs while the druggist is reaching for quinine? Is he justified in taking down strychnia? What if his mother-in-law has come to visit him?

Such questions came up and properly; but there is another side to the fact of erring druggists, and that is, that most persons are crazy, part of the time. The exceptions are rare. Each one is now and then a fool of the most complete order and species. All the laws and penalties in the world will not avail to make a druggist or anybody else have his full senses through all his life. Crazy moments or seconds will come. A wise man will step backward off a porch or into a mud puddle, a great philosopher will hunt for the specks that are in his hand or on his forehead, a hunter will sometimes shoot himself or his dog, a barber will sometimes forget his job and slice off a piece of a chin or an ear or the nose. A girl at work at Marshall Field's had been feeding a great clothing knife for ten years. Last week she watched the knife come down slowly upon her hand. Too late she woke out of her stupor with one hand gone. For a few seconds her mind had failed and she sat by her machine a temporary lunatic and had watched the knife approach her own hand.

The man recently murdered on North Clark street of Chicago saw the enemy come up with murder on his face, saw him draw a revolver, and, instead of making a lightning spring at the man, he stood bewildered and thus fell dead. His reason left him in the second of his greatest need.

One of the distinguished professors in one of our colleges was teaching near a canal. Walking along one evening in summer he walked as deliberately into the canal as he had been walking along the path a second before. He was brought to his senses by the water and mud and the absurdity of the situation. He had on a new suit of clothes and a new silk hat, but, though the damage was thus great he still laughs over the adventure.

Our mail collectors find in the iron boxes along the streets all sorts of papers and articles which have been put in by some hand from whose motions the mind has become detached for a second. A glove, a pair of spectacles, a deed, a mortgage, a theater ticket goes in and on goes the person holding on to the regular letter which should have been deposited. This is called absent-mindedness, but that is a brief lunacy. A lunatic is a person whose mind is habitually out of balance.

Inoculating for Hydrophobia.

Cassell's for June.

M. Pasteur, the celebrated French biologist, who has succeeded in vaccinating for chicken-pox, dog distemper, and other contagious diseases, has now added hydrophobia or rabies to the list of his triumphs. The experiments are still in progress, but he feels confident that the results already obtained are reliable. He has now in his keeping a number of dogs which are proof against hydrophobia from bites or inoculation, because they have been inoculated with the virus. The virus used is of a particular kind, and is in reality a mixture of virus obtained by a special process, which at present is not divulged. The dogs are inoculated under chloroform, so that the operation is painless. The discovery is important to mankind, for in Dr. Pasteur's opinion no case of hydrophobia in man or dog is spontaneous, but originates in the bite of an infected animal. Inoculation of dogs for rabies may yet become general, and the measure would practically root out the evil.

Captain John Aaron, of Barren Island, Md., has an apple tree, now quite old, that has never bloomed but three times. The first time it bloomed one of his sons died. Some five or six years afterward it bloomed again, and another son died. Last year it bloomed a third time, and a daughter died. It stands near a graveyard, and notwithstanding appeals from different members of the family to have it cut down, Mr. Aaron stubbornly refuses to have it molested.

PERSONALITIES.

Baron Nordenskjold is getting ready to go seek the south le.

M. Edouard emenyi, the celebrated violinist, is a guest at Colonel Ingersoll's home.

General Gord l is said to be the only Christian who is ayed for in the mosque at Mecca.

Roosevelt, tl New York political reformer is to spend tl summer in Europe. He is greatly in need rest.

Bud Blunt, a notorious desperado, "wanted, for many crime has been captured by the Mississippi author es.

Fred Grant s s he has been a fool. This is the first word encouragement the country has received sin the failure.

Verdi, it is said, has a vast number of compositions whic will probably never be given to the public duri his life.

M. Dumas, s aking of Mme. Adam—"I admire her for h talent, I love her for her beauty, and I a ore her for her goodness."

Chief Justice Marshall's granddaughter says that his nose wa a "pug," and that the artist in the statue t Washington has improved upon it.

Sir William ilde, Oscar's father, had a very able natural sc , who was his assistant in his professional du es as an oculist, and succeeded him in his business.

Ex-Secretary Elihu B. Washburne expects this summer to carry out a long cherished purpose of making a carriage tour through old Oxford county, Maine.

Joel Chandl r Harris, better known as "Uncle Remus," has written the poem for the Decoration day exercises at Atlanta. It is in plantation negr dialect.

A lot of New York actors have started a club house on Staten island. A statue of George L. Fox as Humpty Dumpty has been placed on the lawn in front of the house.

Mr. Charles George ("Chinese") Gordon, according to a correspondent, who seems to admire him for his eccentricity, has not read a newspaper for the past five years.

Judge Holman is charged with sending 4000 cigars into his district with a wood-cut portrait of himself on each box. Whether they were sold six for a quarter or given away is not stated.

Before leaving St. Louis the very old Boy Preacher Harrison is alleged to have presented to his employers a bill for the conversion of 1300 souls at $1 each, as the result of the recent revival.

Henry Ward Beecher put on rubber clothes the other night and immersed several young men at Plymouth church. He says that he does not believe in it, but wants to please everybody so far as he can.

In illustration of the Scotchman's love of country, the late duke of Buccleuch said: "I would rather die in a snow wreath on the braes of Yarrow than on the softest bed on the shores of the Mediterranean."

Elder Gonzales Trejo, a Spanish convert to the church of Latter-day saints, fancies that he has found a new and promising Mormon missionary field in Mexico. He has translated the Book of Mormon into the Spanish language.

Victor Hugo does not speak English, and has never taken the pains to learn it. It is one of his convictions that if his countrymen learned no other tongue than their own, the whole world would speak French at the end of half a century.

Dr. Ernest Hart has been visiting Naples, and described it in the *British Medical Journal* as the dirtiest, raggedest and most squalid city in Europe, and one whose expiring population is but 50 000 persons out of a total number of 500,000.

There seems to have been no limit to young Ward's extravagances. It is declared that he even bought strawberries in January, when they were worth their weight in gold. What a team he and the luxurious pearl-eating Cleopatra would have made!

A wealthy St. Louis man has been mysteriously missing for some days. When he left home he had a large sum of money on his person. Ferd Ward may know nothing as to the whereabouts of the man, but he may be able to tell where the money went.

"You seem to feel unusually well this morning," said the prince of darkness to his satanic majesty. "Yes, indeed," responded the ... "have just heard some good news." "What is it?" "Bob Ingersoll is lecturing again."

Astronomer Proctor brought to his second wife, who was Mrs. Sadie Crowley and a niece of General Jeff Thompson, a large ready-made family of ten children, including the pairs of twins. The projected Proctor house at St. Joseph, Mo., will cover at least two lots.

Dr. Charles E. Clark of Boston, while rummaging around in a junk shop in that city recently, found some valuable colonial documents, worth their weight in gold. The papers were bought by Abbott Lawrence, and by him they have been given to the Boston public library.

Mr. Kennard, the rector of the Episcopal church at Cedartown, Ga., is of all modern lovers just at this time the most disconsolate. He paid court to a young woman who veiled her smiles and frankly unmasked her frowns, and upon rejection he lost his wits. He has been placed in an asylum in Atlanta.

As General Grant hobbled into the United bank building in New York the other day, a stranger from New Orleans recalled the fact that in 1863, while on a visit to New York city to General Banks for a conference of war, General Grant fell from his horse and paralyzed his hip so that he was obliged to go on crutches for two months.

Lovering, the brilliant Harvard student who worked himself to death, has been known to make $1200 in two months just before the mid-year-examinations. His custom was to give lectures in his college room to large groups of ... who were behindhand in their studies. ... lectures were so valuable that students ... paying to pay a large admission fee.

"Bill" Murphy, a flagman at a railroad crossing in Kansas City, has resigned his position because of a presentiment which possesses him that his crossing will soon be the scene of a terrible disaster. Murphy lost an arm in a railway accident some time ago and alleges that he was warned of impending danger some time before the accident befel him. He proposes to regard the warning this time.

Frederick Parrish, the sleeping car conductor on the New York Central train which was in the collision Friday morning, has the grit of the martyrs who died at the stake. His right arm was smashed almost to a jelly, and with remarkable coolness he procured a strap which he bound tightly around the mangled member at the shoulder after which he took his knife and cut the arm off just below the strap.

Senator Coke, of Texas, has a remarkably powerful voice, and it is said that when he was discussing the pleuro-pneumonia bill and got his throttle valve wide open, the pages put cotton in their ears and wedged the window sashes to keep them from rattling and breaking the glass. At the climax of his vociferations Coke announced that he intended to speak so that the whole country would hear him; and then, as he paused for breath, Beck remarked: "Guess they will, Coke, if they're not stone deaf."

Washington *Post:* Perhaps Mr. Roscoe Conkling did well to go out of politics. It is no exaggeration to estimate his income from law at $100,000 a year, and rather apt to be more than less. The Hoyt will contest, in which he is now engaged, will reward him very handsomely for even the greatest effort of his life. The late Jesse Hoyt left an estate valued at about $9,000,000 or $10,000,000. The proceedings are brought on behalf of Mary Irene Hoyt, his daughter, who received under the will the income of $1,250,000. Mrs. Helen Maria Hoyt, the widow, received a like sum, with power to dispose $750,000 at her death. Several allowances have already been granted to the mother and daughter pending the decision, the last one being an allowance of $50,000 each. Mr. William M. Evarts is opposed to Conkling, and both are assisted by the usual legal drudges provided in great cases.

Mr. Monteith, of Carstairs, who has just died, was a fine, old-fashioned specimen of a Scotchman, polished by long continental residence and travel. He was a staunch legitimist and Catholic, and an ardent disciple of the late David Urquhart. This same eclectic school was much addicted to the worship of things Turkish. They introduced the Turkish bath into England. One of their personal peculiarities was never to perform their ablutions except in running water. Another was their abhorrence of hand-shaking. They looked upon it as a rude invention of republican familiarity. It is a custom unknown to the dignified Turk. The happy disciples of this school were privileged to kiss the ladies of their acquaintance on either cheek, which they did on principle (to the envy of unorthodox bystanders) in the case of the young and the fair, while they greeted the elderly with the more stately kiss of the hand.—London Truth.

THE SMALL BOY'S DEATH.

A Newspaper Sermon on the Rarity of Christian Charity.

Detroit Free Press.

A pale, pinched face—a piping voice—a little body which seemed to be all bones and angles. Many a smile his odd dress provoked. His coat had once belonged to a full grown man, while his pantaloons could not have been patched any more without sewing patch upon patch.

Who was he?

Ah! did you ever ask the question? Certainly not. You have no curiosity to know one street gamin from another.

How did he live?

You never inquired. Odds was the difference to you, whether the lad had a full meal or went supperless to bed. Had it been the case of a well dressed man, a stranger to you, you would have asked how many thousands he was worth, and where he was to buy or build.

Well?

Well, that boy is dead. He broke down on the street the other day, burning up with the fever, and they took him to the hospital to die. There they saw how poor his flesh he was—they found the bruises inflicted upon him by rough boys—how they washed his bleeding feet and wondered how he could have walked a single square. It was too late. They shed tears as they wiped his own away and they answered his ravings with kind words, but friends had come too late.

And what?

In his ravings he accused you and me of selfishness, of hard-heartedness—of mock philanthropy—aye, of worse. We would have taken the part of the weaker dog, but we let that orphan lad take the blows of the world. We saw that our horses were well fed, but we let that boy go hungry. We made a great show in the papers of contributing to orphan asylums, and yet we had nothing for this tender lad. In his delirium he cried out that we had given him no chance. We threw nickels and dimes to base impostors, but we had not even one poor penny for a boy whose poverty compelled him to sleep in the alleys.

"Guilty!"

So plead we all. Ere this he has told his story in heaven, and on the pages of the angels' book has been written against each and every one of us: "Accessory to the death of Charlie Hall, who was brought to the grave by brutal neglect of citizens boasting of their philanthropy and open-hearted charity."

Women as Lawyers.

The number of women in the profession of law is steadily increasing. The latest accession is Mrs. C. B. Kilgore, of Philadelphia, who has just been admitted to practice at the court of common pleas in that city. She is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania in the law department, and is said to be distinguished for her general culture and refined manners. Judge Thayer, who presided on the occasion, said the admission was granted because the applicant was worthy, and because there is no law against the admission of women at the bar in that state. He declined to discuss the subject of "women's rights," dismissing it with the remark: "If there is any longer any such thing as what old fashioned philosophers and essayists used to call 'the sphere of women' it is, it must be admitted, a sphere with an infinite and determined radius. She is found in all the pursuits and professions of life, not only working out her own independence, but entering into competition with men for the highest rewards of ambition. It is surprising that any one should speak with apprehension of an impending social change by which women are to seek fortune and fame in the fields which were formerly denied them. Such persons should awaken from their slumbers; the revolution is over. Are we to take notice of these changes and recognize the wealthy facts which they have brought to bear with them, or are we to set ourselves to the vain task of attempting to turn backward the wheel of time to convince his time of day that woman shall not be permitted to pursue the vocation that suits her taste and for which her studies have qualified her? It does not seem to us that such a decision would be in the line of a wise judicial discretion, but that we should rather thereby ignore rights which are now everywhere acknowledged and bind anew old burdens which elsewhere have been cast off."

A Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get at as a sweet voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get a voice that shall at all times speak the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is apt to be got. You often hear children at play speak with a sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and that worst of all discords sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp, home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they chance to meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and put all their sour food for their own board. We would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest's voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the time to come than the best pearl held in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home, and the sweetest music in all the world to one who loves you. It is to the heart what light is to the eyes.—British Paper.

Mrs. Mackay.

Mrs. Mackay had a French grandmother of aristocratic family (most American ladies have), who emigrated to New York in 1790; she is not, therefore, an utter foreigner in Paris. She has a face and a figure which Dickens would liked to have sketched in one of his genial and half-sentimental moods. It would be outrageously false to say she had classic beauty or anything statuesque beyond good proportions. She is not tall, she is not imposing, but she has a prettily rounded figure that looks well in plain dress or in fine clothes, freshness, piquancy, transparency of disposition, and nothing that shows egotistical self-assertion or self-worship. She left the reception early, to go home, I was told, and see that Russell Young's child, whom she adopted when its mother died, had been properly bathed and put to bed. Her features are well shaped and regular, though not classical, and her eyes are full, bluish gray and candid. Miss Nevada, her god-daughter, (who was in bright pink tulle and dark pearls), was with her. Cabanel has just done a portrait of Mrs. Mackay, which satisfies all her friends. He was at the reception. He is white haired, has white mustachios and bushy white eyebrows; yet he does not look old.—Paris Letter London Truth.

Bristol, Penn., has elected a lady superintendent of schools, Miss Tillie S. Boaz.

The Mystery of the Lakes.

"If you are ever drowned in Cayuga lake, your friends need not go to the expense or trouble of dragging the lake for your body, for they'd never find it."

This was the cheerful remark made by a resident of Ithaca, who has a taste for geological research, and who has indulged it during the past few years in investigating the bottom of Cayuga lake.

"From all I have been able to discover," said he, "the bottom of Cayuga lake is a series of large openings and cavities, many of them resembling the craters of extinct volcanoes. Some of these are a hundred feet in diameter, and are surrounded by raised rims, like the sides of a milk pan. These craters, as I believe they are, lie at different depths, or rather, are of different hights. Their depth I have never been able to sound, although I have lowered many hundred feet of plumb line into them. They are undoubtedly fathomless, and have become the receptacles of the bodies of hundreds of persons, who are known to have been drowned in the lake during the past half century, and of the undoubted thousands of people killed in the fierce battles that were frequently waged on the shores of the lakes between the hostile tribes of the original people years before the white man appeared on this continent.

"It was in Cayuga lake that the wretch Rulloff lowered the bodies of his wife and child, inclosed in a chest, after he had murdered them twenty years ago. The weeks that were spent in dragging for the chest was time thrown away, for it had sunk into the mouth of one of these dead volcanoes, and, if it is not sinking yet, is no doubt floating around in the bottomless depths where, in the ages past, fire and smoke and ashes were the dominant elements.

"Within forty years between 200 and 300 persons have been drowned in Cayuga lake, to recover the remains of whom the grappling iron and drag have been used industriously, but in vain. If it were possible for one to make the rounds of this lake's crater-like bed, he would, beyond doubt, encounter hideous charnel houses beyond number—caverns where thousands of grinning skeletons have found their own sepulcher, subterranean catacombs without end. Water taken from a depth of 300 feet in Cayuga lake—which must have been from one of these cavities—is strongly charged with sulphuretted hydrogen, nitrogen, carbonic acid and the carbonates of lime, potash, soda and magnesia.

Cayuga lake has also a mysterious tidal motion. It is irregular in its occurrence, but very decided. The phenomenon has been known to appear twice a year, and then two years or more have elapsed between its periods. The water frequently recedes fifty feet. The ebb is gradual, but the flood tide comes in with considerable force and rapidity. This phenomenon is also noticed on Seneca lake, which is divided from Cayuga by the high Seneca county hills. The surface of Seneca lake is sixty feet above that of Cayuga lake, but I believe its bed is of the same remarkable character. Seneca lake rises and falls as much as three feet during the time of its tidal commotion, which is also irregular in its periods.

"I believe there is a subterranean river running from Lake Superior, through Lakes Huron and Michigan, under Lake Erie, and emptying into Lake Ontario. There is no other way in which to explain certain mysteries connected with ... is about 600 feet above the tide, while its bed is 200 feet below tide level. Lake Huron's surface is fifty feet below that of Superior's, and its bed is about on a level with Superior's. The surface of Lake Michigan is 300 feet lower than Lake Huron's, and its bed is sunk a corresponding distance to the level of the other two lakes. Erie's surface is nearly as high as Lake Michigan's being 565 feet above the tide, but its bed is also above tide, being 350 feet higher than the ocean level, consequently its bed is 250 feet higher than those of the lakes above it. Lake Ontario's surface is the lowest of all the great lakes, being less than 500 feet above the tide, but its bed is 280 feet below the ocean, or about the same level as Michigan, Huron and Superior. So there is a continuous fall from Lake Superior to Ontario, and all the outlet that the upper lakes have that is known is the comparatively insignificant Detroit river. That stream never can care for all that great pressure and volume from above, and the theory of an underground river, such as I mentioned, seems to me most reasonable. All the St. Lawrence fishes are taken in every one of the lakes but Lake Erie. Why? Because they follow the course of the subterranean stream, passing 300 feet beneath the bottom of Lake Erie and enter the waters of the upper lakes. The great lakes above Lake Erie have an occasional flux and reflux of their waters corresponding with ocean tides save in regularity.

"The subterranean river, according to my theory, becomes occasionally obstructed by great obstacles that are constantly moving down from the lake bottoms. Then the channels of outlet are insufficient to carry off the great volume of water, and they are dammed back and the lakes rise. Finally these obstructions are swept away by the irresistible pressure, the river flows naturally once more, and the dammed waters subside. That is the whole mystery of the rise and fall of the tides in the great lakes."

Why They Couldn't Hear Him.

General James C. Strong, of Buffalo, was here this week. He arrived on the twenty-second anniversary of the day upon which he was shot down upon a Southern battle field. He was struck in the hip (the wound is famous among physicians and surgeons, I'm told) in a very peculiar way, and lay by a log in great agony all day. In the evening after the battle he heard the voices of his men calling him from different quarters of the field. "Colonel Strong!" they shouted. He replied by shouting at the top of his voice: "Here I am!" "Here I am!" Still his men kept shouting, "Colonel Strong!" "Colonel Strong!" Again he replied with all his might, "Here I am!" "Here I am!" The searchers came nearer, still shouting, "Colonel Strong!" Colonel Strong always replied, "Here I am!" with all his might. At last they were within three feet of him. "Here I am!" he shouted. They came nearer, but in a slow uncertain way. Finally one of them leaned over the log, flashing his lantern light full on the prostrate man. "Why, here's the Colonel now," he said to his companions in tones of surprise. So they gathered him up and carried him to the hospital. As soon as he was well enough he asked the man who had found him on the battle field why he had not come to him at once when he heard him shouting "Here I am!" "We didn't hear you, sir," said the soldier "until we leaned over the log, and then we heard you whisper in scarcely audible tones, "Here I am!"—Philadelphia Record.

The kindergarten system was first practiced in Germany in 1849.

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W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

THE PORTLAND NATIONAL BANK.

Official Authority to Commence Business.

Pursuant to section 5170, Revised Statutes of the U. S., requiring this bank to publish for sixty days certificate of its organization and authority to commence business, I do hereby cause the certificate authorized under said section to be and it is hereby published in the Daily Morning Oregonian, of which the following is a copy:

Treasury Department office of the Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, May 13, 1884.

Whereas, By satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that the Portland National Bank, in the city of Portland in the county of Multnomah and state of Oregon, has complied with all of the provisions of the Revised Statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking, now, therefore, I, Henry W. Cannon, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that the Portland National Bank, in the city of Portland, in the county of Multnomah and state of Oregon, is authorized to commence the business of banking, as provided in section fifty-one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this 13th day of May, 1884.

Seal of the Comptroller of the Currency. HENRY W. CANNON, Comptroller of the Currency

No. 3181.—Of the publication of which certificate notice is hereby given as required by the Revised Statutes aforesaid. WILLIAM REID, President the Portland National Bank.

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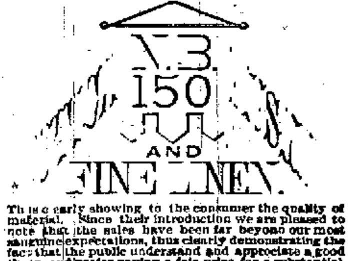

This is a early showing to the consumer the quality of material. Since their introduction we are pleased to note that the sales have been far beyond our most sanguine expectations, thus clearly demonstrating the fact that the public understand and appreciate a good thing, and prefer paying a fair price for a substantial article of wear to a lower price for trash. They are now sold by almost all the leading

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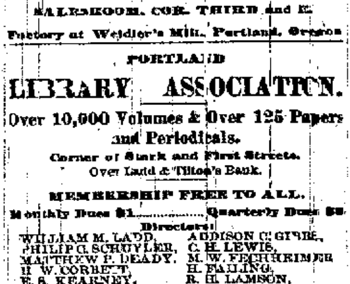

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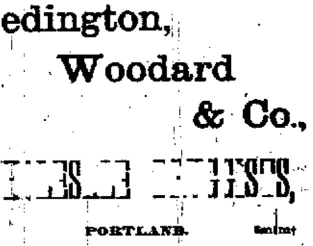

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dead letter.

Henry Bergh settles the question of Mr. Tilden's candidacy. He says his nomination would be a case of cruelty to animals to which his long experience has furnished no parallel. "I feel sure he would die of worry and exhaustion before election day," says Mr. Bergh.

James G. Blaine is a man who will push them forward until they stand on an even plane with their white fellow citizens. Professor Richard T. Greener of South Carolina impressed the necessity of united action.

ROOSEVELT WILL NOT BOLT.

St. Paul, June 5.—Theodore Roosevelt who it was reported would, along with George William Curtis,

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 8 1884

MIRACLES

It is reported from England that Col Olcott and Mme Blavatsky who left this country some years ago for India where they proposed to study the principles of the Theosophists and perfect themselves in the details of the hierophant business have returned to England where they are capturing the aristocracy by their new version of an old religion Col Olcott we are told has made such progress as a Theosophist, that he is now a worker of the most superlative power It is asserted by his partner Mme Blavatsky that he has performed some eight or ten thousand miracles within the past year

Although this entirely beats the record in the miracle business if the first obstacle is surmounted it does not seem at all incredible The first obstacle is to believe that he can perform a miracle at all With that point conceded it will not be hard to swallow the whole eight thousand For apart from the fact that a man will gain expertness from practice his knowledge of the great principles of modern business gained in this country has probably assisted him to gain this result He perceived that by striving to systematize any business its production can be largely increased and also that by a large production the cost of the product can be diminished while the profits are enlarged With these principles guiding his action it is evident after the first miracle is accepted that Colonel Olcott could bring himself to such perfection as a miracle worker as to be practically without a rival now that Hermann is dead, and that if he continues in his course he may increase his annual output of miracles from the present total of 8000 to 12 000 or even 15 000.

But this course is not without its risks So long as Colonel Olcott keeps the miracle business in his own hands there is no danger But his success in that line is practically certain to stimulate competition and if a number of miracle workers reach a yearly capacity of say 10 000 miracles each it is evident that there will be an over production Apart from the danger that such a plenitude of miracles would make them no longer miraculous but merely very ordinary things the necessity for organizing a pool in miracles and restricting production should be sufficient to give the reckless miracle worker pause in his rash career

It might also be an argument to a person who desired to bring a new religious creed to the notice of thinking people that he could do better by showing the purity, elevation and nobility of his theories than by the wholesale practice of apparent suspensions of the laws of nature like those with which the spiritualists try to deceive men or the prestidigitateurs succeed in amusing the public The fact that this consideration has no weight with the Theosophist apostles indicates that they have less desire to convince thinking people than to mystify foolish ones

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH

A D Mayo who has given a good deal of time to investigating the educational needs of the south, is enthusiastic in behalf of rendering that action national aid as he is optimistic as to the result The one hindrance to the success of these states in their industrial social moral and political development is the widespread [illegible] the negro is educated the south will advance Again the doctor declares that the south has done a work for education during the past twenty years not surpassed by any people in any age Nor will the south be demoralized by national aid, the beneficence is not large enough for that The south will use this money fairly It could be trusted with ten millions a year and finally the great majority of the thoughtful people of the south are thoroughly convinced of the necessity of this national aid It will be seen that Dr Mayo has no hesitation The only thing is that it is not prepared to give money enough to such ardent friends of education This view is to be sure opposed to a good deal of testimony which the south presents but Dr Mayo is doubtless sincere and at any rate he has a right to be heard

On the other hand the Charleston *News and Courier*, the leading democratic journal in South Carolina says that there is but one motive for the agitation now on foot in that state for the repeal of the two mill tax which is levied for the support of schools The motive is opposition to negro education There are at present 71 000 white children in the public schools of South Carolina and 98 000 colored children and in order to prevent the latter from acquiring an education those who are agitating for the repeal of the school tax are willing to effect the white children A correspondent of the *News and Courier* sent recently a very earnest letter to that paper, arguing that the eight-ballot-box law was working well in so confusing the colored voters that they were unable to vote as they intended But if the schools go on educating negro children, he said, the time will come when the negro vote will be able to discriminate between the boxes and their utility will therefore be gone Accordingly, he desires to see the negro schools suppressed and is angry with the *News and Courier* for differing with him

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The Rev R. Heber Newton in an able discourse upon modern business methods referred to a practice much too common of loaning without rigid inspection the use of a name that in itself inspires confidence He said What right have I out of mere friendship to loan the use of the name I may have won unless I am sure of the scheme of the honesty of the men, and have time to look after matters occasionally? Then it might be well enough But if I was not sure of the scheme and the men I would merely serve as a decoy and might be drawn down to ruin The simple principle of refusing to loan the use of a name would relieve us from many dangers threatening The time was when a man's fall would affect only himself and cause a small circle of immediate friends to hang their heads in shame. But now a man of position—though he might not know it—had thousands of fine gossamer threads woven about him by the people If he failed it effected not only a small circle but through every vein from the economic life went a fiscal fever, and thousands were drawn to common ruin So every man seeing how much all the world hangs on him should be true to the uttermost We had need to go far below the surface, a deep, radical and thorough transformation of our social economic and commercial world was needed, if we would avoid a recurrence of these panics

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Æschines, in his oration on the granting of a crown to Demosthenes said that "the character of a city is determined by the men it crowns" Carlyle said "Oh show me the man you honor, I know by that symptom, better than by any other, the kind of a man you yourself are, for you show me there what your idol of manhood is what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be"

Massachusetts has made a good beginning in convicting a physician for manslaughter in not understanding his business The convicted doctor bears the name of a former president of the United States, Franklin Pierce

DEFENDING MORMONISM

Senator Brown of Georgia, in his defense of Mormonism and defamation of New England illustrates the truth that a man is incapable of correctly understanding a subject in reference to which his heart has gone astray He sees no reason why we should concern ourselves about polygamy in Utah until divorce is less prevalent in New England His attack on the social life of New England is an ignorant prejudice left over from ante bellum times when everybody who opposed slavery was regarded in the south as an infidel and freelover Divorces are too common in New England but the fact that they occur there and not in the south merely shows that women are there less under the tyranny of men The proper causes for divorce are much more prevalent in the south than in New England but a divorced woman in the south is a social outcast under a more intolerable ostracism than the known or suspected mistress of a married man and there fore wives submit to infidelities on the part of their husbands without open protest But there is nothing in common between Mormonism and divorce Mormonism makes the plural marriage system a matter of religion and conscience and all its evils become a part of society and government In New England all the forces of society and religion are opposed to divorce except upon just and necessary grounds The Louisville *Courier Journal* condemns Senator Brown's speech because it exhibits such a strange mental incapacity to grasp the plainest proposition connected with legislation It would be just as wise just as logical to say because defalcations occur in Wall street no attempt should be made to prevent highway robbery in Georgia On the whole it says that no senator from the south has of late years made a speech so discreditable to the morality and intelligence of the section which he is supposed to represent

DIVORCES

The Methodist denomination by its late action on the subject of divorce has placed itself in line with the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches which do not allow their ministers to marry any divorced persons but the innocent party to an action brought on the ground of adultery Most ministers of other denominations including Presbyterians Congregationalists German and Dutch Reformed refuse to marry divorced persons unless the divorce is granted on what they call scriptural grounds This will have its effect upon public sentiment even though other causes for divorce be recognized by the civil law and though marriages be performed by the civil magistrate and tend to make divorces less reputable unless the causes for them are sufficient We do not believe however that the position of these churches that the law should recognize no ground for divorce except adultery is practically tenable or conducive to high morality It can have no good effect upon public morals for example to condemn a woman to a life of intolerable severity at the hands of the man she married supposing he had a human heart and would treat her at least with reasonable kindness The sense of degradation which a woman in such a case must suffer reacts upon herself and upon society and makes the position of her sex more abject and dependent and tends to increase the immoralities which strict divorce laws are invoked to restrain The opinion of most judges with whom we have conferred on the subject is to the effect that while divorces should not be made easy the best interests [illegible] raged of both sexes legal means of escape from degrading marital relations and giving them a chance to live decent lives under the protection of law

THE JUNE SKY

For several evenings past star gazers have been treated to a rare and beautiful sight in the western heavens Jupiter and Venus have been close together and the moon has passed them both near by while some of the brighter fixed stars have appeared in the illustrious company The moon is now many degrees east of these planets and soon Venus will retire from the scene setting to-morrow evening at about 10.30 and a few minutes earlier every evening throughout the month Jupiter is also retrograding but not so fast as his brilliant rival and will remain in view after his disappearance Mars is to be seen in the same part of the heavens but he is getting so far from the sun that he is no longer comparable with the larger planets in brightness and even Aldebaran his rival in ruddiness outshines him Saturn is too near in line with the sun to be seen, and Mercury as usual is dodging around as if he feared somebody would catch him The June moon is full to-day so that during the first half of the month the evenings will be light She reappears on the 24th very near Venus, and the next evening is in conjunction with Jupiter The fixed stars do not make as brilliant a show in the summer as in the winter The great galaxy which includes half a dozen of the brightest Orion and his train set too early to be seen to advantage and the only constellation that appears in their place in the southern heavens is the Crab which is slowly making his way along into prominence Arcturus is the brightest far away sun now visible since Sirius has disappeared and will stay with us all summer, and Capella has appeared in the northeast

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The Spanish provinces suffer more from droughts than floods and their high and arid plains are practically useless for agriculture on that account But like all such regions they are periodically subject to flood that swell the trickling streams into raging torrents and sweep away still more of the fructifying element of the soil leaving only the bare rocks and hard clay behind This is the result of the destruction of the forests which once made fertile the whole country and whose loss can now never be supplied The warning is one which should be heeded in this country where the danger has already made itself apparent and where the beginning of its effects has also made itself felt

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A recent report from the committee on invalid pensions upon the question of pensions for men who were confined in confederate prisons during the war, gives some startling figures It states that 60 000 of the Union troops died in confederate prisons or immediately after being released therefrom, and adds that the total number killed or dying of wounds during the war was about 78 000, showing that as many deaths were caused by confederate prisons as by confederate bullets The number of enlisted men who were killed or died of wounds in the service was as one to twenty eight, while the number of enlisted men who died while in prisons was one to five

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Lovely woman was conspicuous in the greenback convention by the power of commanding eloquence and the bright flashes of a brilliant wit The gem of both, displaying at once the force of a most vigorous imagination and the venerableness of a hoary antiquity, was the remark of Mrs Bristol of New Jersey that the candidate should be a man "with an eye single to the best interests of the country" This delicate graceful and original reference to Gen Butler was received with roars of delighted approval and laughter by the whole nursery

LAND QUESTION IN ENGLAND

The new land agitation in Scotland and England for the abolition of the great game preserves particularly in the former country has its origin in a real grievance, and while it undoubtedly proposes an interference with the rights of property in the direction of socialism and communism it illustrates the fact that in some instances the feeling is grounded in substantial justice and has been in a great measure created by the action of those who complain against it and are threatened by it There is truth in the phrase that property has its duties as well as its rights and when they are scandalously neglected there is a corresponding force of the other No one who is aware of the history of the great deer forests and moor parks in Scotland which comprise tracts of thousands of acres from which the aboriginal inhabitants strongly attached to the soil and earning peaceful and honest livings have been ruthlessly evicted and their flocks and herds exterminated to give place to game can avoid a feeling of indignation and a sense of injustice other than that of sentimental association This sequestration of arable land and the removal of the population inflicts other burdens upon the commonwealth than in the reduction of the agricultural and other products and the abolition of the race of sturdy yeomanry always a serious loss to the nation The tracts do not cost but their share of the poor rates thus imposing a heavy additional tax upon the rest of the population and their general influence is in many ways injurious If the form of the agitation is a reasonable one not affecting vested rights but properly assessing burdens for luxuries it will meet with the approval of many who have no sympathy with communism and if resisted will develop more and more dangerous manifestations of the sense of a real injustice

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At a recent meeting of the Congregational church in Boston the new creed was approved as the new expression of old ideas Prof Smyth emphatically asserted that the teachers at Andover were in full and hearty accord with the old creed on the subjects of inspiration the atonement and probation The new creed was also the subject of discussion at the recent anniversary of the Yale theological seminary when Prof George T. Ladd vindicated it as fulfilling its intent which was to express not the diversity but the unity of all believers in Jesus Christ Prof Fiske affirmed its excellence as a statement of essentials of evangelical belief It was not designed to be sung or intoned but was a series of propositions cautiously perhaps coldly but not vaguely expressed President Porter and a number of noted ministers spoke in approval of the creed and the chief criticisms were that the designation of the proper subjects of baptism and the omission to characterize this life as the opportunity for repentance and reform were [illegible] One minister objected to the proposal [illegible] of the Apostles' creed in the believer's confession of faith, differing in this from President Hitchcock of Union theological seminary who in a recent conversation showed himself greatly impressed by the new Congregational creed He called it the most notable stride forward that has been seen in any ecclesiastical body within my memory, and added For popular use the creed is a movement in the right direction [illegible] is largely a statement of facts and [illegible] of theories The Apostles' creed [illegible] creed ever framed [illegible] opinion of it

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr Charles Marston one of the ablest and most liberal of English [illegible] says that the [illegible] with a learned [illegible] practical [illegible] kindly long wanted

An eloquent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaking of the men who are to succeed the great writers of whom only Tennyson and Browning remain says that the world slow to recognize contemporary worth will rarely admit that a man is a genius until he is at least sixty

Mr Pulitzer of the New York *Morning Journal* is in Paris where he has been entertained by Consul General Walker and others He has likewise been interviewed and in the course of his remarks stated that no American daily paper has ever got beyond two hundred thousand circulation In France there are numerous journals which have had as many daily purchasers as two hundred thousand for a good many years and the *Petit Journal* now claims six hundred and forty five thousand daily

George Mountfort, who died in Boston on Wednesday aged eighty seven years was a son of Joseph Mountfort one of the famous "Boston Tea Party" and a zealous patriot through the revolution The son was in the commercial business in New York Savannah and Boston until 1850 when President Taylor appointed him consul at the Island of Candia where he remained nine years and where he received the rank and decoration of Turkish Bey from the Sultan He was a frequent contributor to the newspaper press and author of various historical works

It is little known writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the germ of that fine poem The Princess is to be found in the last chapter of Doctor Johnson's Rasselas The princess thought that of all sublunary things knowledge was the best She desired first to learn all sciences and then proposed to found a college of learned women in which she would preside, that by conversing with the old and educating the young she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety

Miss de la Rame otherwise Ouida recently accepted an invitation to a breakfast party in London The other guests came and the breakfast hour came too and went But no Ouida appeared Finally the chagrined hostess and her disappointed friends sat down at table At this moment the apparently belated Ouida hurried into the dining room It was not until several days afterwards that the rest of the party learned that she had been the first to arrive and having seated herself behind the drawing room door had quietly listened to her merciless dissection by the ladies with whom she had come to break bread

Charles O Conor's will bequeaths to the New York law institution all the bound volumes in his library marked My Own Opinions' and all those marked My Own Cases It provides that $20 000 in money and two silver testimonials be given to Mrs Elizabeth W Johnson To Miss Guglielma Folger Rose Brayton and Miss Isabella Chattin $10 000 each is given and a lot in Nantucket goes to Anna Rose He divides the residue of his estate as follows Two-thirds to his sister Eliza Margaret Sloan and the remaining third to Miss Julia Pardon The papers concerning his doings in the matter of Jefferson Davis and those concerning his intercourse with Mrs Forrest's affairs he devises to be carefully preserved

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A Subscriber—You can examine fossils at the academy of natural sciences in this city—*Call* Or in the front row at a variety performance—*Boston Post* Or almost anywhere else in Boston—*Philadelphia Call* Yes to their credit be it said among old men in Boston performances of that kind are not popular—*Boston Post*

There are living in Stamford Conn 80 persons over 80 years of age Twelve are over 90 years old the list being headed by ex United States Senator Truman Smith

DIED.

In this city June 7 Daniel son of A J and Mary Kennedy aged 1 year and 1 mo [illegible]. Funeral to-morrow from 10[illegible] B st bet. Fifth and Sixth at 10 o'clock P M

LARGE FRONT ROOM FURNISHED OR unfurnished in private family Apply 2[illegible] First st

FARMER SEWING MACHINES—BUY ONE from OVERBECK [illegible] No 9 Second st

DRINK PFUNDER'S GRATEFUL vichy and fruit soda water [illegible]

[illegible] Jefferson Tacoma | George Donnegan [illegible]
R Bennett Baker City | W Irving & wf Olympia
Chas Henderson Astoria | J O Mudd Tacoma
Harry Williams | Willard Martin, Glenview
L A Vaughan wf [illegible]ch, Minn | F Lord Seaside
Wm Bauer N Y | Sam Muldoon Chicago
Victor Garneau France | John R Odell Brucedo[illegible]
J W Riddle Astoria |

For Throat Diseases and Coughs,—BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES like all good things are frequently imitated The genuine are sold only in boxes

NEW YORK STOCK QUOTATIONS

New York, June

OPENING

N P Common	21⅜	Pacific Mail	[illegible]
N P Preferred	48⅞	Northwestern	90⅛
Or & Trans	14	Lake Shore	[illegible]
Or Imp Stock	13½	New York Central	105
Or Imp Bonds	65	Erie	[illegible]
Western Union	60⅜		

CLOSING QUOTATIONS

Western Union	60

MANUFACTURERS OF CASTINGS AND MAchinery of all kinds keep in stock ordinary sizes ENGINES, BOILERS and SAW MILLS. Office and Works, Front and Harrison streets, Portland, Oregon

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEIDler's Mill Orders left at mill or in the [illegible] Boss Saloon will be promptly attended to. W S M [illegible]

P L Willis Proctor for Respondent

In pursuance of an order made and entered in the above entitled court on the 7th day of May 1884 the above sale is postponed until Wednesday June 18 1884 at same time and place EDWARD KEARNEY S. Marshal.

[illegible] Truly Named The King of Tonics, Dr Henley's DANDELION TONIC

NEW TO-DAY.

ROOMS TO LET—FURNISHED APPLY AT No [illegible] Montgomery st. 8je6

FOR RENT—THREE NEW UNFURNISHED rooms for housekeeping cheap to right party. Inquire 180 N [illegible] st. 8je4

FOR RENT—NEW PIANOS AND ORGANS FOR rent at very low prices WILEY B ALLEN'S Music store 151 Third st

FOR SALE—ONE WALL TENT NEARLY NEW size 16x24 ft. will be sold at a bargain Apply at Central Market restaurant Second st bet [illegible] and Ash

BOOK SALE AT 171 FIRST ST.

TO LOAN—$6000 TO $8000 TO LOAN ON CITY property Apply at 127½ First st room [illegible] SIMON 8je4

ROOMS EN SUITE OR SINGLE, ALSO UNFURnished rooms Family Hotel First st corner Montgomery 8je4

WANTED—A GIRL TO TAKE CARE OF CHILdren and do upstairs work at [illegible] Park cor Washington [illegible] 8je4

WANTED—A GIRL (GERMAN OR SWEDE) TO take charge of child and [illegible] work for two references required [illegible] 8je

WE HAVE FOR RENT A DESIRABLE FURnished [illegible] J B DAVIS & CO 131 Fourth st.

WANTED—SITUATION TO DRIVE FOR OR work in [illegible] J K HAYNES

FOR THE LATEST STYLES AT REASONABLE prices go to MRS E W [illegible] Parlors [illegible] 8je4

WE HAVE FOR SALE FARM [illegible] garden property [illegible] J B DAVIS & CO [illegible] Fourth st

A DRESSMAKER [illegible] 8j

$1000 TO [illegible] 8je4

DESIRABLE BUILDING LOTS [illegible] J B DAVIS & CO 131 Fourth 8je

[illegible] WHIDD [illegible]

WANTED—A YOUNG MARRIED MAN [illegible] Address J N C [illegible] care [illegible] 8j

ALUMNI MEETING—THE REGULAR ANnual meeting of the Alumni Association of the Portland High School will be held [illegible] Monday evening June [illegible] at 7 [illegible] By order of [illegible] Pres

FIRST-CLASS FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHed rooms en suite single or for housekeepers at [illegible] fine view of the river Mt Hood [illegible] hot and cold water bath etc fire proof building [illegible] Columbia st [illegible] 8je4

DECORATIVE ART NEEDLEWORK LADIES [illegible] MISS [illegible] of New York City 8j

THE [illegible] KEROSENE LAMP GIVES more light than three ordinary lamps [illegible]

ENGLISH WATCHMAKER'S STORE [illegible]

NOTICE—FRESH IMPORTED SWISS CREAM [illegible] Mrs M BAUM [illegible]

FOR RENT—DESIRABLE NEW HOUSE [illegible] WILLIAM [illegible] & Macleay

WILL SELL

SOME OF THE HANDSOMEST PROPERTY IN [illegible]

If you want to feel good use Celery, Beef and Iron.

RENEWED [illegible]

PORTLAND CALEDONIAN CLUB, JULY 4, 1884,

PORTLAND DRIVING PARK.

[illegible] secretary | A M [illegible] Chief

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

NEW MARKET THEATER

BY SPECIAL REQUEST

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY

Will give two more performances on MONDAY AND TUESDAY NIGHTS, June 9th and 10th.

MONDAY NIGHT A GRAND BENEFIT FOR KATE CASTLETON!

—IN—

POP

With New Music and Specialties.

Reserve seats without extra charge at [illegible] drug store

FINEST FAMILY FLOUR,

Manufactured by

PORTLAND FLOURING MILLS

W S LADD President

Complete Roller System. Capacity 1100 bbls. per day

Try It, and You Will Use No Other!

EVERY SACK WARRANTED

For sale by all the leading grocers, and by SIBSON, CHURCH & CO., General Agents.

REMOVAL.

TO THE TRADE:

We now occupy the new and commodious Cook building,

NOS. 18 AND 20 FRONT ST,

And offer an increased stock of Wood and Willow Ware, and continue to sell at bottom prices.

L FELDMANN & CO.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

—OF—

FINE FURNITURE!

We are instructed by Geo Best Esq, to sell by auction at the residence No 2[illegible]7 East Park bet Taylor and Salmon sts on

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1884, At 10 O'clock A. M.

The entire furniture of residence comprising [illegible] walnut frame [illegible] carpets [illegible] engravings [illegible] walnut bedroom [illegible] walnut dining [illegible] kitchen furniture also patent [illegible] etc

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

N B—We invite the public [illegible] to this sale as the furniture is as good as new

A P HOTALING, San Francisco | I KAUFMAN, Portland Or
E. S. ROTHCHILD Portland Or

THE BEST WHISKY IN THE WORLD

SPECIAL NOTICE.

[illegible] whisky has taken [illegible] quart [illegible] for sale [illegible]

THE A. P. HOTALING CO.

Sole Agents for the Northwest Coast.

Nos. 5 and 7 N. First st, Portland, Or.

[illegible] Established 1870.

PORTLAND SODA WORKS.

SODA WATER

146 FRONT STREET

Established 1856 | [illegible] per day

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW MARKET THEATER.

C B CORDRAY [illegible] Lessee

Three Nights Only, commencing Thursday, June 12

MATINEE SATURDAY 2 P M

WHITELY'S ORIGINAL HIDDEN HAND COMPANY,

Supporting the Charming Comedienne

FANNIE FRANCIS!

[illegible] unrivaled [illegible] Archie th [illegible] Mrs E D E N Southworth [illegible] best of HIDDEN HAND

NEW AND ELEGANT SCENERY

The Virginia Cabin Singers'

[illegible] Seats secured [illegible]

TIVOLI THEATER.

Cor Morrison and First sts.

WALTER LEVY [illegible]

LA PERICHOLE!

Matinee Saturday May 31 2 P M

ADMISSION [illegible] Reserved Seats 50c

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BLAINE.

Cabinets Boudoirs and [illegible] Copies from E W Moore's [illegible] portrait from life [illegible] Orders promptly filled.

ABELL & SON,

LEADING PHOTOGRAPHERS,

25 Washington St. Portland

OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

We have opened our doors for business and are prepared to furnish our patrons with

THE BEST COFFEE IN TOWN.

Also PURE CREAM etc.

PORTLAND COFFEE HOUSE,

MRS. HOUSE, Proprietress,

Oak Street between Front and First.

6j

CASCADE WARM SPRINGS.

These famous health restoring warm springs are now open to the public. They are easy of access being on the river division between Portland and The Dalles three-fourths of a mile from the Cascade railroad The hotel and accommodations are good with camping grounds, pure air good, water plenty of moss [illegible] making it a desirable resort for the sick and the invalid

For particulars address R SNOW, Cascades, Wash Ter

WILHOIT SPRINGS

Summer Resort.

HOUSE RENOVATED AND PLACED IN THOROUGH repair New features added for the amusement and comfort of guests. Our aim will be to cater to wants of patrons Table supplied with all the market affords [illegible] pure air and well known curative [illegible] the most desirable health resort [illegible] Camp grounds in good order [illegible] cigars, tobacco etc at the store on [illegible]

Address FRANK McCLERAN Wilhoit Clackamas co [illegible] McCLERAN BROS Portland 1je6w

OREGON SOUTHERN IMPROVEMENT COMPANY—Annual meeting—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Oregon Southern Improvement Company will be held at the office of the Company in Portland Oregon on Thursday, June 26 1884, at [illegible] o'clock P M for the election of seven directors to serve for the ensuing year to change the by-laws of the company to act on the question of changing the principal office of the Company from Portland Or to [illegible] and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting

CECIL B. HOLCOMB Secretary

PACIFIC LIVERY, Feed and Sale Stables

Corner Front and Salmon sts.

H. S. QUINTON Proprietor.

Horses boarded by the day week or month. These stables are centrally located and are large and airy Special inducements for boarding horses and best of care given them

AGENTS WANTED for an authentic edition of his life Published at Augusta, his home. Largest handsomest cheapest best By the renowned historian and biographer, COL CONWELL whose life of Garfield published by us outsold the twenty others by 60 000. Outsells every book ever published in this world, many agents are selling fifty daily Agents are making fortunes All new beginners successful grand chance for them. $43 50 made by a lady agent the first day Terms most liberal Particulars free Better send 25 cents for postage, etc. on free outfit now ready including large prospectus book, and save valuable time

ALLEN & CO. Augusta Maine

—GO TO—

F. RICHET & BROS.,

Corner Third and Washington

For FRESH COFFEE SPICES AND TEAS.

We keep only pure goods. Vegetables fresh every [illegible] Country orders promptly filled. 1m

Electric Belt Co [illegible]

LAND PLASTER

FOR SALE BY

EVERDING & FARRELL.

PICNICS AND EXCURSIONS.

GRAND PICNIC AND TROTTING RACE

At City View Park, Sunday June 8th.

A Full Brass Band will be in attendance under the leadership of Prof. Tim. Dancing commences 2 P M. Race Programme—Trotting race best 3 in 5 mile heats to harness, for a purse of $250 Entries—Waterford named by Florence F M Rider names Johnny Blue Kit Miller names [illegible] Pedro

A first-class restaurant open at all hours during the entire week [illegible] fast and commodious steamers Westport and Latona leave every half hour from foot of Taylor street. Tickets good for [illegible] Round Trip 25c Admission to Park free Ladies and children free [illegible] will be sold Saturday night at the [illegible]

Oregon Railway & Navigation COMPANY

EXCURSIONS

To the Seaside.

STEAMER WIDE WEST

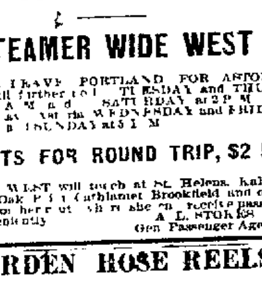
WILL LEAVE PORTLAND FOR ASTORIA until further notice TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 6 A M and SATURDAY at 2 P M Returning leave Astoria WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 6 A M and SUNDAY at 5 P M

TICKETS FOR ROUND TRIP, $2 50.

WIDE WEST will touch at St. Helens, Kalama Rainier Oak Point Cathlamet Brookfield and other landings on her route when she can receive passengers conveniently A L. STOKES Gen Passenger Agent.

31

GARDEN HOSE REELS



"Test" Brand Carbolized Fire Hose.

RUBBER AND COTTON HOSE,

MAGIC NOZZLES,

RUBBER, LEATHER AND COTTON BELTING.

PRESTON, NOTT & CO.,

164 First Street.

KELLY DUNNE & CO.,

DEALERS IN—

SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

42 FRONT STREET

Send for our new Price List.

[illegible]

REPUBLICAN CITY CONVENTION

PRIMARY MEETINGS OF THE REPUBLICAN voters of the city of Portland will be held in their respective wards on Monday June 9th A. D 1884, between the hours of 4 o'clock P. M and 8 o'clock P M. of said day to elect delegates to attend a Republican City Convention which is hereby called to be held at the Court House in the city of Portland on Thursday the 12th day of June, A D 1884 at [illegible] o'clock P M to nominate candidates for Councilmen of the several wards, and a candidate for City Treasurer to be voted for as provided by the City Charter at the City Election to be held on Monday, June 16th A D 1884.

The Committee have made the following apportionment for the Convention

First Ward — 9 delegates
Second Ward — 8 delegates
Third Ward — 10 delegates

Total — 27 delegates

The following persons have been selected to act as judges and clerks at the primary meetings aforesaid, to wit:

First Ward—Judges P Schuldermann W W Spaulding Clerk W T Hume
Second Ward—Judges W. B. Jones, J D Wilcox, Clerk B F Hoppencott.
Third Ward—Judges. L. H Parsons, R. Holman. Clerk C P Hogue

The following places are hereby appointed for holding said Primary Meetings in the respective wards, viz:

First Ward—Kuhn's shop at Third and A streets.
Second Ward—Corporation shed on Fourth street between Morrison and Yamhill streets.
Third Ward—No. 1 stable corner of Front and Clay streets.

Witness our hands this 3d day of June, A. D. 1884.

C S SILVER,
C. C. PHILLIPS,
R. R. HUBBARD
Republican City Committee

5j

S. & G GUMP, San Francisco. | R. COWAN Manager Portland.

S. & G. GUMP,

63-69 Third st. P O box 517 [illegible]

Importers, Manufacturers & Jobbers

—OF—

Mouldings, Mirrors and Picture FRAMES.

MIRROR PLATES ENGRAVINGS CHROMOS BRACKETS CORNICES, ETC.

Bar-Room Mirrors a Specialty.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION

BY A. J WELCH & CO.,

On the premises 107 North Seventh st.,

ON MONDAY, JUNE 9th,

THE WHOLE OF

The Household Furniture & Effects

of a gentleman leaving the city comprising

Bedroom, Parlor and Kitchen Furniture,
Cooking and Parlor Stoves,
Cooking Utensils, etc.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M sharp 6j4

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE PORTLAND BAKERY HAS OPENED FOR business at the

Corner of Second and Main,

In the quarters formerly occupied by the Pioneer Bakery and are prepared to supply the trade and families with everything in the line of

BREAD, CAKES AND PIES.

Everything in the line of Confectionery made to order and kept on hand Parties and weddings supplied at short notice. 27mTuTh&Sulm

REMOVAL NOTICE.

On and after the 17th of May the PIONEER BAKERY will occupy new quarters, No. 26½ FIRST ST, near Mill.

15mlm — J. TAMMEN, Prop'r.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

WE HAVE OPENED BUSINESS WITH SPEcial facilities to manufacture all kinds of Barrels. We call the attention of Fishermen and Packers and trade in general You can save money by giving us a call Manufacturers of all kinds of Barrels and Tanks. The Empire Cooperage, 59 South Front st, Portland, Or. 27mTuTh&Sulm — JOS. FINKE & SONS, Props.

[illegible] necessary brought home to you. Sent sealed by Dr. WHITTIER, St. Louis, Mo. the great specialist. [illegible] Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage [illegible]

ZAN BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE, AND IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE

Nos. 19 and [illegible] North Front, St.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND

The Concordia club will tender a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Julius L. Haas next Saturday evening.

In the San Francisco hotel arrivals published Wednesday, June 4, there appears at the International: "A. Tachman, Portland."

E. S. Rothschild has been admitted to the A. P. Hotaling company. He has a wide circle of business friends throughout the entire coast.

The little steamer Gold Dust, which recently came over the Cascades is now lying at Astoria and will make daily trips between that place and Westport hereafter.

The mail to Astoria is now carried by the Wide West on Tuesdays and Thursdays, reaching that place usually before noon, an accommodation that is appreciated.

The Snake fell three inches at Riparia yesterday; the Columbia fell four inches at Umatilla, and rose three inches at Bonneville; the Willamette rose three inches here.

Captain Henry Porter, a prominent official of the Pullman palace car company, who is making a general inspection of the company's service in the west, is in the city, and has rooms at the Merchants' hotel.

The celebrated Hampton College Jubilee Singers will arrive from the east in a few days. They have been engaged by the Lecture Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and will give one of their unique entertainments on Friday evening next.

At the auction sale held by Messrs. Creighton & Co. at their salesroom yesterday, several pieces of property were disposed of at fair prices, considering the state of the money market, but at a considerable reduction from what could have been obtained a year ago.

The re-election of Aaron Bushwiler as justice of Couch precinct is no small personal victory for that gentleman. His vote was larger than the combined vote of his two opponents, and is an unmistakable endorsement of the honest and impartial manner in which he discharged the duties of his office.

Last night Sou Chang, a Chinese seamstress made application to the police for protection from Yo Hee, who, she thinks, is trying to set up a job to marry her. She loves Leo Su. The passion is mutual, and she wants to marry him. Miss Chang was locked up, and the villain will no longer pursue her.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron yesterday to arrive here to-day: F. Matson, G. W. Beets, J. Cameron, C. F. Beebe and family, B. C. Colonio, Mrs. F. F. Church, T. S. DeWolf, J. S. Spencer and A. F. Weber.

ST HELEN'S HALL EXERCISES.

The closing exercises of St. Helen's hall will take place on Wednesday, the 11th inst., at 3:30 P. M. The studios will be open to visitors on Monday from 2 to 5 P. M. On Tuesday from 9 A. M. to 12, and from 2 to 5 P. M. On Wednesday from 9 A. M. to 12, and from 1 to 3 P. M.

ACQUITTED.

Frank C. Baker, who was arrested on election day charged with buying votes, had an examination before U. S. Commissioner Lamson yesterday and was acquitted. He was not obliged to introduce any witness upon his own behalf, those who caused his arrest being unable to fasten upon him any guilty action.

FOURTH OF JULY ATHLETICS.

The Portland Caledonian club announce that they will hold a tournament at the Gentlemen's driving park on the Fourth of July. It is scarcely necessary to state that this will be a fine exhibition. The club on other occasions have given such pleasing performances in rational and healthful athletics that their exhibitions are always looked forward to with much interest.

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE.

To-morrow night Miss Castleton takes a benefit at New Market theater in "Pop," when she will introduce several of her new specialties, including "In other respects we're doing quite well," in which she made such a great hit in San Francisco, and which has not been sung here as yet. Tuesday matinee and Tuesday night will be the farewell performances of this troupe.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ADVERTISING.

Harrison Oatman, a man who knows how to advertise, found a customer in Mr. E. L. Schrieffen, who came up from Los Angeles in response to an advertisement in THE OREGONIAN about a 420-acre tract. Harry finally got Mr. S. on a trade for Major Bruce's 352 acres in Washington county and closed for $26,000. To cap the climax, Mr. Schrieffen took unto himself an Oregon wife.

FROM COEUR D'ALENE.

Mrs. Sanborn, wife of Captain J. B. Sanborn, of the steamer Coeur d'Alene, came down from that region of gold yesterday, passing through Portland on her way to her home in Oregon City. She brings most flattering accounts of the native gold that is constantly changing hands in that section and much of which comes into the pockets of her husband, being received for fares and in payment of freight carried by the boat.

FOR THEATER-GOERS.

Coming attractions at New Market theater are outlined by Manager Cornelius as follows: On Thursday of this week, Whitley's "Hidden Hand" company; Tuesday of the following week, De Vivo's Italian opera and grand concert combination; June 23, Daniel Bandmann, the German tragedian; June 30, Bijou burlesque company of 54 people; July 17, the Madison square theater company in "The Rajah."

THE CLONINGER JURY FAIL TO AGREE.

The jury in the case of old man Cloninger, on trial at St. Helens for murder, after thirty hours' deliberation, failed to agree and were discharged yesterday. The first ballot stood eight for murder in the first degree, three for murder in the second degree and one blank. The last ballot stood eight for murder in the second degree and four for manslaughter. As the next term of court for Columbia county does not come about until April, the case goes over till that time. Meanwhile Cloninger will be confined in jail here.

THE COMING CITY ELECTION.

On Monday, the 16th inst., will occur the city election to choose a treasurer and one councilman from each ward. The republican city convention will be held at the courthouse Thursday, the 12th inst., at 2 P. M., and the primaries to-morrow (Monday) from 4 to 8 P. M. Among those mentioned for councilman in the Third ward are: Ira F. Powers, John Gates, W. S. Ogden, William Fliedner, E. A. Post and H. Mennasten. Second ward, S. Farrell and C. M. Forbes; First ward, Henry McCraken. The democrats are talking of Barney O'Hara and M. Burelbach in the First ward and Ed Morrill in the Third.

INDICTED FOR LIBEL.

Yesterday the grand jury returned indictments for criminal libel against Thos. A. Sutherland and John J. Burnett, publishers of the Sunday *Welcome*. Complaints in the case were made by Sheriff Sears, who bases the charge on the following, which appeared in last Sunday's issue of the *Welcome*:

AN IGNORANT SHERIFF—WHY NO BIDS WERE MADE AT THE DELINQUENT TAX SALE.—Last week, in answer to the advertised sale of property for delinquent taxes, a large number of people went to the court house, but, strange to say, not a bid was made. Unable to account for this indifference, on the part of bargain hunters, a reporter began a series of inquiries, and soon ran down a man ready with the necessary information. In a nutshell, it was all the fault of Geo. Sears, the sheriff, who, by improperly levying on nearly all the delinquent property in Couch precinct—to say nothing of other land—thus frightened off all bidders and put our county to considerable expense of unnecessary character. In all justice he ought to be made pay for this ignorant blunder out of his own pocket.

Both gentlemen were nominally arrested yesterday afternoon, and, of course, gave bonds forthwith. Mr. Sutherland laughs at the idea of conviction, and says that Sears brought the charge out of personal pique, because the *Welcome* did not support his friends on the county ticket in the late contest.

DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Daniel Keneely, aged about 10 years, was drowned about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon while bathing in the river. The boy had been in swimming in shallow water near the foot of Sixteenth street with several companions a short time before, and like many another lad did not disdain to go in a second time when a new party came. He was not a good swimmer and did not trust himself in the water beyond his depth. It is supposed he was attacked by cramps and carried by his struggles into deep water, where he sank and was drowned. The body was recovered about twenty minutes afterward by a boy named Collins, who dived down and brought it up. The feet were still slightly cramped, leaving little doubt as to the cause of the boy's death. Coroner Cooke was notified and took charge of the body, holding an inquest last evening. The verdict of the jury was accidental drowning. The parents of the deceased live on B street, between Sixth and Seventh.

THE AMUSEMENT WORLD.

The engagement of the Rice Surprise Party at New Market has been an immense success, notwithstanding the defection of Harry Richmond from the troupe and the substitution of Mr. Phillips at the eleventh hour. The play of "Pop" is something like "Hobbies" and "Whims," and consists of the network of a flimsy story thrown about some well-executed specialties from the variety halls. In this it likewise resembles Sol. Smith Russell's "Edgewood Folks," which would be very dry picking but for the seriocomic vocalisms of Russell himself. "Pop" is simply a clever musical absurdity, whose defects are atoned for by the neat acting of Miss Castleton and the sweet vocalization of Miss May Stemler. The cream of the piece, of course, is Miss Castleton's rendition of the little Quakeress, and while her song of "For Goodness Sake Don't Say I Told You," had been sung here more than a year ago by several clever imitators, yet it did not take our play goers long to discern the presence of the original. To call Miss Castleton either a great vocalist or a great actress would be a positive mistake. But it must be said of her that she is vivacious, intelligent and captivating; and that she has "caught on" here, as the saying goes, cannot be denied. Outside of her there is very little to the show, and some of the male performers are very inferior. But Kate has "come, seen and conquered" here as elsewhere, and made money where Louise Pomeroy, with a far better company, played to empty benches. So we defer to the popular opinion whose plaudits have welcomed her and whose ducats have gone to compensate her for her trip into the heart of the great Webfoot nation.

The agent of the double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company is in town and will play the route hence into eastern Washington, Idaho and Montana. This company has two Uncle Toms, two Legrees, two Topseys, two little Evas, and a double number of bloodhounds and contrabands. The country has cause to be thankful that they do not play the piece twice over to the same audience.

Mr. Cornelius informs us that he will give a season of grand Italian operatic concerts with scenes from Faust, Crispino, Dinorah, Carmen and other new operas. The prima donna is Madame Godini, formerly Miss Mary Wadsworth. She is a native of California and married the late Jesse O. Goodwin, an eminent lawyer of Marysville. Since her husband's death she has resumed the stage.

The production of "La Perichole" at the Tivoli has been an immense hit, all around. The management got it up at six days' notice, with only four scores for twenty-two people to study from, and two of these were in French without any translation. But they went at it with a will and gave the best performance they have yet given, so far as Miss King and Messrs. Dammasch, Stevens and Hagoman are concerned. But Miss Edgar, who has her legion of friends among the patrons of the house, has a part that is barely above that of a supernumerary and affords her no chance. The stage is small for an opera which requires as much acting as the "Perichole," but they evidently economize space and make the most of it. Bessie King never has played anything as well as this pretty little part of the street singer. We have seen Aimee, Alice Oates and Jenny Winston all in this same part and we have no hesitation in pronouncing Miss King superior to all but the saucy Frenchwoman. Mr. Dammasch sings with much better effect in this piece than he did in "Pinafore", and was recalled for his neat rendition of the prison song. Next week they are to have the rollicking "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," with Miss King in the title role and Miss Edgar as the pretty peasant girl Wanda.

EAST PORTLAND REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES.

Primaries to elect five delegates from each ward to the city republican convention, which meets at the council chamber Tuesday evening next, were held from 5 to 8 o'clock last evening. But one ticket was in the field in each ward, 43 votes being cast in the first, 63 in the second and 42 in the third. Following are the delegates elected in each:

First Ward—C. H. Meussdorffer, W. J. Kerns, S. R. Harrington, Wm. Killingsworth and J. Ardway.

Second Ward—S. M. Keenan, C. D. McClure, T. C. Smith, H. C. Hill and E. Martin.

Third Ward—John W. Wilson, T. H. Brickell, H. O. Souther, S. S. Long and Wm. Halfpenny.

THIRD WARD CONVENTION.

A meeting of citizens is called to meet in the fireman's hall, Stephens' addition, Monday evening, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various city offices. This move appears to savor of the "kicker" characteristic.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added to the Portland Library.

Round about Rio. By Frank D. Y. Carpenter.

The Surgeon's Stories; Times of Frederick I. By Z. Topelius. Translated from the original Swedish.

Times of Charles Twelfth.

Der Oberhof von Karl Immermann.

Das Buch der Novellen von P. K. Rosegger.

Zweimal Vermacht. Roman von Golo Raimund.

An Average Man. By Robert Grant.

Three Villages. By W. D. Howells.

Henry Irving's Impressions of America narrated in a series of sketches, chronicles and conversations. By Joseph Hatton.

Carola. By Hesba Stretton.

Wild Woods Life, a Trip to Parmacheene. By Captain Farrar.

Eustis, a novel. By Robert Apthorp Boit.

Quicksands. From the German of Adolph Streckfuss. By Mrs. A. L. Wister.

THE COURTS.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT—SMITH, J.

SATURDAY, June 7.

John Carlson—Admitted to citizenship.

Elliott vs. Holladay—Submitted and taken under advisement.

Sylvester vs. Wagner—Ten days allowed to plead to fourth amended complaint.

Mary J. Harrington vs. John C. Harrington—Referred to Sam. R. Stott to take testimony.

F. Richet et al. vs. Ben. Young—Judgment in the sum of $279 44 and costs.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—DEADY, J.

United States vs. T. Anderson—Information for selling liquor to Indians filed; arraigned, pleaded guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $10.

United States vs. Mike Hogan—Information for selling liquor to Indians filed; arraigned; plea of not guilty; retraction of plea and plea of guilty entered; sentenced to fine of $5.

Queen of the Pacific—Hearing of testimony on libel of Gray et al.

POLICE COURT—MORELAND, J.

Sam Bernheim—Drunk and disorderly; forfeited bail.

John Olson—Drunk and disorderly; fined $10.

Jim Ohlsman—Storing articles on awning; continued to June 9th.

Charles A. Armstrong and Charles Armstrong—Robbery; continued to June 9th.

Ah Sin—Larceny; continued to June 9th.

Jake Odun—Defacing building; dismissed.

Frank Sadler—Assault and battery; fined $15.

Pneumonia Prevented.

OYSTER BAY, QUEEN'S COUNTY,
New York, April 11, 1883.

I believe I have been saved from a terrible illness by ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

About a month ago I was attacked with a violent pain in my chest, accompanied by a fever and great difficulty in breathing. I apprehended pneumonia which is so prevalent at present; I went to bed and applied one Allcock's Plaster between my shoulder blades and two on my chest. In an hour my breathing was much easier, in two hours the pain had left me, and the next morning I awoke perfectly free from fever. I went about my business as usual, and at the end of a week took the plasters off.

For the last ten years Allcock's Plasters have been used by my family with the best effect in colds, coughs, and pain in the side and back.

E. B. SHERWOOD.

Be sure to obtain "Allcock's" Porous Plaster, as all others are worthless imitations.

The *Equitable* is the name of a small sheet published in the interests of the Equitable Assurance Company, through their agent, Mr. O. W. Edwards, corner of Front and Ash, showing statistics, etc., of the above company.

L. Kellen, proprietor of the lace and fancy goods house, No. 23 Washington street, has been kept busy all week. Ladies desiring anything in his line should certainly give him a call.

Drink Cream Fruit Soda and Grateful Vichy, Plummer, Third and Ash, Theater block.

Cardinell's Boat House, south side of Stark.

MISS AUGUSTA ALLEN'S DEBUT.

THE OREGONIAN is in receipt of several English papers, containing accounts of the debut of Miss Lenore (Miss Augusta Allen, of this city.) The Torquay *Times* of May 16th says:

Last Saturday's matinee drew together an audience as exceptional in composition as it was unusual in number. The stalls, too frequently a beggarly account of empty fauteuils, were not merely filled but many applicants for seats in that often overcrowded quarter of the house were content to find places in the front row of the pit. The occasion of this unaccustomed manifestation of interest was the debut of a young American actress, Miss Lenore, a pupil, we believe of Mrs. Stirling, and who has enjoyed on the continent and elsewhere opportunities of study which her achievement on Saturday indicated that she has turned to profitable account. The piece chosen by Miss Lenore for her first appearance was Tom Taylor's west country semi-historical play, "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing," in which the dramatist has skillfully invested with a keen interest that never flags from the rise of the curtain till its fall, the incidents arising out of the concealment of a rebel, Jasper Carew, who, supposed to have fallen at Sedgemoor, is hidden all the time by his own wife in his own Somersetshire mansion. Miss Lenore's selection of the part of Anne Carew, the heroine of the little drama, if it showed some ambition, showed also that she had not overestimated her capacity. In its abrupt transitions, its sudden revulsions of feeling, in the dissimulation with which a strong love, agonized by cruel misconception and fear, successfully confronts and confounds mercenary tyranny, the character taxes resources which the nervous tremors of a first appearance must inevitably in some degree impair. Yet Miss Lenore's delineation of these stronger lines of the part, if not free from inequalities, was only excelled by the genuine feeling she infused into the exposition of its tenderer aspects. The touching incident of the unexpected return of Anne's little daughter Sibyl, who had been torn from her mother because of the rebel proclivities that mother had assumed in order to screen the child's father, gave Miss Lenore a striking opportunity, used with signal effect. The child rushing to her mother's arms is repelled with feigned sternness, and turns to go. As Sibyl crosses the room she accidentally drops some small article of dress; the mother, supposing the child to be out of sight, seizes upon the dropped souvenir and covers it with impassioned kisses. The child turning at the door, sees this, goes back, unobserved to her mother's side, and, surprised maternal instinct overpowering caution, the little girl is clasped to her mother's heart with a burst of tender emotion rendered by Miss Lenore with really touching fidelity to nature.

By way of substitute for an afterpiece three short scenes were given from Sheridan Knowles' seldom played 'Maid of Mariendorpt,' in which Miss Lenore and Mr. Thalberg enacted some love passages that seemed like a bucolic Dutch version of the amorous exemplification of the art of love made by Helen and Modus in the same author's "Hunchback." The lack of coherence in the extracted scenes was inimical to either illusion or dramatic effect, but they served sufficiently their main purpose of enabling Miss Lenore to display some of her lighter qualities as an actress. Her sympathetic voice, recovered from the effects of nervousness, did better justice to a clear enunciation scarcely showing trace of the accent of her country, while in her amusing encouragement of her shyly obtuse wooer, her by-play, full of grace, naivete and suggestion, was admirable. Throughout the afternoon the fair artiste's gifts and acquirements, which latter include a practical knowledge of the technics of the stage, remarkable under the circumstances, met with gratifying indications of recognition, and the reception accorded by such an audience to her first public effort should presage a high future success for her matured powers.

The *Directory* of the same city says: On the very first entry of this lady here was no mistaking that, deep in an evident derangement of nerves only natural to the occasion, an impressive actress was before us. There was a silent eloquence in her tall graceful figure, even when standing almost motionless, that rivetted attention on her, and suggested something baleful and fateful; nor was this expectation dispelled as the play proceeded. It soon became evident that her professional education had been in the French school; there was that regard, so rarely displayed with intelligence by our own actors for what, in the luminous phrase of Mole, is termed *l'optique du theatre*; there was resistant flexibility in the declamation, which showed a taught regard to measured rhythm; there was an absence of the common mistake of making violence do duty for emotion; there was a ruling calmness never felt as coldness, but just sufficient to give to gesture a meaning, and in gradations of expression enough to rescue them from being mere conventional signs; in short, there were all the fundamental excellencies of the art of acting easily recognizable in Miss Lenore's portraiture, although it goes without saying that in enumerating them we are simply asserting that she possessed them in degree. At the same time, when considering that her present phase of stage knowledge can hardly be other than theoretical, this qualification scarcely detracts from the praise we would accord to her first efforts, whilst it must also prove encouragement to her to be made aware that the principles that can be obtained from the study of good models are already recognized as being in her possession. Passing, however, from the impersonality of the artiste to herself, there were scenes in Miss Lenore's "Anne" which displayed that she vividly felt the character; and, in these, it is scarcely exaggeration to say, she nearly reached excellence. We may cite, for instance, her evasion of paying Colonel Kirk the osculatory reward he claims, and also the scene in which she remands her child to its grandmother's keeping.

HYGIENIC AND PRENATAL INFLUENCES.

At a recent meeting of the Natural Science Association, Dr. B. A. Owens read an able and exhaustive paper on the above topic. She showed in a clear way the intimate relationship existing between body and mind, how that the one could not be injured, wronged or impaired without working disastrous consequences to the other. As a notable instance of this fact, she cited the life of Thomas Carlyle. It was the total disregard of the laws of his being that led this lofty genius to indulge in his mournful wails over the shortcomings of the human race. He kept himself a crotchety dyspeptic by constantly irritating his sensitive nervous organism by irregular habits and the perpetual use of that poisonous narcotic, tobacco. It was the disregard of the scientific laws that govern the mind and body that was the chief cause of the unhappiness of this great writer, who became at last, from force of habit, in spite of all his lofty utterances about heroism, the great growler. She spoke warmly in favor of the coeducation of the sexes, showing the great mischief that was done to the body, mind, soul and manners by separating the sexes during their youthful school days. She applauded the great efforts put forth to improve the quality of the stock, cattle, horses, etc., of the country, but deplored the utter disregard of a like effort to improve the quality of the human race. As an illustration of the hereditary transmission of vice and crime from parent to child, the doctor cited a case in New York known as "Margaret, the mother of criminals." The number of persons whose blood relations have been traced to this woman is 540. Those related by marriage 169. They have nearly all been in one way or another criminals. Only twenty of the men ever became skilled workmen—one-half of that number learned their trades in states prisons. Of the 709, 183 have been paupers. The cost of this race of criminals to the state of New York for seventy-five years, in prosecutions and maintenance after conviction and in charities is computed at the enormous sum of $1,380,000, and all this through the law of the transmission of character from parent to child, and who shall say where this stream of vice shall end in this particular case? It will be only through an enlightened Christian science, which with its elevating influences is lifting the veil of darkness and superstition, and is teaching us that humanity is and must be just what we make it. The paper possessed many points of great interest.

Bring Your own Goods.

The same attention is paid to making up goods into dresses if the material is brought to Litt, the leader, as if bought from his stock, which comprises only the finest fabrics. The impression exists to the contrary, and once more Mr. Litt desires to impress upon every lady that no matter what class of goods they bring to him he will pay as much attention to it as if taken from his own shelves. This certainly should settle the question. The work will be done promptly and satisfactorily to all.

Special Sale of Books.

I have secured a new lease to my store, 171 First street, and as I am going to paint up and make some improvements, I will sell off a large stock of books, stationery, albums, family bibles, prayer books, scrap books, account books, etc., at greatly reduced prices. Special prices, for a short time only, so call early and secure bargains while you have the chance. Geo. H. Hill, City Book Store, 171 First street.

BLAINE AND LOGAN.

The Republicans of Portland Assemble at the Court House to Ratify the Nominees of the Chicago Convention.

A meeting was held at the court house last evening by the republicans of Multnomah county to ratify the nominations made by the Chicago convention—Blaine and Logan. With almost no preparation, an enthusiastic crowd formed on First street, about 7 o'clock, and, headed by a brass band playing national airs marched through the principal streets of the city, cheering and shouting themselves hoarse. Those who did not march with the procession followed along on the sidewalk. At least so it appeared from the dense throng that collected at and around the court house. Rockets, Roman candles, red fire, and other Fourth of July combustibles that could be found in the stores helped to swell the enthusiasm and made a very pretty pyrotechnic display along the line of march. In the plaza opposite the court house were stationed three cannon, which belched forth salutes one after the other in quick succession.

The state circuit court room was packed with people, when Joseph Simon, chairman of the republican state committee, stepped upon the rostrum and announced that Hon. E. W. Corbett had consented to preside over the meeting.

Mr. Corbett, on taking the chair, thanked the central committee for the honor conferred on him in selecting him to preside at this meeting. He stated that the object of the meeting was to ratify the nominations made at Chicago by the republican party. He referred briefly to the history of that party, and paid a tribute to James G. Blaine. He thought there was no doubt as to result of the election. He passed over in rapid review the administration of Lincoln, Grant, Hayes and Garfield and made a touching allusion to the latter's untimely death. He concluded by referring briefly to the brilliant records of James G. Blaine and John A. Logan, both names being greeted by the audience with three cheers.

At the end of Mr. Corbett's remarks he proposed the following list of vice-presidents: John McCraken, J. A. Chapman, Henry Failing, Wm. H. Harris, C. H. Dodd, Wm. Kapus, J. E. Haseltine, Geo. H. Himes, Geo. L. Story, P. Wasserman and F. N. Shurtleff, who were elected.

HON. GEO. H. WILLIAMS

Was the first speaker.

Judge Williams said: *Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*—I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but I see in the approaching presidential election another glorious victory for the republican party. [Applause.] I see it in the signs that shine out from the political sky. I hear it in the universal acclamations with which the nominations at Chicago have been received. I feel it in the throbbings of the political pulse, which reaches to every part of this country. Never has the republican party entered upon a presidential campaign under more auspicious circumstances. [Applause.] Is there anything in the record of the republican party or in the principles enunciated at Chicago, or in the history of its candidates to raise any doubts as to our success in the presidential election. Republicans can point with pride and exultation to the fact that during the last quarter of a century the Republican party has governed and controlled the destinies of this country. During that period it has suppressed a gigantic rebellion, it has emancipated and enfranchised a race, it has re-established the union upon the firm basis of equality and justice, it has restored unity, peace and prosperity to all portions of the country, it has out of the chaos of finance produced by the rebellion constructed a financial system sound and safe, and given to this country the best currency the world has ever seen. (Applause.) Is there any reason why in view of this record the administration of public affairs should be transferred to other hands? Is there any reason why the theories and policies of the administration which have been thoroughly tested and tried and found to be adapted to the best interests of this country should be exchanged for theories and policies unknown, uncertain and wholly experimental upon the institutions and interests of the country? Is there anything in the nominations that have been made at Chicago that should lead us to desire a change in the administration of affairs? Two nominations have been made by the Chicago convention and presented to the people of this country for their suffrages. One is the name with which the people of this country are entirely familiar. I am personally acquainted with all the men who were candidates before that convention, or who were possible candidates there; and I have a considerable acquaintance with all the public men in this country, and candor compels me to say what I have often heretofore said, that James G. Blaine, the nominee (great applause) of the republican party, has more ability than any public man I have ever seen or known. [Tremendous applause.] These nominations, fellow citizens, were made without any effort on the part of the candidates to secure the place. I am gratified that the Chicago convention didn't nominate any dark horse as a candidate. I am glad that the time has arrived when the republican party can dispense with dark horses. James G. Blaine was never anywhere or under any circumstances a dark horse. [Applause.] Whether fighting for himself or otherwise he has always been conspicuous above all others in the forefront of the battle. He is distinguished for his long career in public life and for the fearlessness and chivalry with which he has discharged the various public duties that have devolved upon him and I congratulate you, fellow citizens, that we have in the campaign a standard bearer so bold, so fearless, so devoted to principle, one blast upon whose bugle horn is worth a thousand men. [Great applause.] Identified with the resplendent history of the republican party are these two men who have been nominated at Chicago. Associated upon the same ticket with James G. Blaine is John A. Logan, of Illinois, a fit associate for such a man. His name is identified with many of the great battles of the war. His name upon this ticket will be more terrible to the democratic party than the bloody shirt which has frightened them so much. [Applause.] No man deserves better of his country than John A. Logan. When a young man he left congress, joined the union forces, and helped with his sword to hew a way for the union cause through the ranks of rebeldom from the Ohio river to the Gulf of Mexico. (Applause.) He is distinguished as well in civil life as for his military achievements. He has been for many years a representative in congress, and he is now a senator of the United States from the great state of Illinois. Two such candidates, fellow citizens, as these are command the universal suffrage of the American people. James G. Blaine is a candidate of whom the republican party may justly be proud; and if he is elected—and he will be elected (great applause)—he will make an administration that will redound to the glory and honor of the government. Our banner, fellow-citizens, is thrown out to the breeze with these two names emblazoned upon its ample folds. Millions are looking upon that old banner of the republican party to-day, and remembering that they followed it to victory under the leadership of Abraham Lincoln, millions are looking upon it and remembering that they followed it to victory under the leadership of the great general of the war, Ulysses S. Grant. [Applause.] Millions are looking upon it and remembering that they followed it to victory under the leadership of Hayes and the martyred Garfield. And now this same old banner of the republican party, battle stained but undimmed, is thrown out to the breeze emblazoned with new luster by the names of Blaine and Logan, and is waving us on to another victory under the leadership of the gallant knight of Maine and the gallant soldier of Illinois. [Great and prolonged applause.]

HON. JOHN F. CAPLES

Hon. John F. Caples was then introduced. He opened his speech by making his refusal to comply with the request of the audience to take the platform the subject of some witty remarks, gotten off in his own original way. He then said that when he looked upon the vast audience gathered before him upon so short a notice, he felt that the enthusiasm of 1860 had been exceeded by the universal enthusiasm—the more glorious enthusiasm—sure precursors of a triumphant victory—of 1884. (Great applause.) In reading in the papers the speech of Judge West, of Ohio, nominating James G. Blaine for president (applause) he recollected the fact that he had met Judge West upon nearly the same ground in 1860, at the time the Republican party occupied a very different position from what it occupies in 1884 (applause). Then in its infancy—was an experiment; but from the meeting of that convention that nominated grand old Abraham Lincoln (applause)—from that time on victory has been sure and the principles of the republican party have led to triumphant victory, and have been growing more glorious and grander in their progress—in their triumph every moment and every hour since that time. [Great applause.] It is sometimes said that republics are ungenerous—ungrateful. The republic of the United States is neither ungenerous nor ungrateful. When we consider the reverence with which the name of Lincoln is looked upon by every man, woman and child in the United States it cannot be said that this republic is ungrateful, at least so far as he is concerned. If anyone doubts the triumph of the principles of the republican party let him think of the position that the memory of Abraham Lincoln occupies in this great country today. But now four and twenty years have passed since that time, we can only take a glimpse of the triumphs of the republican party during that interval. Since the time the republican party took control of the country, torn from center to circumference, with a treasury depleted, its history has been one of constant progress, of protection extended to the liberties of the people, a constant succession of triumphs for the masses of the people. But the history of these four and twenty years is a part of the history of the country. It is useless to allude to them now. We pass now to its more recent history. It was feared by some only four years ago that the Republican party would lose control of the government; that it had fulfilled its mission. But the fact was that grand and good man Garfield took possession of the presidential chair. But the nation was soon wrapped in mourning over his untimely death, when the whole civilized world looked in with regret and sympathy with the American people. Right here, further evidence of the triumph of republican principles is shown in the greater esteem and respect that foreign nations now have for the American republic. That country was without credit and esteem, but so great have been the triumphs of the republican party that when the great Garfield was stricken down every civilized nation hastened to extend their sympathies and regret in this our great misfortune. The time had come when the influence and principles of the republican party had changed the nations of the earth from the position of regarding us as tottering upon one foundation to the position of the strongest and the greatest government upon the globe, and all stood ready and willing to do their obeisance but I. And now a few words as to the subject of our present triumph and rejoicing, for I believe that James G. Blaine and John A. Logan will be as surely elected as the ides of November will come around and by a majority greater even than was given for that grand old military chieftain, Ulysses S. Grant. The speaker here paid a most eloquent tribute to the administration of Chester A. Arthur. No man could have taken the presidential chair under similar circumstances and have occupied it better—have done better justice and better credit to the American people. [Great applause.] History will record it as a triumph not only of the republican party, but also as a triumph in the progressive history of the greatest country upon the earth. The speaker was proud he was a member of the republican party—that he had never been a member of any other than the great republican party. [Applause.] He didn't believe he would live to be a member of any other, because he believed the principles of the republican party are the principles upon which this government is founded. Without the principles of the republican party this country could not long exist, its flag be upheld, or its honor sustained. He believed that the republican party would continue to live as long as time itself shall last.

The speaker here again reverted to the position that the American people occupied in 1856, and referred to the fact that at that time an American citizen on foreign soil was looked upon as a citizen of a government that could afford him no protection. It was a matter of little consequence how a foreign government treated an American citizen. But four and twenty years of the republican party have passed and it is a subject of congratulation that to-day an American citizen wherever he may be if he exhibits an American flag, not larger than the palm of his hand, and makes it known that under that flag he stands and claims protection, and there is not a government upon the earth but would respect that flag. [Great applause.] There is one thing in particular he liked in the character of Blaine if there was nothing else, and that was that he is emphatically proud of our American government (applause) and not only feels that this is the best government on the earth, but if he is elected he will see that that same opinion is entertained by every other government. [Tremendous applause.] The speaker said that he was proud he was a citizen of Oregon, because while the national convention was assembled Oregon had fired the first gun in the campaign and had sent the glad news of a republican victory of nearly three hundred majority. [Applause.] And the fact is apparent now that the enthusiasm has spread through the length and breadth of the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, and from the lakes to the gulf. And now, my friends, I have only to say that when the ides of November shall come, there will be no doubtful result in the state of Oregon, but that the news will be sent to Washington that the state of Oregon has gone republican by 5000 clear majority. [Great applause.]

HON. ELWOOD EVANS

Of New Tacoma was the next speaker. He regretted that he could not vote for Blaine, as he was a citizen of a territory which had not yet been admitted to the Union. If Washington territory were permitted to vote, she would give at least 3000 majority for Blaine and Logan. (Applause.) He referred to the history of the republican party, enumerated in terse style its acts which will stand as enduring monuments, and paid a high tribute to Blaine as a leader in most of these acts. He eulogized Arthur's administration, and promised for Washington territory that she would help Oregon in every honorable way to give Blaine a big majority, except in the way of votes. These, unfortunately, she could not give.

Mr. E. J. Dahms followed with an eloquent tribute to the character of Blaine as a man, a statesman, a republican and an American citizen.

Mr. T. A. Stephens spoke of Blaine's great friendship for the people and his heroic efforts to secure to them the fullest right and liberty. He will lead to the greatest popular victory ever known in the United States.

Mr. Geo. P. Riley pleaded guilty of having eaten crow during weeks past and asked to be forgiven and taken back into the republican party. He promised to eat no more crow so long as he lived, but would heartily support Blaine and Logan.

An Off Year in Transatlantic Travel.

New York Mail and Express.

The exodus to Europe this summer will not be so large as in previous years. Politicians will stay at home to take part in the presidential contest. Lawyers, journalists, manufacturers and others interested in the great campaign also will remain in the states. During the season of 1883 travel across the Atlantic was represented in round numbers by 50,000. The probabilities are that 40,000 will more than cover the number who will cross during the season now opening. The best rooms by the favorite steamers are already engaged as far ahead as July.

The Gender of Bells.

Most bells were originally feminine, now the two or three called by Christian names in England are masculine. The most celebrated, Great Tom, at Oxford, was originally named Mary. Tresham, the vice chancellor of the period, writes: "Oh, beautiful Mary, how musically she sounds." She has done little to belie this reputation since she became Tom. Once only, in the year 1840, Tom got into disgrace by a series of incontinent strikings which greatly alarmed the undergraduates, who were divided in opinion as to "whether there was an earthquake, the dean was dead, or the college on fire."

THE HOTELS.

ESMOND.

L C Fisher, Sprague
H Hunster, Malad
H L Keogy, Pennsylvania
Geo C Parker, Salt Lake
Arthur Hayes, Vancouver
S Simpson, S F
Jas Howell & wf, Victoria
H W Deskely, St Helens
J S Parks, U S A
I May, Sacramento
Ben Jersy, S F
G Griener, North Platte
E Wrinkbenk, do
J Gresson, Victoria
J H Dibman, Garrison
H Ingals, Chicago
Gus Freeman, Huntsville
Stre Houle, S F
Geo Hendson, Lansing
L Logan, Boise City
LeRoy Pratt, S F
Miss Fraits, S F
R M Coleman, N Y
Sam Morris, Salt Lake
B Jacolin, S F
B B Lansing, Dubuque
Fred Miller, do
M Orleich, Chicago
M Vogal, Vancouver
J Glock, do
Wm Ryan, N Y mbill
I Jane, Milwaukee

Ladies who value a refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder.

[illegible] SALE

THIS WEEK!

[illegible] LACES!

WARRANTED ALL LINEN.

TORCHON LACES,
ANTIQUE LACES,
ORIENTAL LACES,
ETC., ETC.

To close out a manufacturer's sample line of laces, our Mr. S. Lipman bought them 40 per cent less than their real value. Among them a line of the new

"FLORENTINE LACE,"

Resembling in texture the well known Torchon Lace, but surpassing the latter by their unique and rich designs, being the latest novelty for the coming season, and the first and only assortment in the city. We will offer the entire line

THIS WEEK

At prices to insure their speedy sale. Our constant increasing trade during the past six months is the very best proof that customers fully realize where to look for the choicest and freshest stock at the lowest prices.

S. Lipman & Co.

☞ Samples sent on application. ☜

Country orders, whether large or small, receive prompt and careful attention. Goods sent to all parts C. O. D. or on receipt of Postoffice Order, thereby giving ladies in the country equal advantages with residents in this city.

Full line of trimmed Hats, Bonnets, etc. Large assortment of trimmed Children's Hats, at

25 C. 25 C. 25 C.

Adcock

All the latest novelties of the season. Also a complete and beautiful line of Eastern and French Flowers.

Large Cartwheel Hats, and other styles, in endless varieties.

Cor. First and Main streets,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

OREGON
ELECTRICAL WORKS.

Julius Dilg, on the first of May, took the entire charge of the Oregon Electrical Works at No. 166 Fourth street, between Morrison and Yamhill. Mr. Dilg has had experience of years in this line of business, and is the city electrician.

Spectacles, Eye Glasses, and optical goods of every description.

Patent models and experimental machinery a specialty.

FOR GRAY'S HARBOR!

Via Centralia, N. P. R. R., to Montesano.

DISTANCE 40 MILES—EASY TRAVEL.

Time and money saved by taking this route. Close connections each way. For particulars address
F. MONTGOMERY,
Centralia, N. P. R. R.

Sick headache, habitual costiveness, pains in back and limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in the mouth, &c., entirely cured by the use of

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
[illegible]
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR

ECHOES.

Ofttimes when Even's scarlet flag,
Floats from the crest of distant woods,
And over moorland waste and crag
A weary, voiceless sorrow broods;
Around me hover to and fro
The ghosts of songs heard long ago.

And often midst the rush of wheels,
Of passing and repassing feet,
When half a headlong city reels
Triumphant down the nowtide street,
Above the tumult of the throngs
I hear again the same old songs.

Rest and Unrest—'tis strange that ye,
Who lie apart as pole from pole,
Should sway with one strong sovereignty
The secret issues of the soul;
Strange that ye both should hold the keys
Of prisoned tender memories.

It may be when the landscape's rim
Is red and slumberous round the west,
The spirit too grows still and dim,
And turns in half-unconscious quest
To those forgotten lullabies
That whilom closed the infant's eyes.

And maybe, when the city mart
Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,
The spirit loses helm and chart,
And on an instant, terrified,
Has fled across the space of years
To notes that banish childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know
Dead hours still haunt the living day,
And sweet to hope that, when the slow
Sure message beckons us away,
The past may send some tuneful breath
To echo round the bed of death.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

A LITTLE AVERSION.

CHAPTER I.

It was a morning in early spring, yet it might well have been midwinter. Snow lay thickly everywhere. Town and country fared alike, with only this difference, that the pure unsullied white of the stretching fields and hedge rows of the latter was in the former represented by dingy house tops and chocolate colored streets. The razor like east wind that swept our tight little island from coast to coast was, it may be, a trifle keener as it came swooping round street corners than in the more open country; but that was about all.

On that same March morning, and at one and the self-same hour two people stood looking out, safely sheltered, upon the wintry scene. They were a young man and a young woman. Both were good looking, well made, and, one would have added, happy. But a glance at either face was sufficient to dispel that illusion. Moodiness, discontent, anger, were as plainly written on the one face as the other. But with all this, the wintry weather that reigned without had nothing to do. I doubt if either so much as noticed it. Shall I tell you what it really was? Well, then, it was this: With the young girl it was the thought of the young man; with the young man it was the thought of the young girl. Yet they stood this morning separated by scores of miles, and had been separated by thousands; had never so much as met or looked on one another's faces. But the time had come when they had got to meet, to look on one another's faces, to know each other, and what is more, to try not to hate one another. So, for this, and all that it entails, moody faces, mutual frowns, hearts in hot rebellion.

But there is more to be learned. Let us take the young man first.

The window at which he stands, idly drumming on the pane, is one of two in a dismal room in a dismal hotel in a still more dismal street leading down from the Strand toward the river. Now and then he stops his tuneless tattoo to take his watch from his waistcoat pocket, evidently, as he also listens to every footstep on the stairs, in expectation of a visitor. But the footsteps come and go and have nothing to do with him. Presently, however, there are footsteps which do not pass on, but stop there, and a hand is on the panel.

"Come in!" he says sharply, and a dingy waiter entering, holds out a dingy hand in which there is a card and says

"Gent to see you, sir."

There is no need of the card to tell the young man who his visitor is. W. J. Lincoln, solicitor, Bowerdale, Yorkshire, is the only man who could possibly want to see him, Anthony Norris of Shanghai, to-day. Another moment, and his visitor had him by the hand, and was bidding him welcome to England. He was a man considerably past middle age, plain, almost ugly-looking, yet no one thought him so after the first five minutes of their acquaintance. It was the first friendly face the first friendly voice, the younger man had met since his landing, and he returned the warm hand-pressure gratefully.

"Well," cried the lawyer, rubbing an obtrusively large nose to warm it, "and how are you? Frozen—eh! Couldn't have come into worse weather if you had come at Christmas."

"Well, yes, I suppose it is rather cold. I haven't been warm since I landed, now you mention it. But I have had other things to think of, you see."

"Pleasant ones, I hope. They should be, you know—should be."

"Scarcely," said the young man, grimly.

"No! You surprise me! A young lady to think about, and a very charming young lady let me tell you; a fine estate into the bargain, too! Dear me, what wouldn't I give to be in your shoes!"

"And I," cried Anthony Norris, "I wish I had never come back at all. I should not have done so, but that my plans for a year's absence were already made when your letter reached me. And what is more, I wish I had never saved the old madman's life at all. I wish with all my heart I had let him drown—there!"

"Dear me, dear me!" cried Mr. Lincoln, rubbing his big nose quite vigorously, "this is very sad. Why, you are as bad as my friend Miss Beatrix herself."

"Eh!" said young Norris, stopping short.

Mr. Lincoln gave a little laugh.

"Yes, she is quite as hot about it as you can be. She has a will of her own, I assure you."

"I hate a woman with a will of her own."

Mr. Lincoln gave another little cough. Anthony looked at him sharply, then laughed for the first time.

"Come, that is better," said the lawyer cheerfully. "And now let us see if we can't get to the bright side of all this. In the first place let us run over the facts of the case—a very peculiar one, I admit. A friend of mine, in a will—which, by the way, I did not make—leaves his estate, personal property, everything, in fact, of which he dies possessed, in this way: Firstly, all go to his natural heiress and granddaughter, provided, that is, she marries a certain young man, an utter stranger to her, who chanced to save his life five years ago—in Malta, I believe."

Young Norris gave a groan of acquiescence.

"In the event of the young lady declining to carry out this arrangement, both parties are to receive the sum of £10,000. In the event of the young man declining, the young lady's £10,000 becomes £20,000, while the young man receives but £5000. Should both parties prove refractory, each receives the original £10,000, and no more, the remainder of the estate going to certain charities. Stop a bit," the lawyer went on, seeing his companion about to speak; "the terms of the will are these: That you and Miss Thornhill shall spend at least six months of the twelve now before us in one another's society at Braybrooke Court or elsewhere. Furthermore, that the final decision be not made by either party before the expiration of the first six months—though necessarily before the entire twelve be expired."

"Was there ever such a madman?" cried the young man. "Why, if he wanted us to hate one another—to cut one another's throats, he could not have gone more cleverly to work. But I throw the whole affair up—I will have nothing to do with it."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Lincoln, quietly, "don't you think that is treating a young lady and a very charming young lady, as I have said, and one who has certainly as much to complain of as yourself, rather cavalierly? Do you expect me to go back and tell her you decline even to look at her?"

"She would be more grateful, I expect, than even I should be."

"I don't doubt it. Ah, I am not going to flatter you, but later on, when it comes to saying good-bye to the old home—how then? It will be you who will have ousted her, remember. Come, confess she is entitled to some consideration."

Young Norris' dark face flushed a little.

"Don't misjudge me, Mr. Lincoln," he cried. "See how I am placed. If I decline to present myself at Braybrooke court and to Miss Thornhill, I am an ungracious cur tender only to my own vanity, or self-esteem. If, on the other hand, I agree to do so, the world, and what is more to the point, Miss Thornhill herself, will see in me only a barefaced fortune hunter, and I had as well—nay better—have stayed away."

Mr. Lincoln was again rubbing his nose, in perplexity this time. There was no small amount of truth in his young friend's argument, yet he did not mean to be abashed by it.

"The fact is, my dear sir," he said, after a moment's pause, "the whole affair is wrong from beginning to end, and what we have got to do is to make the best we can of it. I say to you what I have already said to Miss Thornhill—give yourselves a chance."

Young Norris could not give in all at once. But at last he spoke reluctantly enough:

"Well, since it must be——"

"That's right; and now let us be off. You may live to thank your 'old madman' yet."

The younger man shook his head.

"If only I had let him drown!" he muttered.

CHAPTER II.

But we have kept the young lady, at all times a somewhat impatient one, waiting long enough. As she stands, eyes flashing, lips pouting, discontent, annoyance written upon her face, there is no difficulty in recognizing in her the object of Mr. Lincoln's Machiavellian policy. She is not companionless. Two ladies, both somewhat beyond middle age, share with her the warmth and cheerfulness of the morning room at Braybrooke Court.

The elder of the two, Miss Joanna Duncombe sister of the late owner of the place, is a tall, thin, spinster lady of a placid and somewhat unmeaning countenance; the other a plump, comfortable looking body, with a shrewd, yet kindly face, is Mrs. Lincoln.

"If only," the girl is saying, "I were a sparrow or a starling, or," as something that looked more like a blue wind swept blossom than a bird, came fluttering down on the snow outside, "a tom-tit, I could not be expected to marry a hateful young man from Shanghai. Oh, my grandfather must have been mad when he made that will!"

"No, my dear, said Miss Joanna, mildly. "I remember the day my poor brother made it perfectly. We were in London; it was very hot, and he called me a fool. He was never more sensible in his life.

"Well," exclaimed the young lady at the window, turning sharply round, "I was never more sensible in my life, and I tell you this Aunt Joanna, and you, too, Mrs. Lincoln: Nothing will induce me to carry out that will. The young man from Shanghai may come here and make the place intolerable for the next six months. I will try to be civil to him, but if he so much as breathes a word of love or marriage, I will leave the court and him—and Aunt Jo may marry him. And now, she went on, with a sudden change in her voice, "I am going for a ten mile walk. Perhaps I may come back in a better temper; if I don't I pity everybody.

And with a laugh and a kiss from her finger tips to the two ladies by the fire, Miss Beatrix Thornhill disappeared.

When many hours later my heroine entered the "little drawing room" at the court, dressed for dinner and looking as distractingly charming as a willful, high spirited young lady of more than ordinary personal attractions can look, she found the lawyer and his charge just arrived and in possession of the fire. As he introduced the two young people, Mr. Lincoln glanced with curious, observant eyes, to which a sly twinkle had stolen from one to the other.

He saw just what he had expected. The young lady, her color slightly heightened—it might be by her wintry walk—cool, collected, studiously polite; the gentleman flushed, awkward and angrily anxious to escape.

Mr. Lincoln watched the little scene a moment or two longer, and then took pity on his victim.

"Come," he said, "let me show you to your room. Miss Thornhill will excuse us."

Five minutes later he was back again.

"Well," he cried, rubbing his nose, "and what do you think of our friend from—what's the name of the place?"

"I think," said Miss Thornhill decidedly, "that he had better have staid there."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the attorney and he rubbed his nose more vigorously still. "That is exactly what he says, ex—actly. We are getting on famously."

Whatever the nature of Miss Thornhill's slumbers may have been that night, Anthony Norris knew little of either sleep or forgetfulness. He was by nature neither a coward nor a pessimist, and having accepted his position he told himself there only remained to face it with as much dignity as was possible to him. The mysterious and masculine process known as pulling one's self together may be a thing of moments, may be of hours. In Anthony Norris' case it was certainly the latter.

Presently they had caught her up. Miss Thornhill lifted up a laughing face.

"Don't stop, for your life," she cried, and waived her muff at them.

The next moment they had dashed past her. Young Norris expressed no surprise, asked no questions. He drew around him the rug which he had partially thrown off in readiness to descend, then sat silent, looking straight before him for the rest of the drive.

The next day Mr. Lincoln, by Miss Thornhill's request, installed the guest in the library.

"You are to look upon the room as yours," he explained. "You say you have a lot of writing and reading to do; do it here. No one will disturb you—not even our friend and hostess, Miss Beatrix."

"No, I can well believe any spot in which I might chance to be would be quite safe from Miss Thornhill's presence," Anthony replied a little bitterly.

"You mistrust one another too much. If you would only try to think of each other as host and guest and nothing more."

"Impossible," said Anthony, hotly; "the fact is, she sees in me only the cold-blooded wooer of her estate and fortune."

"Humph!" said the lawyer.

"You cannot doubt it."

"She is a woman, therefore, to be wooed."

"By me—never!"

"She is a woman——But I won't quote the rest," said Mr. Lincoln. "So good morning. I will tell Miss Bee when she wants you she will know where to find you."

Mr. Lincoln was not quite so light at heart as he professed to be. Mrs. Lincoln, as I need scarcely say, shared his anxieties, and took her part in the difficult task of inducing two people, who were determined to hate to love one another. Miss Thornhill naturally fell to her lot. She spoke her mind freely. She finessed, with this result: Beatrix listened with politeness to all she had to say, kissed her, laughed at her, and went her own way.

Perhaps it was not really such a very dreadful way, after all, if only the young man had been a little less sensitive. It is true she froze when he was disposed to thaw, remembered when he appeared to have forgotten, but on the other hand, there were times when she, too, would be off her guard, when even she seemed, for the time, to have forgotten, and something almost like friendship would be established between them. And then would "come a frost, a killing frost," and even Mr. Lincoln would go about despondently rubbing his nose till it presented a warmth and cheerfulness his heart was far from knowing.

And all this time Anthony Norris had the big library to himself, and should have got through a lot of work, for no one, unless it was Mr. Lincoln, ever came there.

The frost and snow had long departed. April had come, with balmier airs, budding leaves and spring blossoms. Violets flung their sweet scent abroad; primroses, scarcely less fragrant studded bank and hedgerow.

It was a delicious morning, early in the month. Anthony Norris, a cigarette between his lips, had made the round of stables and hot-houses, strolled as far as the lodge-gates, and was back again, busy over letters in the room where no one ever came to disturb him, and where, to tell the truth, a pair of dark brown eyes, now wistful, now laughter-filled, would sometimes haunt him till the loneliness would become all but unendurable. But this April morning something wonderful was to happen. As Anthony sat bending over his writing in one of the windows, a light footstep came down the passage, a girl's voice, softly singing, drew nearer with each step. The young man heard it; his pen ceased to travel over the paper. Voice and footstep stopped. A moment—the door was thrown unhesitatingly open. Still he did not stir. The intruder was now half way across the room. Then he turned.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Thornhill with a little start, "I had no idea you were here."

"Or you would not have come," said Anthony, rising.

"Quite so. I did not know what to do with all these primroses and violets, so bethought me of your table. Will you have some?"

"Thank you. Yes," Anthony hesitated, "perhaps it is scarcely worth while."

"Certainly not," said Beatrix hastily, drawing back the flowers.

"I was going to say that I have a letter this morning calling me at once to London, so that unfortunately their sweetness, if not wasted on the desert air, will at least be lost to me. Unless, that is," he added dropping his voice, "you will be good enough to give me a few of the violets."

"Take as many as you like." And Beatrix once more offered him the basket.

"That would not be the same thing at all," said Anthony, laughing.

"They would at least smell as sweet, I suppose," said Beatrix gravely, as she handed him the flowers.

"Scarcely, I think," Anthony answered, carefully arranging the little knot of blue in his coat. "There, I shall not take them out until I return."

"Then I hope you will not be away very long."

"Thank you."

"Oh, I was only thinking how dead the poor things would be!"

"Thank you," said Anthony again.

Miss Thornhill moved toward the window by which her companion had been seated, and looked out.

"And when are we to see you back?"

"Oh, you are only getting rid of me for two or three days, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you would prefer my remaining any longer, or, indeed, not returning at all."

"I think," replied Beatrix quietly, and with her eyes still fixed on the scene outside, "that you are aware there is no question in the matter for either of us."

Young Norris drew a step nearer.

"Miss Thornhill," he cried, his voice trembling a little, "will you let me say a word on this subject? I have never done so yet; it has been thought better it should be avoided between us. But I want you to do me the justice to believe that I can scarcely be a more unwelcome one than I am an unwilling guest. I only ask you for your own sake to put up with my presence until the time comes that shall set us both free. Much, I am aware, you must lose by my unfortunate but innocent crossing of your path, but anything in my power—anything open to me to do——" He hesitated.

"Short of making me your wife?" laughed Beatrix.

Anthony colored, but said nothing.

"Let us hope," she went on gaily, "we shall neither of us be reduced to such extremities. Come, give me your hand; I freely forgive you what you certainly could not help. You see I can be generous. The thousands that should have been mine I can let go without a pang. For the old place," the brown eyes moistened, "I confess it is not so easy." Still——

"Still," said Anthony, softly, "it is preferable to the other alternative. And now," he added with a smile, and gathering up his letters, "as we quite understand one another, perhaps we may yet meet again better friends. Good-by."

"Good-by and au revoire, and Mr. Norris—"

"Yes," he said, coming back.

"I am sure Aunt Jo will miss you."

Beatrix stood a moment listening to Anthony Norris' retreating footsteps then she made her way to a little mirror that hung between two of the long French windows. She stood looking into it thoughtfully for the space of two or three minutes; then she shook her head at the bright, piquant, willful face reflected there.

"No," she cried, "apostrophizing it," you certainly are not ugly, my dear; it can't be that. Perhaps your temper is too bad. You like your own way, you know," with another nod and a flash of the brown eyes. "Still, if even Braybrook Court, and goodness knows how much a year, can't make you even tolerable, you must, I am afraid, be what Cousin Charley calls 'a poor lot.' Dear old Charley! I shall just sit down and write to him, and say he must come to me at once if he doesn't want me to die of combined bad temper, and the young man from Shanghai."

The impetuous mistress of the court was not long over her letter. She dashed at it, as indeed she did at most things, not using two words where one would do. There it was in its envelope, addressed and ready for the post; and then—then somehow Miss Thornhill appeared to find time hang somewhat heavily on her hands. Why, I cannot tell. I only know it was so. But I also know that had you ventured to hint that so it was, she would have contradicted you flatly. It scarcely could be the absence of the departed guest, for in the morning they rarely met. Yet in the afternoon she sent back her horse after ordering it to the door, declared her intention of not going out at all, and was eventually picked up by Mr. Lincoln and the dog cart just outside of Bowerdale.

The cold, gray March dawn found him but just sinking into sleep and forgetfulness. When Beatrix Thornhill went forward to greet her guest next morning, she looked, or thought she looked upon another man.

The figure, rather below than above the middle hight, and to which she had in her own mind taken exception the night before, seemed to have gained in hight and dignity. The dark eyes gazed steadily into hers. There was no trace of awkwardness, no sign of being at a disadvantage in voice or manner. In a word she found herself met with a coolness and self possession that equaled her own. Of course she hated him still, and yet she longed to pat him on the shoulder and cry, 'Bravo!'

CHAPTER III.

The town of Bowerdale, in whose principal street Mr. Lincoln's house and office were to be found, was distant some three miles only from Braybrooke, consequently easily to be reached by him when at the court. On this particular morning the lawyer countermanded the dog-cart, and bore his young hostess off to the library.

"No," he said, placing her an easy chair by the fire and drawing up another for himself, "it is no use deferring things. We have got this young man—the question is, what are we to do with him? He has few connections in England; none to whom he needs at present present himself. We may, therefore, consider that the play has begun. Have you any suggestion to make in his behalf or your own? As soon as the weather is anything like decent, he can find occupation and amusement enough. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime I make him a present of the billiard room and stables. I will promise never to go near either."

"Well, yes, that might reconcile him," said Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully.

Miss Thornhill's pretty little nose quivered ever so little; ever so little a pout came to the laughing lips.

"You don't think anything of the kind," she cried.

"Don't I? Well; we shall see. Now, if you were only—but it can't be helped."

"What can't be helped?"

"Why, you see, the fact is this young fellow naturally has his ideal, as of course, we all of us have." Mr. Lincoln paused to rub his nose; a little flush stole to his young companion's face. "Now, if only you were small, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, and that sort of thing, you know. But there, as I have said, it can't be helped."

"Helped—why, I wouldn't be like that for the world!"

"No, no, of course not; still—"

"I wonder where he is!" the girl interrupted him suddenly, rising and crossing to the nearest window. "I suppose I may as well take him for a walk. Ah, how cold it looks! It won't kill him, will it, after that broiling place of his?"

"I should hardly think so," said the lawyer gravely, opening the door for her.

Five minutes later Miss Thornhill and her guest were stepping briskly down the straight, snow covered drive.

"It's a good three miles into Bowerdale, I must tell you," the young lady was saying; "I hope you can walk so far."

"Thank you," said Anthony gravely; "I walk occasionally, I assure you, and," he added with a smile, "work too."

"Do you?" said Miss Thornhill. "I thought in those dreadfully hot places people only slept and drank things."

Young Norris laughed outright.

"I hope I don't look that sort of man."

The girl eyed the well knit figure at her side, then gave the steady, questioning glance at the keen, sunburned face.

"No," she said frankly, "I don't think you do."

Anthony raised his hat. Beatrix gave a little rippling laugh.

"Ah, I see you are very like other people, after all."

"Of course, I am. What did you expect me to be?" he asked quickly.

"I expected you to wear turned-up shoes and a pigtail, and——" She paused.

"And what?" he asked eagerly bending his dark eyes on hers.

"Oh, nothing else in particular. I suppose you do something out there besides work and walk?" she went on somewhat irrelevantly.

"Yes, we play occasionally."

"Dancing, tennis and so on?"

"Yes, we are even civilized enough for tennis and dancing, when we can get anyone to dance with."

"Ah, you have not many ladies—not young ones, I suppose. Tell me about them," said Miss Thornhill with sudden interest. "Are they very nice? Who is the prettiest? What is she like? Tell me all about them."

"Of course they are very nice," her companion answered, laughing. "As to whom is the prettiest, I suppose that is a matter of taste."

"But your taste?"

"Supposing I have none?"

"Supposing nothing of the kind. Listen: Young lady, name unknown, small, fair, golden haired, blue eyed—"

"Stay!" cried Anthony, reddening. "How do you know? Who told you?"

Beatrix only nodded her head mysteriously. At this moment the dog-cart from the court came whirling past. Mr. Lincoln merely shook his whip at the young people as he passed, but he was smiling in a very satisfied and contented manner as he did so. Was the smile too well satisfied, too content to please Miss Thornhill? I cannot say; I only know that after this the walk was scarcely such a success. The young lady's previous affability gave place to a decided chilliness, under which the young man, naturally, also froze and stiffened. The two drew further apart with each step. As they neared their destination they had almost the road between them. Conversation necessarily languished. It was all but silence that Beatrix piloted her companion through the little town. At the Lincoln's door she turned to leave him.

"No, I am not coming in," she said. "Mr. Lincoln will give you some luncheon and a seat in the dog-cart back." She was going to say "home," but checked herself.

"And where shall we find you?" Anthony asked, frigid as herself.

"Please be good enough to say I am gone on to the Turners," and, before he had time to lift his hat, the young man found himself alone on the lawyer's doorstep.

I am afraid Mr. Lincoln scarcely found his guest as bright and companionable as he had expected to. Miss Thornhill was evidently a tabooed subject, as was also the walk that had promised so well in her company. But I hardly think the astute practitioner was altogether at a loss to account for this unlooked-for turn affairs had evidently taken. He knew his willful favorite and all her ways by heart, and could make a tolerably correct guess as to what had happened. But never a word spoke he. He only—the silent meal being over,—brought out a box of his best cigars and the morning paper, bidding his guest make himself happy, and look out for the dog cart in a couple of hours' time.

The couple of hours seemed to Anthony more like a couple of days, but the dog cart, followed by his host, appeared at last. Of course Miss Thornhill's message had been duly given.

The Turners' house—an old-fashioned one, standing in the midst of goodly old-fashioned gardens—was just outside the town. As Mr. Lincoln drove there he rubbed his nose a good deal with the silver handle of his whip. His eyes, too, were twinkling, as if the frost had got into them. At the big gates the groom jumped down and was about to open them. Mr. Lincoln put up his hand.

"I think, John," he said, slowly, his eyes twinkling more than ever, "you shall just run in and ask if Miss Thornhill is still there."

In less than a minute the man was back again.

"Miss Thornhill left about a quarter of an hour ago sir. She is walking home, I think."

"Dear me," said the lawyer, "but we shall catch her up."

A touch of the whip and they were rattling off again. Not much to be seen ahead. A cart, a man with a couple of dogs; further on an old woman with a bundle. For the next quarter of a mile nothing at all, then cart number two, and then stepping briskly along, a figure tall, slender, fur wrapped.

"How well she walks!" said the lawyer in genuine admiration. The young man by his side said nothing.

Aunt Joanna really missed the young man, as her niece had assured him she would do, and loudly, if somewhat incoherently, bewailed him at every turn. But she met with no expression of sympathy from Beatrix at least.

"Dear me, Aunt Jo," cried the girl, as she threw herself into her chair in the drawing room after dinner, "how I have been thinking what a comfort it was to be to ourselves again. Don't you find it so, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"Certainly, my dear. Not that there is really anything objectionable about Mr. Norris. Of course he has seen very little of society—in India, I suppose, nothing at all. Still, as you say——"

"Good gracious! my dear Mrs. Lincoln what did I say?" cried Beatrix, hotly. "I am sure I never said he had lived among savages, as you seem to fancy he has done."

"No, my dear. Well, I dare say you are right."

"Not that it signifies," said Beatrix, fanning herself with a screen.

"Not a bit," asserted Mrs. Lincoln.

"We are talking of that poor young Norris," explained Miss Duncombe as Mr. Lincoln came into the room. "We all miss him dreadfully; though why Bee there should say not, and I'm sure if chopsticks or anything of that sort, perhaps she misses them, you know, and we should have got used to them in time, though how my poor dear brother, who had been nearly all his life at sea, could go and all but drown himself as he did——" The rest of Miss Duncombe's wanderings were lost in the stocking she was knitting.

Mr. Lincoln came toward the fire, rubbing his hands.

"Why there is my friend Miss Bee actually yawning and only 9 o'clock. Come, Miss Bee, what do you say to a game of chess? You are dying of ennui."

"I am dying," laughed Beatrix, "for some one to quarrel with."

"Good, very good," said the lawyer, administering a gentle rub to his nose.

"I don't see it," said his opponent, between a smile and a pout.

"No," said Mr. Lincoln gravely, "and yet it's big enough."

(To be continued.)

The Beauty of Home Life.

Home is not sustained alone by the ownership of the land, but it is in the observance of the sound principles of temperance, economy and integrity which makes up the best average of life. I see the boys sometimes going away from the old household, perhaps not attracted by the hard labor of the farm, and drawn away, it may be, by the enticements of the greater places. And when they make a good work of life, and when they adorn and improve and benefit those that are around them, they are certainly just as much working out God's purposes there as if they should remain, perhaps doing the harder toil of the farm. But if there is one thing that brings the deepest grief to anybody's heart, it's to see those young men, when they are gone away from those homes, depart from those principles that were instilled into them by their loving and dutiful parents. Is there a more deplorable sight than that which is presented in the ruin of so many of our young men who have forgotten that the best of life is purity in every walk upon which they are called to enter. But that, whatever may be our differences in one way or the other—differences of belief, differences of political association, the one thing of all to treasure is the beauty of a home life. Make it the one thought of this day to take care of the home. Keep it. Save it. And if your boys and girls go away, keep the place warm and green and beautiful, so that they shall want to come back, and so that there shall be no dearer spot on earth than the one that gave them birth.

Origin of the "Golden Fleece."

Mrs. Lew Wallace.

Now comes the worst the disenchanter has to tell of the poetic myth of the Golden Fleece. From the side of frosty Caucasus there runs a river with gold-bearing sand, once a very race to lust for wealth to its owners. It lies on the southern coast of the desolate rainy sea, which was the terror and despair of primitive navigators. The country of old was subject to depredations of covetous princes and barbarian hordes, and the famous water course, glowing with grains of gold, was guarded well for its inestimable treasure. So rich a mine, not in narrow fissures, but a sparkling flood, naturally became the resort of speculators by land and sea. Its veins was noised abroad through the length of the Mediterranean countries, and its possession was the subject of many a bloody struggle. Anciently, and even in historic times, the unskilled miners of Colchis, shepherds through many generations, used to lay a sheepskin in the bed of the shallow stream, which we would hardly call a river. The wool caught and held the shining sand in its thick mat; it was then hung upon a tree, and, when dried, the particles of precious dust were shaken out; and lo! you have the whole fable of the Golden Fleece.

The Biggest Head in America.

Chicago Tribune.

Ad D. Noeleck, an employe of a Chicago brewing company, is having a hat made by Martin Losby, a hatter, which, it is believed, would fit few men in the United States, the size being 8¾. In constructing it a special block had to be made, and the machines used in pressing ordinary hats into shape could not be used. Mr. Losby said that Mr. Noeleck's head had been growing, and that he had made two hats for him before, one being 7⅞ and the other 8. "I believe he has the largest head in the United States," said Mr. Losby. A journeyman at work said, "Yes, it's the biggest I ever saw, and I've worked steady at the trade for thirty-five years. The next largest I ever saw belonged to a man in Iowa, who wore an 8½ hat."

Nobody in these days can possibly complain that the English court is unduly exclusive. At the last levee the husband of a famous court milliner was presented, and at the drawing-room there appeared the daughters of a well known tradesman in Bond street.

JOSEPHA.

We were at Cham when our delayed mail was received. There was a month-old letter from my young nephew, Reginald Travers, containing sad news. My dear old friend Oswald Hamilton was dead; his affairs left in a bad way. The arrangement of his papers, straightening accounts and settling up of the estate was left in my hands. A second was to the effect that Josepha, the only and motherless daughter of my old friend, now about 24 years of age, had finally refused him. That he had secured a change into the Tenth, which was soon to be ordered away to fight Zulus, and closed by saying that the best thing I could wish him was a bullet through the head in the first engagement.

My poor Reg! It was his first taste of life's bitter, and it was going down hard. I longed to grasp his hand in sympathy. I cursed the stupidity of mail carriers, and stormed at the hundred and one annoying delays that kept me so long on my homeward way. However, in two days I was well on my journey.

A word of myself here. An old soldier, nearing fifty, but hale and hearty, I inherited at my brother's death the pile of stone he called home and his large business interests. A misanthrope he had shown little taste for the society of his kind. My visits to him were few and brief. I had taken little notice of Josepha until I came to Deerwood as its master. Her name describes her. Divinely tall, she had none of the awkwardness peculiar in women of her stature, but her motion was at all times free, suggesting the flight of a sea-bird. Better than beauty, her face expressed dignity and character. Her mouth was shapely and red.

But her eyes—glorious! Clearest gray, with pupils of velvet, set under a man's forehead. She had a frank, bon-comrade way which played sad havoc with men's hearts, whatever their armor. Many of the wisest and wealthiest knelt at her shrine, but each and all vainly. Between her and my dear lad there had been an understanding based on a childish attachment. Merely a silken link.

Now, I will let you into the secret. I had fallen in love with Josepha. Preposterous! So I said. At any rate, give me some credit. I never dreamed of telling her, and I went away immediately—traveling with a party of friends.

My old friend I mourned sincerely. Though ten years my senior we had been friends for years and years. He knew I stood ready to lend a helping hand whenever it was needed; but he was proud to a fault, and though I had begged him to allow my assistance for I knew he was in sad straits) he would never take a penny.

His reverses were quick and sudden. His indomitable will upheld him in his struggle for a time, when that broke beneath the burden of troubles, which grew heavier day by day.

Dear old friend! "Here lies a man whom pride brought low," I murmured as I stood over his grave.

I had arrived at Deerwood late in the afternoon and had stopped in the church yard on my way to Josepha.

The grass waved to and fro. I fancied the one below stirred uneasily.

"Peace," I whispered. "Your name shall be cleared; your daughter guarded well."

Josepha let me in. She stayed to fasten the door, and as she came up with me in the corridor she slipped her warm hand into mine and held it strongly. My eyes fell on Oswald's picture as we entered the drawing room. Together we stood looking at it. Then I looked at Josepha, in her long, black gown, her neck rising like a lily stem from its sombreness, as she stood by my side. Bereavement and harrassing cares had set their mark on brow and lips, though she held her head still proudly and her eyes looked into mine unmisted.

If I had loved her in the midst of her happiness and light-heartedness, how much more I loved her now, penniless, with a faint shadow of dishonor on her name, forsaken by the crowds of summer day friends.

She looked into my face, for my tongue was tied, and then bent her head and kissed my hand.

"My dear," I said, "my dear."

The only safe thing for me to do was to go to the window, and I went. Presently she followed me, and, having myself as thoroughly in hand as an old fighter should by this time, I sat down beside her and we had a long, serious talk.

The long rays of sunlight paled from orange to amber and gradually faded into the gray of dusk, and yet we had not spoken of the future. Josepha had her father's own pride and strength of will, and my heart failed me as I mentally marshaled my forces and prepared to advance. First, I meant that she should come home with me.

"Josepha," I began, "this is no place for you," and then I called myself an old blunderer, who deserved to be well kicked for his unutterable stupidity.

"No; it is my home, my dear old home, no longer. I have looked over the papers which are in that box enough to see plainly that the place will not be sufficient to satisfy the demands of the creditors. Let me know as soon as you can the amount of the deficit; I have thought it all out. No, dear Major. I cannot be contented to remain idly at Deerwood, kindly as you mean the offer, while my father's debts remain unpaid. Ah! I am afraid you are angry; but, indeed, I cannot."

She was rock to arguments and persuasions. She was her father's own daughter. After all her spirit and determination demanded admiration. I gave it grudgingly enough, feeling as if I should enjoy scolding her soundly, and then kissing her.

She scratched off two advertisements, handing them to me as she rose: "Wanted—Position as governess," and "For sale—Hamilton place," were the headings. I did my best to obtain her consent to tearing up the first, but all she would say was, "Do not urge me."

And so (perhaps because of the reminder) I gainsaid her no longer. Governess she should be, if she wished, and Josepha went home as pleased as any headstrong girl who has had her way.

In pursuance of a plan to head her off I sent a telegram to Reg. The idea of her not loving such a fine, manly, true hearted fellow, the best man ever inside a lieutenant's uniform! He had only to ask to wed anywhere! He came as soon as he could get leave. They were off in a fortnight.

I told him of Josepha's resolves.

"There is one power that will stop her."

"And that, uncle?"

"Love!" Profound sigh from Reg, but no disposition to open his mouth.

"Do you try your luck again. Remember the old rule about two negatives. I have observed the young woman pretty closely, and I think you will succeed. Tell her that in case she consents to make me the happiest of men you are to give up your commission and come in my firm at once. Pshaw, boy! Don't look so dazed. I have intended it all along, only take time by the forelock. Tell Josepha when you find her that an eccentric old duffer who has taken a fancy to the place offered $25,000 for it, and that being by all odds more than she can expect to have offered again, I took him."

"All right, uncle; anything more?"

He was already half out of the library.

"Tell her—no, never mind."

Reg. was by this time beyond hearing.

For an hour I walked up and down my lonely, luxurious drawing room. Free from restraint of Reginald's company, the fever rose again in my blood, my pulse beat fast, my step quickened. Then I formed a hundred plans which would aid in crushing down my heart. I would travel; I would trust to time, with seas and years between. I would grow calmer in my feelings, I would come back and find my happiness in Reginald's and her's. I would give them Hamilton place for their wedding gift, and I imagined myself in after years frolicking on those green terraces with Reginald's oldest or youngest, as the case might be. But the fever rose again, and the longing was as strong as it was vain. I was not in the frame of mind to meet my nephew, and as soon as my roan was saddled I sprang to his back and was off—away—I cared not where, so I could ride the madness down.

I came home late. The hardest battle I had ever fought I had won. I had such a grip on myself that, after seeing Bess comfortably stabled and rubbed down, I went to Reggie's house without the least fear of self-betrayal.

But the lad was not there. A note sticking in the mirror frame attracted my attention. It was addressed to me. It ran with many a blot and erasure:

DEAR OLD UNCLE:—It was a mistake. Josepha never cared two pins for me. That boy and girl affair wasn't love at all. She told me so before, and I ought to have known better than to go to her twice, but you—there. I don't blame you, uncle. How should you know? She was very kind and I dare say I shall get over it. But I'm awfully cut up, and I don't feel as if I could face even you just yet; so I'm off, without waiting for you.

A line or two more was so badly blurred as to be illegible, and a great scrawl which bore but a faint resemblance to "Reg."

Poor lad! poor lad! He tried hard to be cheery in the farewell letter he sent before he left the shores of England, but I saw the heartache between the lines.

In a few days I was called suddenly to London on business, being detained there some little time. When I returned to Deerwood it was to find our erratic young neighbor flown. Mrs. Harwood, my estimable housekeeper, had a message for me from Miss Hamilton—"she would write regularly, but I was not to seek her out."

Having delivered the message with a dignity, slightly damaged by the curious, speculative glance with which she regarded me the while, Mrs. Harwood rustled majestically away, giving a vicious little jerk to the door knob, as much as to say, "Well, there! He might 'a said more than 'Oh, indeed.' Just as if I didn't know she'd gone off a-governessin'. But men is so clus-mouthed."

As I went into the garden for a quiet smoke I heard the housekeeper addressing the housemaid: "Mary, do you run with all your might now and tell the cook the major's back again. Yes, I gave him the message. Surprised? Well, you never know whether 'e is or 'e isn't. But, Lawd, Mary, think o' tellin' 'im, the major, not to seek out 'er, which 'as gone to be a governess!"

"An', after'en packing off Mr. Reginald, the stuck-up piece," said Mary, who had a sweetheart of her own she thought the world of.

The weeks slipped into months, and the months numbered eighteen before I saw Josepha again.

She was ill and wrote to me to come to her. No. 6 Beverly square was the address, and the neighborhood was most aristocratic. No. 6 was an imposing stone house of the mausoleum type. In answer to my ring there appeared an undersized footman, whose gravity of demeanor carried out the funeral idea suggested by the house itself. Untold millions could not have tempted him to smile.

He went off with my card and by and by Josepha—or her ghost—trailed down the stairs. To give you an idea how weak she was, let me tell you that there were two tears in her eyes when I took her hands. Josepha, and Josepha reduced to womanly tears. It was difficult to reconcile the two.

I saw my chance and took advantage of it. Now, while she was unfit for work, homesick and needing change, she must make Durand a visit: Mrs. Harwood knew how to make my guests comfortable, and nothing would suit me better.

I listened to no remonstrances, and when she had consented I put an end to the last "but" with a sly hint that she had better improve the present opportunity to visit her old home, for the old gentleman who bought it intended to dispose of it soon.

I bore Josepha away on the 5 o'clock train, much to the disgust of my lady, who was losing a governess such as Beverly square should not soon again see.

The quiet and the change did work a wonderful change. Josepha in a fortnight was almost herself, and queened it over me in her own delightful way.

She began to talk of going back to London again, and one afternoon asked for the keys to the place.

I had made my plans to head her off, but this time I sent no telegrams. I simply waited until the afternoon sun was low, and then I followed her.

I found her, as I knew I should, before her father's portrait. Her head was thrown back, her face uplifted; her hands thrown behind her.

"Josepha," I said, speaking as naturally as I could—I had a most exasperating lump in my throat—"the wedding for which this house was designed a gift never came off. The old fellow doesn't know what to do with it, and, in fine, says if you will take it back—and—himself into the bargain, he'll be no end obliged."

Her eyes lit up; the loveliest color came to her cheek. I kissed her, for I saw I might. And when the first stars came out we walked together through the fields, and our troth was plighted.

LIMITATION OF FOOD.

How Much should we Eat, and in what Manner.

How, asks Dr. Nichols in the *Food Reform Magazine*, are we to get at the proper quantity of food? Animals living in a state of nature do not over-eat. They stop eating when they have enough. There are no prize cattle on the prairies. It is the stalled ox, and the pig in his pen, deprived of exercise, that can be fattened into a diseased obesity. Horses escape this process because men do not to any great extent knowingly devour them. The hunter and racer are not over-fed. All animals expected to do their work are carefully fed as to quality and quantity. If human beings were fed as wisely they would be as healthy. There are some good rules for feeding as to quantity. When our food is simple and natural in kind and quality and mode of preparation, there is little danger of eating too much. There is little danger, for example, of eating too many grapes, apples, pears or bananas. Salt, sugar, spices and luxurious cooking tempt to excess. With men as with animals a natural diet is self-limiting, and we are disposed to stop when we have enough. The more artificial the food, the more elaborate the feast, the more the liability to overload the stomach, overtask the digestive power, and overweigh the forces of life. Simplicity of food is a condition of health, and promotes longevity. The quantity of food which enables a man to do his daily work without loss of weight is precisely what he requires. This quantity may vary a little with each individual, but every one can easily ascertain his own measure of requirement by reducing the quantity of daily food until he finds a balance of force and weight. It is my opinion that the average quantity of water-free aliment required, say by business and literary men, is twelve ounces. Men of great muscular activity may require sixteen to twenty ounces. I have found myself in good condition for sedentary work on eight or ten ounces. When any one is in good condition for his work, and keeps his normal weight, he has had enough. Find this quantity by experience and then habitually keep to it.

A Monster Wooden Elephant.

New York Tribune.

A company has been formed in this city, with a capital of $250,000, for the purpose of building at Coney island a monster wooden elephant, the largest ever constructed. According to the plans the elephant will be erected on a lot south of the Sea Beach palace. It will be 150 feet in length, 122 feet in height and 168 feet in circumference and will stand upon a platform built upon piling. The following figures will give some idea of the size of the wooden quadruped. The neck will be 10 feet long with a circumference of 60 feet; the legs 40 feet in length with a circumference of 60 feet; the ears, 34 feet long and 20 feet wide, will weigh 4000 pounds; the trunk, 52 feet long, and tapering from a diameter of 14 feet to 3 feet 4 inches; and its tusks 32 feet and 6 inches. The eyes of the monster will be four feet in diameter. A telescope will be placed in the center of each eye through which the harbor and distant headlands can be seen. The howdah on the back of the elephant will be thirty-two feet square and thirty feet in height. The interior of the beast will be divided into rooms of various sizes. The main hall will have a length of eighty feet and a width of thirty-two feet. On the second floor there will be a gallery 250 feet in length, upon which will open thirteen rooms. It is intended to use this floor as a bazaar of all nations. The rooms on the floor below will be occupied by a caterer. Staircases will be built in the rear legs. The structure will be of wood, iron and tin, and will be ready for public inspection on June 15. Arrangements have been made with several railroad and steamboat companies by which coupon tickets will be issued admitting the purchaser to the elephant.

The dowager empress of Austria, Mary Anne, who died the other day, married, when still young, the epileptic Emperor Ferdinand of Austria. Soon after the death of the Emperor Francis, her father-in-law, there was a rumor that an heir in the direct line to the crown might be expected. In alluding to it the empress said: "God forbid that I should ever perpetuate the suffering of which I am a constant witness. What renders it so awful is that it degrades instead of exalting. I am unable to respect martyrdom of this sort, although from my inmost heart I pity it. I should have been happier, poor, obscure woman, with a husband that I could love and rosy children round me, than the wife of a Kaiser who is afflicted with a disease that unfits him for all public and private duties."

Talking once with General Sherman, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke said: "Oh, general there is something I want to ask you, something I ought to know." "Well, what is it?" inquired the general. "I don't know," said the other; "I can't think what it is, but I am sure there is something you know that I don't know, and I ought not to let so good an opportunity of asking it go by unimproved." But it did go by.

Robert Bonner's wealth is estimated at $7,000,000.

R Bennett, Baker City
Chas Henderson, Astoria
Harry Williams
B W Vaughan, wf and Miss
Wm Bates, N Y
Victor Gardner, France
J W R Riddock, Astoria
W Irving & wf, Olympia
J C Haun, Tacoma
W H and Martin, Glenview
Miss Lynn, Seaside
Sam Muldoon, Chicago
John Riddell, Brownsdorf

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NEW YORK, June 6.

OPENING.

N. P. Common	21¾	Pacific Mail	41¾
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Or. & Trans.	14	Lake Shore	14½
Or. Imp. Stock	15¾	New York Central	105
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In pursuance of an order made and entered in the above entitled court on the 28th day of May, 1884, the above sale is postponed until Wednesday June 18, 1884, at same time and place.
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ECHOES.

Ofttimes when Even's scarlet flag,
Floats from the crest of distant woods,
And over moor and waste and crag
A weary, voiceless sorrow broods;
Around me hover to and fro
The ghosts of songs heard long ago.

And often midst the rush of wheels,
Of passing and repassing feet,
When half a headlong city reels
Triumphant down the noontide street,
Above the tumult of the throngs
I hear again the same old songs.

Rest and Unrest—'tis strange that ye,
Who lie apart as pole from pole,
Should sway with one strong sovereignty
The secret issues of the soul;
Strange that ye both should hold the keys
Of prisoned under memories.

It may be when the landscape's rim
Is red and slumberous round the west,
The spirit too grows still and dim,
And turns in half-unconscious quest
To those forgotten lullabies
That whilom closed the infant's eyes.

And maybe, when the city mart
Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,
The spirit loses helm and chart,
And on an instant, terrified,
Has fled across the space of years
To notes that banish childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know
Dead hours still haunt the living day,
And sweet to hope that, when the slow
Sure message beckons us away,
The past may send some tuneful breath
To echo round the bed of death.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

A LITTLE AVERSION.

CHAPTER I.

It was a morning in early spring, yet it might well have been midwinter. Snow lay thickly everywhere. Town and country fared alike, with only this difference, that the pure unsullied white of the stretching fields and hedge rows of the latter was in the former represented by dingy house tops and chocolate colored streets. The razor like east wind that swept our tight little island from coast to coast was, it may be, a trifle keener as it came swooping round street corners than in the more open country; but that was about all.

On that same March morning, and at one and the self-same hour two people stood looking out, safely sheltered, upon the wintry scene. They were a young man and a young woman. Both were good looking, well made, and, one would have added, happy. But a glance at either face was sufficient to dispel that illusion. Moodiness, discontent, anger, were as plainly written on the one face as the other. But with all this, the wintry weather that reigned without had nothing to do. I doubt if either so much as noticed it. Shall I tell you what it really was? Well, then, it was this: With the young girl it was the thought of the young man; with the young man it was the thought of the young girl. Yet they stood this morning separated by scores of miles, and had been separated by thousands; had never so much as met or looked on one another's faces. But the time had come when they had got to meet, to look on one another's faces, to know each other, and, what is more, to try not to hate one another. So, for this, and all that it entails, moody faces, mutual frowns, hearts in hot rebellion.

But there is more to be learned. Let us take the young man first.

The window at which he stands, idly drumming on the pane, is one of two in a dismal room in a dismal hotel in a still more dismal street leading down from the Strand toward the river. Now and then he stops his tuneless tattoo to take his watch from his waistcoat pocket, evidently, as he also listens to every footstep on the stairs, in expectation of a visitor. But the footsteps come and go, and have nothing to do with him. Presently, however, there are footsteps which do not pass on, but stop there, and a hand is on the panel.

"Come in!" he says sharply, and a dingy waiter entering, holds out a dingy hand in which there is a card, and says:

"Gent to see you, sir."

There is no need of the card to tell the young man who his visitor is. W. J. Lincoln, solicitor, Bowerdale, Yorkshire, is the only man who could possibly want to see him, Anthony Norris of Shanghai, to-day. Another moment, and his visitor had him by the hand, and was bidding him welcome to England. He was a man considerably past middle age, plain, almost ugly-looking, yet no one thought him so after the first five minutes of their acquaintance. It was the first friendly face, the first friendly voice, the younger man had met since his landing, and he returned the warm hand-pressure gratefully.

"Well," cried the lawyer, rubbing an obtrusively large nose to warm it, "and how are you? Frozen—eh! Couldn't have come into worse weather if you had come at Christmas."

"Well, yes, I suppose it is rather cold. I haven't been warm since I landed, now you mention it. But I have had other things to think of, you see."

"Pleasant ones, I hope. They should be you know—should be."

"Scarcely," said the young man, grimly.

"No! You surprise me! A young lady to think about, and a very charming young lady, let me tell you; a fine estate into the bargain, too! Dear me, what wouldn't I give to be in your shoes!"

"And I," cried Anthony Norris, "I wish I had never come back at all. I should not have done so, but that my plans for a year's absence were already made when your letter reached me. And what is more, I wish I had never saved the old madman's life at all. I wish with all my heart I had let him drown—there!"

"Dear me, dear me!" cried Mr. Lincoln, rubbing his big nose quite vigorously, "this is very sad. Why, you are as bad as my friend Miss Beatrix herself!"

"Eh!" said young Norris, stopping short.

Mr. Lincoln gave a little cough.

"Yes, she is quite as hot about it as you can be. She has a will of her own, I assure you."

"I hate a woman with a will of her own."

Mr. Lincoln gave another little cough. Anthony looked at him sharply, then laughed for the first time.

"Come, that is better," said the lawyer cheerfully. "And now let us see if we can't get to the bright side of all this. In the first place let us run over the facts of the case—a very peculiar one, I admit. A friend of mine, in a will—which, by the way, I did not make—leaves his estate, personal property, everything, in fact, of which he dies possessed, in this way: Firstly, all go to his natural heiress and granddaughter, provided, that is, she marries a certain young man, an utter stranger to her, who chanced to save his life five years ago—in Malta, I believe."

Young Norris gave a groan of acquiescence.

"In the event of the young lady declining to carry out this arrangement, both parties are to receive the sum of £10,000. In the event of the young man declining, the young lady's £10,000 becomes £20,000, while the young man receives but £5000. Should both parties prove refractory, each receives the original £10,000, and no more, the remainder of the estate going to certain charities. Stop a bit," the lawyer went on, seeing his companion about to speak; "the terms of the will are these: That you and Miss Thornhill shall spend at least six months of the twelve now before us in one another's society at Braybrooke Court or elsewhere. Furthermore, that the final decision be not made by either party before the expiration of the first six months—though necessarily before the entire twelve be expired."

"Was there ever such a madman?" cried the young man. "Why, if he wanted us to hate one another—to cut one another's throats, he could not have gone more cleverly to work. But I throw the whole affair up—I will have nothing to do with it."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Lincoln, quietly, "don't you think that is treating a young lady, and a very charming young lady, as I have said, and one who has certainly as much to complain of as yourself, rather cavalierly? Do you expect me to go back and tell her you decline even to look at her?"

"She would be more grateful, I expect, than even I should be."

"I don't doubt it. Ah, I am not going to flatter you, but later on, when it comes to saying good-bye to the old home—how then? It will be you who will have ousted her, remember. Come, unless she is entitled to some consideration."

Young Norris' dark face flushed a little.

"Don't misjudge me, Mr. Lincoln," he cried. "See how I am placed. If I decline to present myself at Braybrooke court and to Miss Thornhill, I am an ungracious cub, tender only to my own vanity or self-esteem. If, on the other hand, I agree to do so, the world, and what is more to the point, Miss Thornhill herself, will see in me only a barefaced fortune hunter, and I had as well—nay better—have stayed away."

Mr. Lincoln was again rubbing his nose, in perplexity this time. There was no small amount of truth in his young friend's argument, yet he did not mean to be abashed by it.

"The fact is, my dear sir," he said, after a moment's pause, "the whole affair is wrong from beginning to end, and what we have got to do is to make the best we can of it. I say to you what I have already said to Miss Thornhill—give yourselves a chance."

Young Norris could not give in all at once. But at last he spoke reluctantly enough:

"Well, since it must be——"

"That's right; and now let us be off. You may live to thank your 'old madman' yet."

The younger man shook his head.

"If only I had let him drown!" he muttered.

CHAPTER II.

But we have kept the young lady, at all times a somewhat impatient one, waiting long enough. As she stands, eyes flashing, lips pouting, discontent, annoyance written upon her face, there is no difficulty in recognizing in her the object of Mr. Lincoln's Machiavellian policy. She is not companionless. Two ladies, both somewhat beyond middle age, share with her the warmth and cheerfulness of the morning room at Braybrooke Court.

The elder of the two, Miss Joanna Duncombe sister of the late owner of the place, is a tall, thin, spinster lady of a placid and somewhat unmeaning countenance; the other a plump, comfortable looking body, with a shrewd, yet kindly face, is Mrs. Lincoln.

"If only," the girl is saying, "I were a sparrow or a starling, or," as something that looked more like a blue wind swept blossom than a bird, came fluttering down on the snow outside, "a tom-tit, I could not be expected to marry a hateful young man from Shanghai. Oh, my grandfather must have been mad when he made that will!"

"No, my dear," said Miss Joanna, mildly. "I remember the day my poor brother made it perfectly. We were in London; it was very hot, and he called me a fool. He was never more sensible in his life."

"Well," exclaimed the young lady at the window, turning sharply round, "I was never more sensible in my life, and I tell you this Aunt Joanna, and you, too, Mrs. Lincoln: Nothing will induce me to carry out that will. The young man from Shanghai may come here and make the place intolerable for the next six months. I will try to be civil to him, but if he so much as breathes a word of love or marriage, I will leave the court and him—and Aunt Jo may marry him. And now," she went on, with a sudden change in her voice, "I am going for a ten mile walk. Perhaps I may come back in a better temper; if I don't I pity everybody."

And with a laugh and a kiss from her finger tips to the two ladies by the fire, Miss Beatrix Thornhill disappeared.

When many hours later my heroine entered the "little drawing room" at the court, dressed for dinner and looking as distractingly charming as a willful, high spirited young lady of more than ordinary personal attractions can look, she found the lawyer and his charge just arrived and in possession of the fire. As he introduced the two young people, Mr. Lincoln glanced with curious, observant eyes, to which a sly twinkle had stolen from one to the other.

He saw just what he had expected. The young lady, her color slightly heightened—it might be by her wintry walk—cool, collected, studiously polite; the gentleman flushed, awkward and angrily anxious to escape.

Mr. Lincoln watched the little scene a moment or two longer, and then took pity on his victim.

"Come," he said, "let me show you to your room. Miss Thornhill will excuse us."

Five minutes later he was back again.

"Well," he cried, rubbing his nose, "and what do you think of our friend from—what's the name of the place?"

"I think," said Miss Thornhill decidedly, "that he had better have staid there."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the attorney and he rubbed his nose more vigorously still. "That is exactly what he says, exactly. We are getting on famously."

Whatever the nature of Miss Thornhill's slumbers may have been that night, Anthony Norris knew little of either sleep or forgetfulness. He was by nature neither a coward nor a pessimist, and having accepted his position he told himself there only remained to face it with as much dignity as was possible to him. The mysterious and masculine process known as pulling one's self together may be a thing of moments, may be of hours. In Anthony Norris' case it was certainly the latter.

Presently they had caught her up. Miss Thornhill lifted up a laughing face.

"Don't stop, for your life," she cried, and waived her muff at them.

The next moment they had dashed past her. Young Norris expressed no surprise, asked no questions. He drew around him the rug which he had partially thrown off in readiness to descend, then sat silent, looking straight before him for the rest of the drive.

The next day, Mr. Lincoln, by Miss Thornhill's request, installed the guest in the library.

"You are to look upon the room as yours," he explained. "You say you have a lot of writing and reading to do; do it here. No one will disturb you—not even our friend and hostess, Miss Beatrix."

"No, I can well believe any spot in which I might chance to be would be quite safe from Miss Thornhill's presence," Anthony replied a little bitterly.

"You mistrust one another too much. If you would only try to think of each other as host and guest, and nothing more."

"Impossible," said Anthony, hotly; "the fact is, she sees in me only the cold-blooded wooer of her estate and fortune."

"Humph!" said the lawyer.

"You cannot doubt it."

"'She is a woman, therefore, to be wooed.'"

"By me—never!"

"'She is a woman——' But I won't quote the rest," said Mr. Lincoln. "Good morning. I will tell Miss Bee when she wants you she will know where to find you."

Mr. Lincoln was not quite so light at heart as he professed to be. Mrs. Lincoln, as I need scarcely say, shared his anxieties, and took her part in the difficult task of inducing two people, who were determined to hate, to love one another. Miss Thornhill naturally fell to her lot. She spoke her mind freely. She finessed, with this result: Beatrix listened with politeness to all she had to say, kissed her, laughed at her, and went her own way.

Perhaps it was not really such a very dreadful way, after all, if only the young man had been a little less sensitive. It is true she froze when he was disposed to thaw, remembered when he appeared to have forgotten, but on the other hand, there were times when she, too, would be off her guard, when even she seemed, for the time, to have forgotten, and something almost like friendship would be established between them. And then would come a frost, a killing frost," and even Mr. Lincoln would go about despondently rubbing his nose till it presented a warmth and cheerfulness his heart was far from knowing.

And all this time Anthony Norris had the big library to himself, and should have got through a lot of work, for no one, unless it was Mr. Lincoln, ever came there.

The frost and snow had long departed. April had come, with balmier airs, budding leaves and spring blossoms. Violets flung their sweet scent abroad; primroses, scarcely less fragrant studded bank and hedgerow.

It was a delicious morning, early in the month. Anthony Norris, a cigarette between his lips, had made the round of stables and hot-houses, strolled as far as the lodge-gate, and was back again, busy over letters in the room where no one ever came to disturb him and where, to tell the truth, a pair of dark brown eyes, now wistful, now laughter-filled, would sometimes haunt him till the loneliness would become all but unendurable. But this April morning something wonderful was to happen. As Anthony sat bending over his writing in one of the windows, a light footstep came down the passage, a girl's voice, softly singing, drew nearer with each step. The young man heard it; his pen ceased to travel over the paper. Voice and footstep stopped. A moment—the door was thrown unhesitatingly open. Still he did not stir. The intruder was now half way across the room. Then he turned.

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Thornhill with a little start, "I had no idea you were here."

"Or you would not have come," said Anthony, rising.

"Quite so. I did not know what to do with all these primroses and violets, so bethought me of your table. Will you have some?"

"Thank you. Yet," Anthony hesitated, "perhaps it is scarcely worth while."

"Certainly not," said Beatrix hastily, drawing back the flowers.

"I was going to say that I have a letter this morning calling me at once to London; so that unfortunately their sweetness, if not wasted on the desert air, will at least be lost to me. Unless, that is," he added, dropping his voice, "you will be good enough to give me a few of the violets."

"Take as many as you like." And Beatrix once more offered him the basket.

"That would not be the same thing at all," said Anthony, laughing.

"They would at least smell as sweet, I suppose," said Beatrix gravely, as she handed him the flowers.

"Scarcely, I think," Anthony answered, carefully arranging the little knot of blue in his coat. "There, I shall not take them out until I return."

"Then I hope you will not be away very long."

"Thank you."

"Oh, I was only thinking how dead the poor things would be!"

"Thank you," said Anthony again."

Miss Thornhill moved toward the window by which her companion had been seated, and looked out.

"And when are we to see you back?"

"Oh, you are only getting rid of me for two or three days, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you would prefer my remaining any longer, or, indeed, not returning at all."

"I think," replied Beatrix quietly, and with her eyes still fixed on the scene outside, "that you are aware there is no question in the matter for either of us."

Young Norris drew a step nearer.

"Miss Thornhill," he cried, his voice trembling a little, "will you let me say a word on the subject? I have never done so yet; it has been thought better it should be avoided between us. But I want you to do me the justice to believe that I can scarcely be a more unwelcome, than I am an unwilling guest. I only ask you for your own sake to put up with my presence until the time comes that shall set us both free. Much, I am aware, you must lose by my unfortunate but innocent crossing of your path, but anything in my power—anything open to me to do——" He hesitated.

"Short of making me your wife?" laughed Beatrix.

Anthony colored, but said nothing.

"Let us hope," she went on gaily, "we shall neither of us be reduced to such extremities. Come, give me your hand; I freely forgive you what you certainly could not help. You see I can be generous. The thousands that should have been mine I can let go without a pang. For the old place," the brown eyes moistened, "I confess it is not so easy." Still——"

"Still," said Anthony, softly, "it is preferable to the other alternative. And now," he added with a smile, and gathering up his letters, "as we quite understand one another, perhaps we may yet meet again better friends. Good-by."

"Good-by and au revoir, and Mr. Norris——"

"Yes," he said, coming back.

"I am sure Aunt Jo will miss you."

Beatrix stood a moment listening to Anthony Norris' retreating footsteps, then she made her way to a little mirror that hung between two of the long French windows. She stood looking in it thoughtfully for the space of two or three minutes; then she shook her head at the bright, piquant, willful face reflected there.

"No," she cried, "apostrophizing it" you certainly are not ugly, my dear; it can't be that! Perhaps your temper is too bad. You like your own way, you know," with another nod and a flash of the brown eyes. "Still, if even Braybrook Court, and goodness knows how much a year, can't make you even tolerable, you must, I am afraid, be what Cousin Charley calls 'a poor lot.' Dear old Charley! I shall just sit down and write to him, and say he must come to me at once if he doesn't want me to die of combined bad temper, and the young man from Shanghai."

The impetuous mistress of the court was not long over her letter. She dashed at it as indeed she did at most things, not using two words where one would do. There it was in its envelope, addressed and ready for the post; and then—then somehow Miss Thornhill appeared to find time hang somewhat heavily on her hands. Why, I do not tell. I only know it was so. But I also know that had you ventured to hint that so it was, she would have contradicted you flatly. It scarcely could be the absence of the departed guest, for in the morning they rarely met. Yet in the afternoon she sent back her horse after ordering it to the door, declared her intention of not going out at all, and was eventually picked up by Mr. Lincoln and the dog cart just outside of Bowerdale.

The cold, gray March dawn found him but just sinking into sleep and forgetfulness. When Beatrix Thornhill went forward to greet her guest next morning, she looked, or thought she looked upon another man.

The figure, rather below than above the middle height, and to which she had in her own mind taken exception the night before, seemed to have gained in height and dignity. The dark eyes gazed steadily into hers. There was no trace of awkwardness, no sign of being at a disadvantage in voice or manner. In a word she found herself met with a coolness and self possession that equaled her own. Of course she hated him still, and yet she longed to pat him on the shoulder and cry "Bravo."

CHAPTER III.

The town of Bowerdale, in whose principal street Mr. Lincoln's house and office were to be found, was distant some three miles only from Braybrooke, consequently easily to be reached by him when at the court. On this particular morning the lawyer countermanded the dog-cart, and bore his young hostess off to the library.

"No," he said, placing her an easy chair by the fire and drawing up another for himself, "it is no use deferring things. We have got this young man—the question is, what are we to do with him? He has few connections in England, none to whom he needs at present present himself. We may, therefore, consider that the play has begun. Have you any suggestion to make in his behalf or your own? As soon as the weather is anything like decent, he can find occupation and amusement enough. In the meantime—"

"In the meantime I make him a present of the billiard room and stables. I will promise never to go near either."

"Well, yes, that might reconcile him," said Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully.

Miss Thornhill's pretty little nose quivered ever so little; ever so little a pout came to the laughing lips.

"You don't think anything of the kind," she cried.

"Don't I? Well, we shall see. Now, if you were only—but it can't be helped."

"What can't be helped?"

"Why, you see, the fact is this young fellow naturally has his ideal as, of course, we all of us have." Mr. Lincoln paused to rub his nose; a little flush stole to his young companion's face. "Now, if only you were small, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, and that sort of thing, you know. But there, as I have said, it can't be helped."

"Helped! why, I wouldn't be like that for the world."

"No, no, of course not; still—"

"I wonder where he is!" the girl interrupted him suddenly, rising and crossing to the nearest window. "I suppose I may as well take him for a walk. Ah, how cold it looks! It won't kill him, will it, after that broiling place of his?"

"I should hardly think so," said the lawyer gravely, opening the door for her.

Five minutes later Miss Thornhill and her guest were stepping briskly down the straight, snow covered drive.

"It's a good three miles into Bowerdale, I must tell you," the young lady was saying; "I hope you can walk so far."

"Thank you," said Anthony, gravely; "I walk occasionally, I assure you, and," he added with a smile, "work too."

"Do you?" said Miss Thornhill. "I thought in those dreadfully hot places people only slept and drank things."

Young Norris laughed outright.

"I hope I don't look that sort of man."

The girl eyed the well knit figure at her side, then gave one steady, questioning glance at the keen, sunburned face.

"No," she said frankly, "I don't think you do."

Anthony raised his hat. Beatrix gave a little rippling laugh.

"Ah, I see you are very like other people, after all."

"Of course, I am. What did you expect me to be like?" he asked quickly.

"I expected you to wear turned-up shoes and a pigtail, and——" She paused.

"And what?" he asked eagerly bending his dark eyes on hers.

"Oh, nothing else in particular. I suppose you do something out there besides work and walk?" she went on somewhat irrelevantly.

"Yes, we play occasionally."

"Dancing, tennis and so on?"

"Yes, we are even civilized enough for tennis and dancing, when we can get anyone to dance with."

"Ah, you have not many ladies—not young ones, I suppose. Tell me about them," said Miss Thornhill with sudden interest. "Are they very nice? Who is the prettiest? What is she like? Tell me all about them."

"Of course they are very nice," her companion answered, laughing. "As to whom is the prettiest, I suppose that is a matter of taste."

"But your taste?"

"Supposing I have none?"

"Supposing nothing of the kind. Listen: Young lady, name unknown, small, fair, golden haired, blue eyed—"

"Stay!" cried Anthony, reddening. "How do you know? Who told you?"

Beatrix only nodded her head mysteriously. At this moment the dog-cart from the court came whirling past. Mr. Lincoln merely shook his whip at the young people as he passed, but he was smiling in a very satisfied and contented manner as he did so. Was the smile too well satisfied, too content to please Miss Thornhill? I cannot say; I only know that after this the walk was scarcely such a success. The young lady's previous affability gave place to a decided chilliness, under which the young man, naturally, also froze and stiffened. The two drew further apart with each step. As they neared their destination they had almost the road between them. Conversation necessarily languished. It was all but silence that Beatrix piloted her companion on through the little town. At the Lincoln's door she turned to leave him.

"No, I am not coming in," she said. "Mr. Lincoln will give you some luncheon and a seat in the dog-cart back." She was going to say "home," but checked herself.

"And where shall we find you?" Anthony asked, frigid as herself.

"Please be good enough to say I am gone on to the Turners," and before he had time to lift his hat, the young man found himself alone on the lawyer's doorstep.

I am afraid Mr. Lincoln scarcely found his guest as bright and companionable as he had expected. Miss Thornhill was evidently a tabooed subject, as was also the walk that had promised so well in her company. But I hardly think the astute practitioner was altogether at a loss to account for the unlooked-for turn affairs had evidently taken. He knew his willful favorite and all her ways by heart, and could make a tolerably correct guess as to what had happened. But never a word spoke he. He only—the silent meal being over,—brought out a box of his best cigars and the morning paper, bidding his guest make himself happy, and look out for the dog cart in a couple of hours' time.

The couple of hours seemed to Anthony more like a couple of days, but the dog cart followed by his host, appeared at last. Of course Miss Thornhill's message had been duly given.

The Turners' house—an old-fashioned one, standing in the midst of good, old-fashioned gardens—was just outside the town. As Mr. Lincoln drove there he rubbed his nose a good deal with the silver handle of his whip. His eyes, too, were twinkling, as if the frost had got into them. At the big gates the groom jumped down and was about to open them. Mr. Lincoln put up his hand.

"I think, John," he said, slowly, his eyes twinkling more than ever, "you shall just run in and ask if Miss Thornhill is still here."

In less than a minute the man was back again.

"Miss Thornhill left about a quarter of an hour ago, sir. She is walking home, I think."

"Dear me," said the lawyer, "but we shall catch her up."

A touch of the whip and they were rattling off again. Not much to be seen ahead. A cart, a man with a couple of dogs; further on an old woman with a bundle. For the next quarter of a mile nothing at all, then cart number two, and then, stepping briskly along, a figure, tall, slender, fur wrapped.

"How well she walks!" said the lawyer in genuine admiration. The young man by his side said nothing.

Aunt Joanna really missed the young man, as her niece had assured him she would do, and loudly, if somewhat incoherently, bewailed him at every turn. But she met with no expression of sympathy from Beatrix at least.

"Dear me, Aunt Jo," cried the girl, as she threw herself into her chair in the drawing room after dinner, "how I have been thinking what a comfort it was to be to ourselves again. Don't you find it so, Mrs Lincoln?"

"Certainly, my dear. Not that there is really anything objectionable about Mr. Norris. Of course he has seen very little of society—of ladies, I suppose, nothing at all. Still, as you say——"

"Good gracious! my dear Mrs. Lincoln, what did I say?" cried Beatrix, hotly. "I am sure I never said he had lived among savages, as you seem to fancy he has done."

"No, my dear. Well, I dare say you are right."

"Not that it signifies," said Beatrix, fanning herself with a screen.

"Not a bit," assented Mrs. Lincoln.

"We are talking of that poor young Norris," explained Miss Duncombe as Mr. Lincoln came into the room. "We all miss him dreadfully; though why Bee there should say not, and I'm sure if chopsticks or anything of that sort, perhaps he misses them, you know, and we should have got used to them in time, though how my poor dear brother, who had been nearly all his life at sea, could go and all but drown himself as he did——" The rest of Miss Duncombe's wanderings were lost in the stocking she was knitting.

Mr. Lincoln came toward the fire, rubbing his hands.

"Why, there is my friend Miss Bee actually yawning, and only 9 o'clock. Come, Miss Bee, what do you say to a game of chess? You are dying of ennui."

"I am dying," laughed Beatrix, "for some one to quarrel with."

"Good, very good," said the lawyer, administering a gentle rub to his nose.

"I don't see it," said his opponent, between a smile and a pout.

"No," said Mr. Lincoln gravely, "and yet 'tis big enough."

(To be continued.)

The Beauty of Home Life.

Home is not sustained alone by the ownership of the land, but it is in the observance of the sound principles of temperance, economy and integrity which makes up the best average of life. I see the boys sometimes going away from the old household, perhaps not attracted by the hard labor of the farm, and drawn away, it may be, by the enticements of the greater places. And when they make a good work of life, and when they adorn and improve and benefit those that are around them, they are certainly just as much working out God's purposes there as if they had remained, perhaps doing the harder toil of the farm. But if there is one thing that brings the deepest grief to anybody's heart, it's to see those young men, when they are gone away from those homes, depart from those principles that were instilled into them by their loving and dutiful parents. Is there a more deplorable sight than that which is presented in the ruin of so many of our young men who have forgotten that the best of life is purity in every walk upon which they are called to enter. So that, whatever may be our differences in one way or the other—differences of belief, differences of political association, the one thing of all to treasure is the beauty of this home life. Make it the one thought of this day to take care of the home. Keep it. Save it. And if your boys and girls go away, keep the place warm and green and beautiful, so that they shall want to come back, and so that there shall be no dearer spot on earth than the one that gave them birth.

Origin of the "Golden Fleece."

Mrs Lew Wallace.

Now comes the worst the disenchanters have told of the poetic myth of the Golden Fleece. From the side of frosty Caucasus there runs a river with gold-bearing sand, once a very Pactolus for wealth to its owners. It lies on the southern coast of the desolate rainy sea which was the terror and despair of primitive navigators. The country of old was subject to depredations of covetous princes and barbarian hordes, and the famous water course, glowing with grains of gold, was guarded well for its inestimable treasure. So rich a mine, not in narrow fissures, but a sparkling flood, naturally became the resort of speculators by land and sea. Its value was noised abroad through the length of the Mediterranean countries, and its possession was the subject of many a bloody struggle. Anciently, and even in historic times, the unskilled miners of Colchis, shepherds through many generations, used to lay a sheepskin in the bed of the shallow stream which we would hardly call a river. The wool caught and held the shining sand in its thick mat; it was then hung upon a tree, and, when dried, the particles of precious dust were shaken out; and lo! you have the whole fable of the Golden Fleece.

The Biggest Head in America.

Chicago Tribune.

Ad B. Noeleck, an employe of a Chicago brewing company, is having a hat made by Martin Losby, a hatter, which, it is believed, would fit few men in the United States, the size being 8¾. In constructing it a special block had to be made, and the machines used in pressing ordinary hats into shape could not be used. Mr. Losby said that Mr. Noeleck's head had been growing, and that he had made two hats for him before, one being 7⅞ and the other 8. "I believe he has the largest head in the United States," said Mr. Losby. A journeyman at work said, "Yes, it's the biggest I ever saw, and I've worked steady at the trade for thirty-five years. The next largest I ever saw belonged to a man in Iowa, who wore an 8¼ hat."

Nobody in these days can possibly complain that the English court is unduly exclusive. At the last levee the husband of a famous court milliner was presented, and at the drawing-room there appeared the daughters of a well known tradesman in Bond street.

JOSEPHA.

We were at Obam when our delayed mail was received. There was a month's old letter from my young nephew, Reginald Travers, containing sad news. My dear old friend Oswald Hamilton was dead, his affairs left in a bad way. The arrangement of his papers, straightening accounts and settling up of the estate was left to my hands. A second was to the effect that Josepha (the only and motherless daughter of my old friend, now about 24 years of age) had finally refused him. That he had secured a change into the Tenth, which was soon to be ordered away to fight Zulus, and closed by saying that the best thing I could wish him was a bullet through the head in the first engagement.

My poor Reg! It was his first taste of life's bitter, and it was going down hard. I longed to grasp his hand in sympathy. I cursed the stupidity of mail carriers, and stormed at the hundred and one annoying delays that kept me so long on my homeward way. However, in two days I was well on my journey.

A word of myself here. An old soldier, nearing fifty, but hale and hearty, I inherited at my brother's death the pile of stone he called home and his large business interests. A misanthrope, he had shown little taste for the society of his kind. My visits to him were few and brief. I had taken little notice of Josepha until I came to Deerwood as its master. Her name describes her. Divinely tall, she had none of the awkwardness peculiar to women of her stature, but her motion was at all times free, suggesting the flight of a sea-bird. Better than beauty, her face expressed dignity and character. Her mouth was shapely and red.

But her eyes—glorious! Clearest gray, with pupils of velvet, set under a man's forehead. She had a frank, bon-comrade way which played sad havoc with men's hearts, whatever their armor. Many of the wisest and wealthiest knelt at her shrine, but each and all vainly. Between her and my dear lad there had been an understanding based on a childish attachment. Merely a silken link.

Now, I will let you into the secret. I had fallen in love with Josepha. Preposterous! So I said. At any rate, give me some credit. I never dreamed of telling her, and I went away immediately—traveling with a party of friends.

My old friend I mourned sincerely. Though ten years my senior we had been friends for years and years. He knew I stood ready to lend a helping hand whenever it was needed; but he was proud to a fault, and though I had begged him to allow my assistance (for I knew he was in sad straits) he would never take a penny.

His reverses were quick and sudden. His indomitable will upheld him in his struggle for a time, when that broke beneath the burden of troubles, which grew heavier day by day.

Dear old friend! "Here lies a man whom pride brought low," I murmured as I stood over his grave.

I had arrived at Deerwood late in the afternoon, and I had stopped in the church yard on my way to Josepha.

The grass waved to and fro. I fancied the one below stirred uneasily.

"Peace," I whispered. "Your name shall be cleared; your daughter guarded well."

Josepha let me in. She stayed to fasten the door and as she came up with me in the corridor she slipped her warm hand into mine and held it strongly. My eyes fell on Oswald's picture as we entered the drawing room. Together we stood looking at it. Then I looked at Josepha, in her long, black gown, her neck rising like a lily stem from its sombreness, as she stood by my side. Bereavement and harassing cares had set their mark on brow and lips, though she held her head still proudly, and her eyes looked into mine unmisted.

If I had loved her in the midst of her happiness and light-heartedness, how much more I loved her now, penniless, with a faint shadow of dishonor on her name, forsaken by the crowds of summer day friends.

She looked into my face, for my tongue was tied, and then bent her head and kissed my hand.

"My dear," I said, "my dear."

The only safe thing for me to do was to go to the window, and I went. Presently she followed me, and having myself as thoroughly in hand as an old fighter should by this time, I sat down beside her and we had a long serious talk.

The long rays of sunlight paled from orange to amber and gradually faded into the gray of dusk, and yet we had not spoken of the future. Josepha had her father's own pride and strength of will, and my heart failed me as I mentally marshaled my forces and prepared to advance. First, I meant that she should come home with me.

"Josepha," I began, "this is no place for you," and then I called myself an old blunderer, who deserved to be well kicked for his unutterable stupidity.

"No; it is my home, my dear old home, no longer. I have looked over the papers which are in the box enough to see plainly that the place will not be sufficient to satisfy the demands of the creditors. Let me know as soon as you can the amount of the deficit; I have thought it all out. No, dear Major, I cannot be contented to remain idle at Deerwood, kindly as you mean the offer, while my father's debts remain unpaid. Ah! I am afraid you are angry; but, indeed, I cannot!"

She was rock to arguments and persuasions. She was her father's own daughter. After all her spirit and determination demanded admiration. I gave it grudgingly enough, feeling as if I should enjoy scolding her soundly, and then kissing her.

She scratched off two advertisements, handing them to me as she rose: "Wanted—Position as governess," and "For sale—Hamilton place," were the headings. I did my best to obtain her consent to tearing up the first, but all she would say was, "Do not urge me."

And so (perhaps because of the reminder) I gainsaid her no longer. Governess she should be, if she wished, and Josepha went home as pleased as any headstrong girl who has had her way.

In pursuance of a plan to head her off I sent a telegram to Reg. The idea of her not loving such a fine, manly, true hearted fellow, the best man ever inside a lieutenant's uniform! He had only to ask to wed anywhere. He came as soon as he could get leave. They were off in a fortnight.

I told him of Josepha's resolve.

"There is one power that will stop her."

"And that, uncle?"

"Love." Profound sigh from Reg, but no disposition to open his mouth.

"Do you try your luck again. Remember the old rule about two negatives. I have observed the young woman pretty closely, and I think you will succeed. Tell her that in case she consents to make us the happiest of men you are to give up your commission and come in my firm at once. Pshaw, boy! Don't look so dazed. I have intended it all along, only taking time by the forelock. Tell Josepha when you find her that an eccentric old duffer who has taken a fancy to the place offered $25,000 for it, and that being by all odds more than she can expect to have offered again, I took him."

"All right, uncle; anything more?"

He was already half out of the library.

"Tell her—no never mind."

Reg. was by this time beyond hearing.

For an hour I walked up and down my lonely, luxurious drawing room. Freed from restraint of Reginald's company, the fever rose again in my blood, my pulse beat fast, my step quickened. Then I formed a hundred plans which would aid in crushing down my heart. I would travel; I would rust to time, with seas and years between. I would grow calmer in my feelings. I would come back and find my happiness in Reginald's and hers. I would give them Hamilton place for their wedding gift, and I imagined myself in after years frolicking on those green terraces with Reginald's oldest or youngest, as the case might be. But the fever rose again, and the longing was as strong as it was vain. I was not in the frame of mind to meet my nephew, and as soon as my roan was saddled I sprang to her back and was off—away—I cared not where, so I could ride the madness down.

I came home late. The hardest battle I had ever fought I had won. I had such a grip on myself that, after seeing Bess comfortably stabled and rubbed down, I went to Reggie's house without the least fear of self-betrayal.

But the lad was not there. A note sticking in the mirror frame attracted my attention. It was addressed to me. It ran with many a blot and erasure:

DEAR OLD UNCLE:—It was a mistake. Josepha never cared two pins for me. That boy and girl affair wasn't love at all, she told me so before, and I ought to have known better than to go to her twice, but you—there, I don't blame you, uncle. How should you know? She was very kind and I dare-say I shall get over it. But I'm awfully cut up, and I don't feel as if I could face you yet, just yet; so I'm off, without waiting for you.

A line or two more was so badly blurred as to be illegible, and a great scrawl which bore but a faint resemblance to "Reg."

Poor lad! poor lad! He tried hard to be cheery in the farewell letter he sent before he left the shores of England, but I saw the heartache between the lines.

In a few days I was called suddenly to London on business, being detained there some little time. When I returned to Deerwood it was to find our erratic young neighbor flown. Mrs. Harwood, my estimable housekeeper, had a message for me from Miss Hamilton—"she would write regularly, but I was not to seek her out."

Having delivered the message with a dignity, slightly damaged by the curious, speculative glance with which she regarded me the while, Mrs. Harwood rustled majestically away, giving a vicious little jerk to the door knob, as much as to say, "Well, there! He might 'a said more than 'Oh, indeed.' Just as if I didn't know she'd gone off a-governessin'. But men is so clus-mouthed."

As I went into the garden for a quiet smoke I heard the housekeeper addressing the housemaid: "Mary, do you run with all your might now and tell the cook the major's back again. Yes, I gave him the message. Surprised? Well, you never know whether 'e is or 'e isn't. But, Lawd, Mary, think o' tellin' 'im, the major, not to seek out 'er, which 'as gone to be a governess!"

"An', after'er packing off Mr. Reginald, the stuck-up piece," said Mary, who had a sweetheart of her own she thought the world of.

The weeks slipped into months, and the months numbered eighteen before I saw Josepha again.

She was ill and wrote to me to come to her. No. 6 Beverly square was the address, and the neighborhood was most aristocratic. No. 6 was an imposing stone house of the mausoleum type. In answer to my ring there appeared an undersized footman, whose gravity of demeanor carried out the funeral idea suggested by the house itself. Untold millions could not have tempted him to smile.

He went off with my card and by and by Josepha—or her ghost—trailed down the stairs. To give you an idea how weak she was, let me tell you that there were two tears in her eyes when I took her hands. Josepha, and Josepha reduced to womanly tears. It was difficult to reconcile the two.

I saw my chance and took advantage of it. Now, while she was unfit for work, homesick and needing change, she must make Durand a visit. Mrs. Harwood knew how to make my guests comfortable, and nothing would suit me better.

I listened to no remonstrances, and when she had consented I put an end to the last "but" with a sly hint that she had better improve the present opportunity to visit her old home, for the old gentleman who bought it intended to dispose of it soon.

I bore Josepha away on the 5 o'clock train, much to the disgust of my lady, who was losing a governess such as Beverly square should not soon again see.

The quiet and the change did work a wonderful change. Josepha in a fortnight was almost herself, and queened it over me in her own delightful way.

She began to talk of going back to London again, and one afternoon asked for the keys to the place.

I had made my plans to head her off, but this time I sent no telegrams. I simply waited until the afternoon sun was low, and then I followed her.

I found her, as I knew I should, before her father's portrait. Her head was thrown back, her face uplifted, her hands thrown behind her.

"Josepha," I said, speaking as naturally as I could—I had a most exasperating lump in my throat—"the wedding for which this house was designed a gift never came off. The old fellow doesn't know what to do with it, and, in fine, says if you will take it back—and—himself into the bargain, he'll be no end obliged."

Her eyes lit up; the loveliest color came to her cheek. I kissed her, for I saw I might. And when the first stars came out we walked together through the fields, and our troth was plighted.

LIMITATION OF FOOD.

How Much should we Eat, and in what Manner.

How, asks Dr. Nichols in the *Food Reform Magazine*, are we to get at the proper quantity of food? Animals living in a state of nature do not over-eat. They stop eating when they have enough. There are no prize cattle on the prairies. It is the stalled ox, and the pig in his pen, deprived of exercise, that can be fattened into a diseased obesity. Horses escape this process because men do not to any great extent knowingly devour them. The hunter and racer are not over-fed. All animals expected to do their work are carefully fed as to quality and quantity. If human beings were fed as wisely they would be as healthy. There are some good rules for feeding as to quantity. When our food is simple and natural in kind and quality and mode of preparation, there is little danger of eating too much. There is little danger, for example, of eating too many grapes, apples, pears or bananas. Salt, sugar, spices and luxurious cooking tempt to excess. With men as with animals a natural diet is self-limiting, and we are disposed to stop when we have enough. The more artificial the food, the more elaborate the feast, the more the liability to overload the stomach, overtask the digestive power, and overweigh the forces of life. Simplicity of food is a condition of health, and promotes longevity. The quantity of food which enables a man to do his daily work without loss of weight is precisely what he requires. This quantity may vary a little with each individual, but every one can easily ascertain his own measure of requirement by reducing the quantity of daily food until he finds a balance of force and weight. It is my opinion that the average quantity of water-free aliment required, say by business and literary men, is twelve ounces. Men of great muscular activity may require sixteen to twenty ounces. I have found myself in good condition for sedentary work on eight or ten ounces. When any one is in good condition for his work, and keeps his normal weight, he has had enough. Find this quantity by experience and then habitually keep to it.

A Monster Wooden Elephant.

New York Tribune.

A company has been formed in this city, with a capital of $250,000, for the purpose of building at Coney island a monster wooden elephant, the largest ever constructed. According to the plans the elephant will be erected on a lot south of the Sea Beach palace. It will be 150 feet in length, 122 feet in height and 168 feet in circumference and will stand upon a platform built upon piling. The following figures will give some idea of the size of the wooden quadruped. The neck will be 10 feet long with a circumference of 60 feet; the legs 40 feet in length with a circumference of 60 feet; the ears, 34 feet long and 20 feet wide, will weigh 4000 pounds; the trunk, 52 feet long, and tapering from a diameter of 14 feet to 3 feet 4 inches; and its tusks 32 feet and 6 inches. The eyes of the monster will be four feet in diameter. A telescope will be placed in the center of each eye through which the harbor and distant headlands can be seen. The howdah on the back of the elephant will be thirty-two feet square and thirty feet in height. The interior of the beast will be divided into rooms of various sizes. The main hall will have a length of eighty feet and a width of thirty-two feet. On the second floor there will be a gallery 250 feet in length, upon which will open thirteen rooms. It is intended to use this floor as a bazaar of all nations. The rooms on the floor below will be occupied by a caterer. Staircases will be built in the rear legs. The structure will be of wood, iron and tin, and will be ready for public inspection on June 15. Arrangements have been made with several railroad and steamboat companies by which coupon tickets will be issued admitting the purchaser to the elephant.

The dowager empress of Austria, Mary Anne, who died the other day, married, when still young, the epileptic Emperor Ferdinand of Austria. Soon after the death of the Emperor Francis, her father-in-law, there was a rumor that an heir in the direct line to the crown might be expected. In alluding to it the empress said: "God forbid that I should ever perpetuate the suffering of which I am a constant witness. What renders it so awful is that it degrades instead of exalting. I am unable to respect martyrdom of this sort, although from my inmost heart I pity it. I should have been happier a poor, obscure woman, with a husband that I could love and rosy children round me, than the wife of a Kaiser who is afflicted with a disease that unfits him for all public and private duties."

Talking once with General Sherman, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke said: "Oh, general, there is something I want to ask you; something I ought to know." "Well, what is it?" inquired the general. "I don't know," said the other; "I can't think what it is, but I am sure there is something you know that I don't know, and I ought not to let so good an opportunity of asking it go by unimproved." But it did go by.

Robert Bonner's wealth is estimated at $7,000,000.

E Bennett, Baker City — W [illegible] & wf, Olympia
Miss Henderson, Astoria — J C Mann, Tacoma
H [illegible] Williams — W [illegible] Martin, [illegible]
Ed Vaughan, wf & ch, [illegible]
Wm Bauer, N J — Nat Mullen, Chicago
Victor Gardner, France — John Riddell, [illegible]
J W Riddock, Astoria

For Throat Diseases and Coughs.—Brown's Bronchial Troches, like all really good things, are frequently imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

New York, June 6.

OPENING.

N. P. Common	21¼	Pacific Mail	41½
N. P. Preferred	48½	North Western	99½
Or. & Trans.	14	Lake Shore	143
Or. Imp. Stock	18½	New York Central	105
Or. Imp. Bonds	65	Erie	14½
Western Union	58¾		

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

Western Union 60

MANUFACTURERS OF CASTINGS AND MAchinery of all kinds; keep in stock ordinary size ENGINES, BOILERS and SAW MILLS. [illegible]

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD
SLAB WOOD—[illegible] PER LOAD—FROM WEID [illegible] Mill. Orders left at mill or [illegible] will be promptly attended to.
W. S. M.

P. J. Willis, Proctor for Respondent.
In pursuance of an order made and entered in the above entitled court on the [illegible] day of May, 1884, the above sale is postponed until Wednesday, June 18, 1884, at same time and place.
EDWARD S. KEARNEY, U. S. Marshal.

Truly Named The King of Tonics. Dr. Henley's DANDELION TONIC.

LAND PLASTER
FOR SALE BY
EV[illegible]

ZAN BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
[illegible]

WANTED, A WIFE.

the senior tutor, hurried off to the station and just managed to catch the midday express up to town. On his arrival, leaving his traps at a hotel, he rushed off to Westminster Bridge landing pier and arrived there within a minute or two of the appointed time. There were but few people on it when he arrived, and certainly no one resembling in the slightest degree the photograph of Mr. Methven's cousin. He looked up and down, but no—there was only one young lady there, and she wasn't in the least like the photograph. She was standing close to the ticket office, holding the hand of a little boy of ten or so—and she seemed to watch Crofton with an amused smile as he impatiently walked up and down, looking now at her watch and now at the Parliament clock tower. The little boy, in the meantime, getting tired of waiting, had slipped away under the protecting chains round the side and began to play with a little dog that was vaguely roaming about. The young lady did not miss him, and when Crofton happened to turn he saw the child, in trying to avoid a sudden bound of the dog, scramble and fall over the pier into the river. The child yelled, the girl shrieked, and the dog barked for sympathy, but Crofton, who fortunately had plenty of presence of mind and was a good strong swimmer, dived quietly into the water, caught up the child in a couple of strokes, and in a very short time had restored his dripping burden to the young lady. She was of course most grateful to him for having saved the life of her little brother (for so the child turned out to be), and, as Crofton put them into a cab, she asked him to call on them at home and give her parents an opportunity of personally thanking him. Crofton at first pooh-poohed the idea of being thus made a hero of, but there was a pleading look in her pretty eyes which quite overcame his scruples; and having ascertained that her father was a Mr West, and lived at No. 136 Cavendish square, he promised to call there the following afternoon. And, as there was still no sign of Miss Bernard, and as he was dripping wet, he hailed a passing cab and returned to his hotel.

The next day, according to his promise, he called at No. 136 Cavendish square, and was received most kindly by Miss West, his acquaintance of yesterday, and her mother, an old lady, who thanked him most volubly for having saved dear Bertie's life, who, she added, was none the worse for the ducking, and was at that moment in bed, with a mustard plaster on his chest and a basin of gruel by his side (probably thinking the drowning would have been infinitely preferable to the doctoring).

Of course Crofton was invited to stay to dinner, so as to meet Mr. West, who did not return from business till after 6. About that time he arrived, and a fine, cheery fellow he was, and right heartily did he welcome his new acquaintance. After dinner, as he and Harry were discussing a bottle of '34 port, Mr. West found out from the simple-hearted fellow that he was a native of Australia, and that, though he was happy enough during term-time with his college chums, he found it very dull during the vacation, having but few relations and friends in the old country; and so Mr. West, liking the honest, manly lad, and feeling, of course, intensely grateful to him for having saved his child from drowning, invited him to spend a month with him at his shooting lodge in Scotland. Crofton, being passionately devoted to sport, snapped at the offer; and so it was arranged that he should go up to Mr. West's shooting lodge, in Cromarty, on the 11th of August. To this day he swears that the month he spent at Balbriggan lodge was the happiest time of his life—good sport, nice men in the house, and, ah! far best of all, the society of Lilian West. At first it struck him that she looked upon him for some reason or other as rather a puppy, which considerably surprised him, for whatever his faults might be, conceit was certainly not one of them. But as time went on, and she had plenty of opportunity of seeing what a modest, sterling fellow he was (besides being the best shot of the party), the feeling seemed to pass away, and soon gave place to a sincere regard. Sunday afternoon rambles through the heather, cosy chats in the gloaming after dinner, lessons in the mysteries of "go-bang" and chess, have brought together less susceptible hearts than those of Harry Crofton and Lilian West, and the day before he was returning to England he plucked up courage, proposed, and to his delight was accepted. The next morning, however, just before starting home, Lilian came up to him and said:

"Harry, dear, before you go I want you to forgive me for the silly joke I played you about that advertisement."

"Advertisement!" said he, "what advertisement?"

"Why, the one of course, you put in the Morning Advertiser."

Crofton looked very mystified and again shook his head.

"Oh, come now, Harry," replied Lilian, "it is not a bit of use your trying to deceive me; do you mean to say you didn't put the advertisement in the Morning Advertiser?" And so saying, she drew from her card case a small newspaper cutting and handed it to Crofton. It ran as follows:

Wanted, a Wife.—The advertiser, who is strikingly handsome, very accomplished and extremely rich, wishes to meet with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be good looking, amiable and accomplished. Applicants must forward their photographs and address.—H. C., 151 St. Giles', Oxford.

"Never saw it before in my life," said Crofton.

"And you never wrote this?" continued Miss West, handing the last letter from H. C. to Miss L. Bernard, appointing the place and time of meeting.

"Most certainly not; it's not a bit like my handwriting. Couldn't write so well if I tried for a month."

"Well, Harry, you must at least own that this is your photograph."

"Good gracious, yes!" replied Crofton; "that's mine, sure enough; but who on earth could have sent it, and why to you of all people!"

"Oh," said Lilian, "I'm afraid you will think me very silly, but when I read that advertisement, I longed, I simply yearned—for I'm very curious, Harry, as you'll soon find out—to see in the flesh the human being who could be so consummately conceited as to frame an advertisement like that; and so I replied to it, directing my letter from the postoffice at Piccadilly Circus and, signing myself by a fictitious name. I also sent the photograph of a pretty little maid I once had and next day received the photograph and letter you have just seen. So with Bertie as my companion, feeling sure that the advertiser couldn't possibly mistake me for the original of Parker's photograph, I went to the Westminster landing pier at the appointed time. Imagine my delight, then when I saw you, the original of the photograph, stalking up and down the pier, apparently awaiting the faithless damsel. But, Harry, dear, if you did not go to meet me, why in the world did you go to the pier at that very time?"

"I went on a commission," said he, "for a college friend of mine, named Methven."

"What! Mr. Methven of Brazenface?" said she.

"Why, yes; is he a friend of yours?"

"Oh, I only met him when staying in the country last Christmas; and, I think, Harry, he liked me better than I did him."

"Well," continued Crofton, "I went there to meet a cousin of his, and to give her a message from him, but I have a shrewd idea this is one of his practical jokes he is always playing."

"But, tell me, how were you to know this young lady, Harry?" said Lilian.

"He showed me a photograph by which I was to recognize her."

"Was it that of a pretty girl with a large hat and feather, and a fan in her hand?" said Lilian with a smile.

"The very same," said Crofton.

"Then, Harry, you are quite right; it was a practical joke, for that was Parker's photograph which I sent to the mysterious Mr. H. C. And now Harry dear, it's not a bit use getting angry about it, for we were both 'sold' a little, and it has ended very happily for you and me; and so we will make a promise not to chaff one another in the future for the parts we each played in the strange little 'Comedy of Errors.'"

I need hardly say Crofton sealed the bargain with a kiss.

When Harry next returned to Brazenface the October term had begun. Port Meadow was flooded, the elms outside St. John's were rapidly losing their leaves, and the creeper on St. Mary's porch was in all the glory of its autumn foliage. Crofton arrived, first day of term, just in time for "hall," and as he was finishing his dinner, the scout who waited on the third-year table handed him the following brief epistle, scrawled on the back of the dinner bill:

Dear Kangaroo—Come to my rooms directly after "hall." Yours ever,

J. Hornby.

So after "hall," Crofton went straight to Hornby's rooms, and found him uncorking a bottle of college port; and over this bottle, soothed by the fragrant weed, Harry Crofton told Hornby the story of his love, the whole tale—how it happened and just what a lucky dog he was. He had just finished his narrative, when a knock came at the door and in walked Methven, just arrived.

"How d'ye do, Jack? Hillo, Kangaroo, how are you, old chap?" he began.

But somehow the look on Crofton's face Methven had never seen before, and what's more, didn't like it.

However, he continued, "Well, did you meet my cousin, eh? Come, come, old chap, you must really forgive me, it was a beastly shame, I own."

"Now, look here," said Crofton, quietly—and there was an ugly look in his eyes, and a firmness in his jaw that made Methven unconsciously creep near the door—"I don't want to have a row with any man, much less in Jack Hornby's rooms. But I tell you plainly that I think it was awfully low of you to take advantage of my good nature in the way you did—I strongly advise you for the future, if you like a whole skin, not to try the game on again. I may tell you, your scheme entirely failed, and it's entirely through your attempt at a hoax I have become engaged to the nicest little girl in England."

"Really," said Methven with a sneer, "then I think the least you can do is to introduce us, as she may possibly like to make the acquaintance of the unconscious author of her happiness."

"Perhaps she might," replied Crofton, quietly, "if she hadn't unfortunately made it before. Goodnight, Jack," and so saying he left the room.

"There, Methven," said Hornby, "I knew quite well some row would come of this hoax of yours."

"Well, tell me what happened, Jack, if you know."

Thereupon Hornby told the whole story from beginning to end; when he had finished, Methven said:

"I wonder who the girl was and when and where she met me."

"Of course I can't tell you the latter," said Hornby, as he walked up to the chimney piece to refill his pipe, "but her name, if I remember rightly, is Miss Lilian West."

Hornby heard a sharp groan, and on looking round saw Methven as white as a sheet, with his head buried in his hands.

"Good God, man, what's up?" cried Hornby.

"Oh, Jack," said Methven, "that's the very girl I loved myself. I met her last Christmas in the country, and I would have sold my very soul for her! And now," he continued, with a sob, "and now she's lost forever." With these words he walked out, leaving Hornby to ponder deeply on the strange irony of fate.

Two years have rolled on; Lilian West is now the wife of Henry Crofton, B. A., of Brazenface college, Oxford. And Methven has long since come to the conclusion that there are safer methods of playing practical jokes on one's friends than by inserting in the papers fictitious matrimonial advertisements.—Time.

A Romance of the War.

Nearly all of our readers, we suppose, are acquainted with the romance connected with the 126th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. A fragile and feminine-looking person belonged to Company F of that regiment, and gave his name as Frank Mayne. Mayne did not associate with any of the members of the company except a man by the name of Fitzpatrick. While the regiment was encamped at Cloud's Mill, below Alexandria, in Virginia, Fitzpatrick was taken suddenly ill and removed to the hospital in the latter place. In a few days he died, it was said, of smallpox. Mayne displayed considerable grief over the death of his companion. He procured a pass to Alexandria soon after on the plea of some business, but never returned. It was thought that he had deserted. Soon after a soldier was wounded in Western Tennessee, and upon being taken to the hospital, it was discovered that the soldier was a female and none other than Frank Mayne. A few weeks ago a member of the 126th Regiment was standing on the railway station at Altoona, when he was approached by a man who proved himself to be Fitzpatrick, who was supposed to have died of small pox. He explained how he and Mayne wishing to transfer the scenes of their military exploits from the East to the West, he had feigned sickness and escaped from the hospital and was joined by Mayne. They both joined an Ohio regiment, after which they were wounded while in battle and Mayne discovered to be a female. Mayne is his wife and they are now living happily in Illinois. He and his wife receive pensions under the names of Fitzpatrick and Mayne, and on this account he would not tell his real name.—Greencastle Press.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—Sherlock.

Advice is like snow—the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.—Coleridge.

THE MAPLEWOOD MYSTERY.

It was called Maplewood. There were one hundred and fifty acres in the estate —one hundred acres of land, and fifty acres of water; and this water was in a beautiful lake upon the northern shore of which, on a gentle slope, backed by a forest of huge rock mables, stood the mansion.

Capt. Ralph Severns had lived in the mansion until he died. He had never married—or, at least, he never had a wife with him in this country—and the only members of his household whom he had admitted to share at all his companionship had been Seth and Hester Dabney —man and wife—the two servants who had been with him in the beginning, and who had remained to the end.

Upon his death bed, contrary to general expectation, Capt. Ralph Severns had remembered a sister whom he had not seen for years, and to this sister and her heirs he willed his estate. This sister, then a widow, and named Atherton, had come to Maplewood, bringing with her an only daughter. But Mrs. Atherton did not remain at Maplewood a month. She got frightened at strange things which happened there, and moved away; and ere long she died.

And so Maplewood came to be the property of Lillie Atherton, the widow's daughter. But Lillie would not go there to live. She let old Seth and Hester Dabney hold the place in charge, directing Seth to find good tenants if he possibly could. Parties came and hired the mansion, but they did not remain. And other parties came, for in all the country round there was not a more charming spot, but these other parties were driven out as the first had been.

Captain Ralph Severns had been dead three years, and full a score of people had tried to live at Maplewood, and had failed, when my attention was attracted by the beauties of the place. I had just come home from sea, and had promised my wife that I would try and settle down and become a sober landsman. My wife and Lillie Atherton were bosom friends, and it was partly through this friendship for the young heiress—for Lillie was only nineteen—that I was led to Maplewood; but having once seen the place, and admired the beauties of its surroundings I was anxious to make it my home.

Lillie shook her head, and advised me not to go. She was eager to find a good tenant, as the valuable estate was at present simply an incumbrance upon her hands, but she would not have my wife subjected to the horrors of the great mansion. And then she told me, candidly, that it was haunted. She had heard it seen and heard most frightful things there, as had all who had attempted to live beneath the roof.

But I was determined to make the trial. And after due deliberation and discussion, my wife, who had great faith in my courage and prowess, consented to go with me.

And so, with a letter from Lillie, we presented ourselves at Maplewood.

I found Seth Dabney to be a man of sixty, or thereabouts, and his wife of the same age. They were meek and humble, and seemed very anxious to serve me. In fact, Seth was altogether too meek. He was an old sea dog; and if Captain Ralph had ever been a pirate, as had been whispered since his death, it was not hard for me to believe that Seth Dabney had been his "best bower." Seth's face was never made for the face of a meek and humble man. He had evidently schooled himself into the character. His face was cunning and sinister.

Besides Seth and Hester I found dwelling at Maplewood Peter Dabney and his wife. Peter was a young man of five-and-twenty, a son of Seth and Hester, and his wife was an innocent looking woman, with the appearance of a household drudge.

Old Dabney shook his head with mysterious solemnity when I told him I had hired the place, and said he hoped I might be able to do what others had not done.

I asked Seth how he and his wife had managed to remain there, and he replied that he had bound himself by a solemn oath to Captain Ralph that he would remain and care for the mansion while he lived or until satisfied tenants had possessed it.

"And how," I asked, "does your son and his wife manage to stand it?"

"My boy," answered Seth, with a tremendous sigh and groan, "stays for his poor mother's sake. The same oath which binds me binds my wife; and she would die if Peter were to forsake her. It wears upon the boy's wife as you can see; but she will not leave her husband."

Could I have had my own way, under the impressions which forced themselves upon me, I should have turned Seth Dabney and his family out before I moved in; but that could not be done, and it had been a condition of Capt. Ralph's will that Seth and Hester should find a home beneath the roof while they lived unless they chose, of their own accord, to depart. So the Dabneys were permanent fixtures. But the mansion was large enough, and they had their own living rooms and the dormitory in an attached wing.

Our first night at Maplewood we were kept up until very late. It was almost midnight before our beds had been set up, and while the servants were at work in that department my wife Molly and myself worked at arranging our library. The clock had just struck twelve when Peter's wife—her name was Lucy—looked in and informed us that the chamber was arranged. I was hanging a picture and wished to finish it before I left it. Molly's dressing case was in a small tiring-room up-stairs, and she said she would run and get it while I hung the picture. She took a lighted candle and went. I had finished my work to my satisfaction, and had just folded up my step-ladder, when my wife came rushing in, with her candle extinguished, and as she dropped her dressing-case upon the floor I caught her in my arms. She was pale and frightened, and looked over her shoulder as though expecting something had followed her. As soon as she could speak I heard her story.

"She had gone to the tiring-room and got her case, and as she reached the head of the broad staircase on her return she had seen, upon the landing at her right, a female figure, robed in white, with blood upon its ashen face, and with dabs of blood upon its snowy drapery.

"Oh, it was dreadful!" said my wife. "The spectre waived its hands in a threatening manner, and said to me in an awful whisper—'Woman, there is a curse upon this house and upon all who follow in the footsteps of Ralph Severns!' And then she pointed to a gaping wound upon her forehead and with a cry of terror I fled down the stairs."

Surely this was not a pleasant opening; but I urged it upon my wife that she had not been harmed; and furthermore, that a respectable ghost would have appeared to me rather than to her.

"It was cowardly," I told her, "to frighten a woman when there was a strong man in the house who was alone responsible for the interruption of strangers upon the solitude of her ghostship." And I. I used her, and asked her if she would wait until I had seen the spectre. She said she would not fear while I was near her; and of her own thought she declared that if the goblins had not harmed Seth Dabney, or any member of his family, in all these months, they could not possibly have cause to harm us who were innocent of all thought of offence.

It was half an hour before midnight when we retired. The chamber which we had selected was the pleasantest one in the mansion—a large square room, with a deep bay window looking down upon the lake. The hangings were of green velvet, heavily fringed with gold, and the curtains, though slightly yellow from time, were clean and of finest lace. I left a small lamp burning upon the dressing-table and being very tired, I fell asleep soon after touching the pillow.

How long I had slept I cannot say, but it could not have been an hour, when I was awakened by my wife, who was clinging to me in fright; and as I awoke I heard a low moaning sound, as of some one in deep distress; and presently a whisper, as though the speaker were close to my ear—a whisper awful and distinct—and these were the words that were spoken:

"A curse there is upon this house and upon all who follow in the footsteps of Ralph Severns! Beware."

The lamp had been extinguished, and while the foregoing words were being whispered the apartment was pervaded by a ghostly light, a sulphurous, deathly, waving glare, and presently a female figure appeared at the foot of the bed, the same which my wife had seen upon the landing. It was robed in white, the face pale and ghastly, and dark spots were upon the brow and upon the robes. It was surely nothing of human mould, for it stood upon the air, and as I sat up I could see its feet treading empty space on a level with the bed frame! With a threatening wave of the hand the figure bowed its head and melted away into thin air, melted away with a sorrowing sigh, and the ghostly glare faded out, leaving only the pale glimmer of the star-beams to break the midnight gloom.

As soon as I could collect my scattered senses I broke from my wife's grasp and leaped out upon the floor, and very quickly lighted the lamp. The doors were fast—locked, as I had left them; the windows had not been touched; the hangings were all intact; and nowhere, after strictest search, could I find the lightest trace of any method of ingress or egress to a material body.

If my wife had held the reins of direction we should have packed up in the morning, and left; for she was not only convinced that she had seen a bona-fide ghost, but she believed that the terrible visitation would be repeated so long as we remained beneath the roof. But I was not to be driven off so easily. I spent the greater part of the remainder of the night in thinking, and I thought a great deal; and in all my thinking there was no thought of ghosts.

The figure which I had seen in our chamber was but a shadow—I knew that. But whence came it? My wife thought, from the land of spirits; but I did not. I had no faith in any such possibility—or, to put it moderately—I did not think it at all probable.

In the morning Seth Dabney made it in his way to ask me how I had rested. I told him I had been seriously disturbed; and I gave him to understand that if the spirits of Captain Ralph Severns' departed victims wished to inhabit the place, I should leave.

I could see by the old man's face, as he turned away, that he was well satisfied. It was a very slight token which his face gave, but it was a key to the mystery. It told me plainly that he wanted me to go—as he had wanted others to go before me.

As soon as I could get away by myself I went up into our chamber, taking with me a hammer and a chisel.

Around the chamber was a high oaken wainscot, and this I proceeded to sound with my hammer, and very soon I found a place opposite the foot of the bed which gave back a hollow sound. A critical examination revealed to me the fact that at this point a panel, three feet long by two feet high, was loose, and I could detect slight abrasions upon its surface, as though it had been slid behind the casing; but I could not move it without breaking it, as it appeared to be fastened upon the other side. But that was a good beginning.

Upon going outside I found that the wall in which was the loose panel was toward a chamber which we had as yet appropriated to no particular use, as its single small window left it far from pleasant. From this chamber, next to the outer wall of the building, and toward my own chamber, opened a closet, occupying not more than four feet of the division partition; so that from this closet to the opposite wall, there was left a space of at least three feet between the two rooms—and this space was sealed up—and it was into this space that the sliding panel opened!

My next field of examination was below; and I was not long in discovering that the space directly beneath the movable panel, and occupying half the underlying area of the dark chamber, was also sealed up, but so adroitly cut into by closets and cupboards that only a well directed examination could have revealed the fact. Never mind the details of my persistent search. It occupied time; but I succeeded in the end. I found entrance into this last-named sealed up space from the cellar, and there I found what I had anticipated. I found a powerful argand burner, with a polished concave reflector, and also, two large mirrors set at a proper angle for throwing a reflection upward; and directly in the line of this reflection was the sliding panel in the wainscot of my chamber! I also found here a long white robe; and it was no longer a mystery how the ghostly spectacle had been produced. The reflection of the operator below had been thrown up through the open panel upon the white curtains at the foot of our bed; and these curtains had been carefully arranged to perform their part in the optical illusion. And one thing I found in this secret place; I found speaking tubes leading upward; and upon returning to my chamber, I found a point at the head of the bed where the wall paper was perforated, and upon putting my finger through I found the end of the tube! And thus the dreadful whispers were accounted for.

Seth Dabney had spent both time and money in perfecting his arrangement for frightening tenants away from Maplewood, and he had hoped that for a mere nominal sum he might in time be able to purchase the estate; but his hopes were crushed when I appeared to him with the proofs of his work in my possession.

If he had thought to deny anything, I very soon convinced him that I had traveled, and seen the world, and that all attempts at further deception would be worse than useless. To save himself from a public trial and a certain condemnation, he finally confessed to me all his iniquity. He showed me how he had arranged wooden troughs under the eves, and deep down in the cellar, in which to roll cannon-balls for the production of thunder; and he showed to me other speaking tubes, leading from a single point below to various points above, by means of which he could cause the same voice to sound in different parts of the mansion at the same time. He confessed, also that his wife, and his son's wife, often appeared to female guests in ghostly guise, which accounted for my wife's fright upon the landing.

I sent for Lillie Atherton, and in the depth of gratitude for the regained estate she allowed Seth Dabney and his family to depart unwhipped of justice, and we heard of them no more.

And so joy and peace came to dwell in the old mansion, and the broad acres of Maplewood bloomed with renewed beauty; and the only shock which followed the disclosure of Seth Dabney's diabolism was the shock to those dear lovers of the marvelous who had thus lost a prop to their faith in ghosts.

Horrible Religious Rites.

There is within the limits of New Mexico a body known as Las Flagelantes or Las Penitentes. The latter name is more common with us here.

The Journal man on Friday had an opportunity of witnessing the methods of these people as exhibited at Nacimiento, in the northern portion of this country, and one of the strongholds of the order. The little adobe church was filled to overflowing with devotees of the order and idle curiosity seekers. Services were commenced with singing and then other exercises followed preliminary to the horrible work so soon to follow. An immense cross had been provided, the length of which was fully twelve feet, with a cross bar of about six feet, and the whole weighing fully 175 to 200 pounds. Those who were to take part in the brutal, cruel exercises were three men, ranging in age from twenty-one to twenty-eight years, and a boy of not more than seventeen years. All were stripped to the waist, and each carried a piece of soapweed, which is very tough of fiber, and through which thorns from our native cactus had been pushed, making an instrument the very sight of which brought back thoughts of the days of the Inquisition.

One of the men with much effort took the cross upon his back and the procession was ready to start for a little hill about one mile distant. A sort of weird melody or chanting was set up and the scourge immediately applied to the back of each devotee by his own hand. Blood started at every stroke, but the lashing was kept up without cessation. Several times he who bore the cross fell under its weight, when with a horrible demoniac shout, from his brothers in misery, he was brought to his feet again and given renewed courage by a terrible scourging administered to him by those nearest.

It required fully an hour to make the journey, for the cross-bearer fell upon his face no less than seven times, a scourging being administered upon each occasion. The top of the hill reached, the cross was erected, and he who had bourne the instrument thither was stretched upon it—being tied hand and foot. Again and again he was made to feel the thorns, until at last from loss of blood he fainted completely away, and there he was left while all the others returned to the church. The victim of this fanaticism, this hideous barbarity, must remain upon that cross until the darkness may hide those who come to carry him away. Several have died under this usage, but even this never serves as a lesson for the future.

All day long this self-beating is kept up, being varied now and then by new and additional methods of torture. Long limbs of the cactus bush are lashed up and down the limbs, so that the sharp, keen thorns pierce the flesh at short intervals, causing the crimson streams to cover the ground on all sides of the poor, suffering, ignorant fanatic. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters look on and only seem to enjoy the terrible physical sufferings of those who should be nearest and dearest to them; and even suggest new ways in which their afflictions may be increased. Is it any wonder that these devotees become crazed, or worse still, meet their death? In three cases out of five so we were informed, the exercises end in the death of the celebrants.—Albuquerque Journal, April 15.

Girls Supporting Themselves.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has a vigorous paper with the above title on the subject of self-supporting girls, in the May St. Nicholas. Her sentiments on this topic are forcibly shown by the following extract:

"Girls, first make up your minds that you will be something! All the rest will follow. What you shall be comes more easily and clearly in due time. A girl of thirteen can not decide with any discretion or any assurance whether she will be a sculptor or a wash woman, a farmer or a poet; but she can decide distinctly whether it is her wish or her duty, after leaving school or college, to remain dependent upon her parents or to fit herself for a self-providing life. The education by which you mean to get your bread and butter, your gloves and bonnets, is a very different affair from that which you take upon yourself as an ornament and an interval in life. The chemical experiment which you may some day have to explain to pupils of your own is quite another thing from the lesson that you may never think of again. The practice in bookkeeping which may some time regulate your dealings with live, flesh-and-blood customers, becomes as interesting as a new story. The dull old rules for inflection and enunciation fairly turn into poetry, if you hope to find yourself a great public reader some coming day. And the very sawdust of the French or Latin grammar becomes ashes of roses to the stout little fancy that dreams of brave work and big salary, in some foreign department at Washington, or tutoring girls or boys for college. All over the terrible ocean, among the lawless sailors, the men with wives and children to work for are those who lead the gentlest and cleanest lives. So, on the great ocean of school life, the girls with aims to study for are those whose labor is the richest and the ripest. Ah! you will never realize till you have tried it what an immense power over the life is the power of possessing distinct aims. The voice, the dress, the look, the very motions of a person define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason. I fancy that I can select in a crowded street the busy, blessed women who support themselves. They carry themselves with an air of conscious self-respect and self-content which a shabby alpaca cannot hide, nor a bonnet ill-enhance, nor even sickness or exhaustion quite drag out."

Since its organization nineteen years ago, the National Temperance society has issued more than 600,000,100 pages of temperance literature, and has made a gratuitous distribution of $50,000 worth.

Insanity and Intemperance.

Lord Shaftesbury, in his evidence before the select committee of 1850, says: "In the year 1842, I stated that a large proportion of the cases were ascribed to intoxication, and that remark applies equally to the present time, for it is applicable to all times, that habits of intemperance in so many instances lead to the development of insanity. We shall see how large a proportion of the case of lunacy is ascribable to intoxication, but we shall draw moreover, this conclusion, that if thousands are deprived from this cause of their reason and incarcerated in madhouses, there must be manifold more who, though they fall short of the point of absolute insanity, are impaired in their understanding and moral perceptions." His lordship added that he had communicated with medical authorities, and the general consensus of opinion is that an immense proportion of the cases of insanity arise more or less from the use of strong drink. I go a step further, and hold that there is abundant evidence to prove that to dissipation, drunkenness and moral depravity, either directly or consequently by transmission to the next generation, is to be charged an immense proportion of the increase of lunacy. No person of authority will, I think, be found to deny that evil and corrupt living in the parents bears fruit in an unhealthy state of both body and mind in their offspring. In the lower animals the transmission not only of generic qualities but even of individual singularities is a familiar fact; so with mankind it is not to be expected that a pure stream will issue from a polluted source; and how foul and corrupt that source must be any one who sees the habits of the swarms of unfortunate creatures who nightly crowd the streets of any of our great cities may determine for himself.—The Fortnightly Review.

An Old Timer.

"As you live at Altoona I suppose you must be in the service of the Pennsylvania company," I remarked to a gray haired, fat man who had occupied about two thirds of my seat from the top of the Alleghenies to Pittsburgh.

"Yes," he replied, "I have done some work for them."

"Been here long."

"Only thirty years. I run the first freight train over the Allegheny mountains in March, 1854. I have been right here on this division ever since. I know every tie and rail and tree and stump, every man, woman and child along the line from Horseshoe to East Liberty. I can show you where every accident has occurred, from the wrecking of the first train that started across the mountains thirty-five years ago last March (that was the train right ahead of mine) to the killing of a brakeman near Johnstown a few days ago. There is hardly a rod of track on this division that hasn't been stained with the blood of one of the poor boys. Fact is, there is only one man now in the service of the Pennsylvania company, in any capacity, anywhere along the whole system of roads, that was at work when I first entered in."

"And who is he?"

"President George B. Roberts, of Philadelphia."—Chicago Herald Train Talk.

Fire Proof Coaches.

The cremation of human beings on passenger and sleeping cars, in case of accident, as illustrated in the Ashtabula tragedy and others of a more recent date, have been and still are the greatest horrors to be found in railway travel. The light draperies, inflammable upholsterings, and heavy varnishes of sleepers and palace coaches, while pleasing to the eye, are food for the flames whenever a car is overturned; and help, however quickly it comes, is too late to save from agony, if not from death. It has been left for a Buffalo inventor, Mr. George Mann, to discover a remedy for this great terrorizer of the traveler. He has adopted asbestos as an upholstering for seats, materials for curtains and lining for the entire interior of the car, this to be covered, when used for upholstering or ceilings, with a fine wire-cloth on which pleasing designs may be wrought. Asbestos is known to be non combustible, and a car so upholstered and so lined, in Mr. Mann's opinion, would be almost fire proof. Passengers would have ample time for escape, or to be rescued before a fire, originating from an overturned stove, could become dangerous in cars in which asbestos was used.

Hold On, Boy.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to pinch, strike, catch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high position, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well and do through all times.

Hold on to virtue. It is above all price to you under all circumstances.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best friend.

The Silver-Plate Line.

A passenger agent of one of the great southern lines won his reputation and promotion by the vigor with which he used to jump up in convention and earnestly declare, "Mr. Chairman, I represent the Eufaula, seventy-two miles, all under one management." And he not only attracted attention to himself, but made his influence felt. Down at Chagrin Falls they have a little line all under one management, which, although small, is no slouch of a road. When the Nickel-plate was named this road determined to have a more elegant title than the new road, and it was dubbed the Silver-plate Line. Yesterday this road, which is but 98 100 miles long, was assessed for taxation. The main line was valued at $1500 per mile, the 800 feet of siding at the rate of $9000 per mile, the rolling stock at $800, credits and supplies at $20 per mile, the buildings for Chagrin Falls at $200 and Solon at $300.—Cleveland Herald.

President White of Cornell University, recently said that neither the attention of the faculty of Cornell University, nor his own attention, has been called thus far during the entire college year, to a single breach of discipline by the students—"to any offense of any sort for which any faculty in the land would seem it necessary even to reprimand a student."

Consumptives call on your druggist and get a free Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery.

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THE TICKET.

How the People Received the News of the Nomination.

EXCITING SCENES OF THE WILDEST JOY.

Citizens of Maine Visit Augusta and Congratulate the Victor, who Makes Brief Speeches—Comment.

[The wires to the east are still in trouble, and few dispatches can be sent. The storm along the Union Pacific was very severe.]

CHICAGO, June 6.—The proceedings in the national republican convention to-day were accompanied by scenes of tumultuous excitement. The interest in the balloting was little short of a contagion. Inside the walls of the convention hall were fully 15,000 people, occupying every point from which a view of the scene was possible. It was a splendid appearing audience, and picturesque, in view of the large body of ladies in bright costumes present, preserving the decorum to be witnessed at an opera. During the progress of the ordinary events of the day it would suddenly lash itself into mad excitement, and the great roar and abandon of the multitude was of a nature which could not help but stir the blood in the veins of the dullest clod. These scenes occurred whenever a full vote was announced or on the occasion of some state breaking for Blaine.

Outside the convention was another great host of waiting people, whose responsive shouts when the results of the ballots were bulletined, could be distinctly heard inside the great structure. The delirium reached its climax when Illinois joined the column of Blaine states, almost surely presaging victory for the Maine men. The hall fairly thundered as the swaying audience gave vent to its fierce enthusiasm; hats went into the air, handkerchiefs were waved frantically and the flags and decorations were torn from the face of the gallery and were made to cut their way through the air by those occupants of the gallery who had seized upon them.

CLIMAX OF THE ENTHUSIASM.

When their excitement had, in a manner, spent itself, the gavel of the chairman would serve to bring out order, and the audience would relapse again into a condition of apparent repose, to be succeeded again by a season of excitement, as the successive votes were announced.

When the fourth ballot was declared it was the signal for a mighty cheer, and when the detonations of the artillery outside the building served again to remind them of the triumph achieved by the Blaine forces, the building rocked under the impulse, and the cheering for Arthur and Logan was hearty. The apex of enthusiasm was touched only when the name of Blaine was sounded, or as the prospects of success seemed to increase. The Californians were generally the center of the whirlwind of excitement among the delegates. When Illinois broke, the Pacific Coast people took the banner they have borne since leaving San Francisco and proceeded with it up and down the aisle. Colorado unfurled a triumphant banner, bearing a picture of the Maine statesman, the standard being surmounted with a live eagle. Kansas exposed a banner which bore the inscription "40,000 majority for the nominee; 75,000 for James G. Blaine." These were borne by delegates through the main body of the audience and the swaying multitude broke into a deafening roar at the sight of the fluttering emblems. The crash of martial music, the roar of cannon and the answering shouts of the outside made up a scene rarely to be witnessed, and created a sensation to beholders seldom to be experienced.

The session was not ended until nearly 5 o'clock. Though nearly six hours the main body of spectators had remained, to be present at the decisive ballot.

ENTERPRISE.

CHICAGO, June 7.—The Western Union wires last night were all disabled west of Cheyenne, by a severe storm. As soon as the situation became known to the officials of the Western Union Company they at once secured an engine, and placed a corps of line repairers on board, and started them out to place the wires in shape for sending western associated press reports of the national convention to the Pacific slope.

A telegram notifying Blaine of his nomination was filed in the western Union telegraph office at the convention hall, Chicago, at 3:36 P. M., was delivered to Blaine at his home in Augusta, Maine, and posted in the London club at 3:51, Chicago time.

TO NOTIFY BLAINE.

CHICAGO, June 7.—Last night General Henderson completed the committee to notify Blaine and Logan of their nomination, in accordance with the instructions of the convention. Among the delegation are the following: California, Charles F. Crocker; Oregon, O. N. Denny; Arizona, S. H. Stebbens; Washington territory, George D. Hill.

AT BLAINE'S HOME.

AUGUSTA, June 7.—The news of Blaine's nomination was received with the wildest enthusiasm. Cannons were fired and a flag on which was inscribed, "Our next president, James G. Blaine," was unfurled. There was also a portrait of Blaine exhibited on the street. Men were wild, cheering and throwing up their hats. The city bells were ringing and everybody, republicans and democrats, wild with enthusiasm.

When the news of the nomination was received one grand hurrah broke from the assembled crowd. Hats were thrown up and men became wild and almost frenzied with joy. A mammoth flag was swung to the breeze and was greeted with loud applause. A procession was formed, which moved down Commercial street to Blaine's residence and gave three cheers for the next president of the United States. Mr. Blaine appeared and spoke as follows: "My friends and my neighbors—I thank you most sincerely for the honor of this call. There is no spot in the world where good news could come to me so gratefully as here at my own home, among the people with whom I have been on terms of friendship and intimacy for more than thirty years, people I know and who know me. Thanking you again for the heartiness of the compliment, I bid you good night."

BLAINE MAKES A SPEECH.

A special train of fifteen cars came from Portland in the evening, and one from Bangor later. The visitors marched to the residence of Blaine, and he addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen—I am sure I must regard this as a compliment totally unprecedented in the history of politics in Maine. I do not take the compliment all to myself, but I recognize the earnestness with which you are prepared to enter the pending national campaign, and I have the pleasure to announce to you from a dispatch I have just received, that I have myself the honor to be associated on the Republican ticket with that brave and honorable soldier that eminent senator, John A. Logan, of Illinois. I am sure, gentlemen, I can add nothing by a speech to that fact, and you would hardly expect me to do more on this occasion than to express to you the deep obligations I feel under the extraordinary compliment given me, in coming from your homes in distant parts of the state, on the announcement of the action of the national convention. I wish my house was large enough to contain you all, as my heart is. Your visit, your energy and the earnestness of this greeting give good authority of your successful work in the canvass in which you will so soon enter."

AT NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 6.—The news of the nomination of Blaine spread rapidly. Groups of people were watching the bulletin boards during the afternoon, but as it became evident the result must be arrived at before adjournment, the numbers increased, and the announcement of Blaine's nomination was received with cheers. There was momentary disappointment on the part of the partisans of other candidates, but that quickly passed away, and there was made manifest every indication that the republicans of this city will fall into line for Blaine. The space in front of the *Tribune* building was thronged. People clung to the statue of Benjamin Franklin, and took advantage of every point from which the bulletins could be read. There was universal enthusiasm and repeated cheering.

VIEWS OF LEADING REPUBLICANS.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—Senator Ingalls said the ticket is invincible. Senator Harrison said Blaine will carry the Pacific slope, New York and Indiana. Secretary Lincoln said he could not get over the failure of the president to receive the nomination. He thought Mr Arthur had earned it, if such could be said of any one. Postmaster General Gresham said it is a strong ticket, and satisfactory to all republicans. Senator Jones said the nomination was a brilliant one. Senator Hawley said Blaine's nomination was evident during the third ballot, and he wrote a telegram, intending to send it to the Blaine men, urging that Miller of California be given the second place, but concluded that California might not be able to elect a republican in his place.

ARTHUR NOT SURPRISED.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—President Arthur received the news from Chicago with great composure. To an agent of the associated press he said the news had not taken him by surprise, disappointments in politics being such a common occurrence.

A PLEDGE FROM ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The president sent the following dispatch to Mr. Blaine: "The Hon. James G. Blaine, Augusta, Maine—As the candidate of the republican party you will have my earnest and cordial support. CHESTER A. ARTHUR."

GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

BOSTON, June 7.—Dispatches throughout New England show great enthusiasm over Blaine's nomination. Nearly the whole state resounds to the roar of cannon. Special trains are being run to Augusta, carrying enthusiastic admirers. In some cases trains are furnished with field pieces, mounted on the platforms of the cars, which are fired while the trains are running.

BLAINE CONGRATULATED.

BOSTON, June 7.—Yesterday a special wire was started from Boston to Augusta, to accommodate private messages to Blaine. At 4:45 the wire was choked with business. At 8 P. M. messages are still coming from all parts of the Union, congratulating Blaine upon his nomination.

AT PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, Maine, June 6.—There is great enthusiasm here. Special trains from all quarters are carrying enthusiasts to Augusta to congratulate Blaine.

THE NEWS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 7.—The *Times* says: "Blaine's nomination will be received with satisfaction. Not only has he been the most popular, but the most conspicuous and respected politician in the ranks of the republican party, which has done itself credit by the nomination. He is well known and distinguished. If the democrats should make up their minds to adopt a reasonable free trade policy they would have more sympathy this side of the Atlantic than hitherto. Meantime we congratulate the country on the choice of a candidate so eminently suited as Blaine to represent and uphold the dignity of the United States."

The *Daily News* says: "Most conservative observers believe the nomination of Blaine marks the dissolution of the republican party, which will have a most critical battle to fight this year."

A dandy, wishing to be witty, accosted an old ragman as follows: "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?" "Yes," answered the ragman, "jump in! jump in!"

For Throat Diseases and Coughs.—Brown's Bronchial Troches, like all really good things, are frequently imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

GENERAL NEWS.

Faith Cure.

NEW YORK, June 7.—[Special.]—The morning papers print particulars of the case of Rev. Clement Blanchet, a recently returned Episcopal missionary from Japan, which causes widespread comment. Mrs. Blanchet is the daughter of a clergyman, and has been suffering from a nervous disorder for four years. The best medical advice procurable in this country and Japan did not benefit her. Rev. Blanchet heard of the faith cure while in Japan, and after returning here read an account of alleged cures effected by Rev. Sloan of Stratford, Conn. He opened a correspondence with Sloan in relation to Mrs. Blanchet's illness, which resulted in the acceptance of treatment and her alleged recovery of health. Shortly after his little child broke her arm, and they decided to resort to the faith cure. The case became known to many Episcopalians; also to President Gerry of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and through them to Assistant Bishop Potter, who wrote Blanchet, kindly advising him to reconsider his determination not to seek surgical advice. Blanchet was also threatened with the interference of the society above named. Yielding to the bishop's advice he sent for a physician, but meantime a summons was obtained by some indignant churchmen for his arrest. Before it was served two surgeons came and saw the arm. Dr Jersey said: "The little girl had what is called 'Greenstick' fracture of the bone. The bones of the forearm had grown together in a misplaced position, so she could not properly use her arm. I found her in no pain whatever. I think Blanchet is very sincere in his mistaken belief." "I told the doctor," said Blanchet, "that I had not changed my opinion on the subject. I got the arm set in deference to the wishes of the bishop. I believe if they had let the arm alone it would have been all right." The doctor said it was in better condition than he expected to find it. Bishop Potter, in his letter, said: "I will not express any opinion as to the best means of effecting your child's recovery. I agree with you as to the efficacy of prayer in regard to our daily wants."

House.

WASHINGTON, June 7.—The house went into committee of the whole on private calendar.

CALIFORNIA.

A Sad Story of Desertion and Death.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7.—Mrs. Nellie Budd, who arrived here about a week ago from Boston, with her husband, was found dead in bed this morning. A few days ago her husband took all their available funds and pawned her jewelry, and then deserted her, leaving a letter stating he was going east, and would, on his arrival there, send her money to rejoin him. She reported his desertion and misappropriation to the chief of police, and then went home and forged an order for morphine on the druggist, with which it is supposed she committed the fatal deed.

Lecture by John B. Gough.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7.—John B. Gough, the celebrated temperance advocate, lectured last night on "The Powers that Be" to a large and interesting audience. The powers of nature were first dwelt upon, with the power of the human will and the power of faith. "The strongest and ablest men in the world," he said, "were the men with faith in God."

Personal.

Signor Devivo leaves to-morrow for Portland, by the steamer Columbia, to prepare arrangements for the appearance of an operatic company there at New Market theater. The company will appear at Astoria on June 16 and at Portland on the 17th, for four nights, and afterwards will visit Salem, Vancouver, Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle, Port Townsend and Victoria.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

News Items from Seattle.

SEATTLE, June 6.—[Special.]—The nomination of Blaine gives general satisfaction here. A salute is being fired to-night.

Mrs. Laws and Mrs. Cook of Renton had a fight at their place yesterday, in which the former cut the latter with a butcher knife, and it is said she cannot live.

Judge Orange Jacobs has been nominated for mayor by the temperance party.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

News Notes from Victoria.

VICTORIA, June 7.—The *Colonist* thinks the total salmon pack will not exceed 40,000 cases. Six canneries will not pack at all, and a short run on Frazer river is considered certain by men who have watched the runs for many years in the northern rivers. The spring run is over and has proved a partial failure. All things point to a shortage of from 80,000 to 100,000 cases.

Two Indian boys are reported to have been murdered on the east coast by two white men who lured them on board a small sloop and made them drunk, then quarreled and threw them overboard.

THE TURF.

AT JEROME PARK.

NEW YORK, June 7.—Jerome park races—Mile and a furlong, three-year-olds and upwards—Strathspey won, Sandoval 2d, Buckstone 3d; time, 2:00¾.

Three-quarters of a mile, all ages—Nimrod won, Tottoncoit 2d, Comet 3d; time, 1:19¾.

Mile and three furlongs—Trafalgar won, Elected 2d; time, 2:32.

Three-quarters of a mile for three-year-olds and upwards—Antelope won, Constantine 2d; time, 1:18¾.

Hurdle race, short course—Abraham won. Boomer fell at the first jump. Time, 3.31.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

HOMICIDE NEAR LEADVILLE.

DENVER, June 6.—General H. Bearce, a prominent mining resident of this city, was shot this evening and fatally wounded by Samuel Derry near Leadville. The trouble was about mining claims.

PRESS PITH.

An egg measuring 10¾ by 8 inches was the curio a Bradley, Cal., hen laid last week. When broken open two perfect eggs, each in a separate shell, were discovered inside.

Of all the presents received by Bismarck on his recent birthday anniversary that which surprised him and pleased him most was from his wife—a beautiful cavalry saber in a solid silver scabbard.

A dog was dug out of the debris of a snow slide in Colorado a few weeks ago. He had been confined in a narrow space next the logs of a buried cabin for thirty-two days, and when found was in good health, but as thin as a politician's promise.

James Lowell of Washington Springs, D. T., was to be married on the 30th ult., but on that day he was compelled, unaided, to bury his affianced, her whole family having the diphtheria, and the neighbors being too much alarmed to assist.

"Mrs. Glimps," said a little girl in West Wayne street the other day, "my mother sent me over to invite you to come and take tea with us." "Did she say what time I should come?" "No, ma'am; she only said you should come, and then it would be off her mind."—*The Hoosier.*

Dr. O. W. Holmes recalls that sixty years ago he saw three small boys playing patchwork costumed parts in a Boston garret theatre, and notes that when these three boys grew up to fill more important parts on the stage they were known as Thomas G. Appleton, John Lothrop Motley and Wendell Phillips.

A prima donna once held conversation with a mule and, falling into a dispute, the mule viciously cried: "You cannot sing half as well as I." "That may be true," replied the prima donna, "but you cannot kick as well as I can." Overcome by the truth of this argument the mule lapsed into a harrowing silence.

At Fort Verde, A. T., last week, a thoroughbred bulldog was matched against a young mountain lion. The battle was a very fierce one, lasting about fifteen minutes, resulting in a victory for the dog; but the canine did not survive long, dying from wounds received during the fight in about half an hour.

California's youth, says the *Alta-California*, continue to go to the bad with alarming rapidity. Temple, one of the Shasta County stage robbers, is a boy of 17, said to have been raised under the best home influences. And now six boy burglars, all sons of respectable parents, have been arrested in Los Angeles. Is it in the climate?

Young men who are pawning their winter overcoats to take their girls on an excursion may be interested in knowing that the newest style of engagement ring is a diamond and a ruby, or a diamond and a sapphire set at right angles or diagonally.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Flower-Makers of Paris.

Frank Leslie's Magazine.

It appears almost incredible that in Paris no fewer than 40,000 women find their living by making artificial flowers. The majority of them, asserted by a too credulous admirer, to be real artists, imitating nature almost to perfection, with exquisite taste and well developed imagination. The rose in the workshop of the fleuriste is the masterpiece. If the art of making a rose is required, the maker is supposed to be able to imitate any other flower, the rose being considered as particularly developing the imagination of young artists. As in other branches of industry, there are specialists in the flower factories, the buds, the foliage and the mounting being done by different persons. At present a great number of flower makers are out of work, owing partly to flowers being out of fashion, and partly to the enormous competition in England, Germany, Switzerland and America, which increases with every season. No country, however, can compete with France in elegance, delicacy and taste, although the flowers are generally made after French models. "It is a curious fact," said a complacent Frenchman, "that women who, in France, were highly esteemed for their taste in the manufacturing and arranging of flowers, lose all their ingenuity when, as not infrequently happens, they go abroad to pursue their calling."

A Young Lawyer Starved.

New York Tribune.

A dispatch from Concord, New Hampshire, tells about the death of Franklin P. Norris, a young lawyer, showing that he died from starvation. Norris was, until within two years, a telegraph operator in the south. Two years ago he was admitted to the bar in Concord. He was extremely poor, and was upright, temperate and industrious, but did not develop much aptitude for the profession. His earnings were not enough, it now turns out, to pay for ordinary table board, but his straitened circumstances were not suspected. A visitor to the office in which Norris had a desk found the poor fellow alone and in convulsions. He lay on a sofa with a thin quilt over him. The only food in the room was a small bag of ordinary crackers and a tumbler of water. It seems that he had no other lodging place except the office, and that he had no food that day except a few crackers. Five hours after he was discovered he died, physicians being unable to restore his vitality. There were many in Concord who would have helped him had they known his destitution.

OPENING.

N. P. Common	21¾	Pacific Mail	[illegible]
N. P. Preferred	48½	North Western	[illegible]
Or. & Trans.	14	Lake Shore	[illegible]
Or. Imp. Stock	15¾	New York Central	102
Or. Imp. Bonds	45	Erie	[illegible]
Western Union	59¾		

CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

Western Union 60

THE PEOPLE'S WESTWARD MARCH.

T. W. Higginson in Harper's Magazine.

Nothing in the history of the globe is so extraordinary in its topographical and moral results as the vast western march of the American people within a hundred years. Let us look, for instance, at the excellent French map of what constituted the northern part of the United States in 1798. The western boundary of visible settlement is the Genesee river of New York. The names on the Hudson are like the names of to-day; all beyond is strange. No railroad, no canal; only a turnpike running to the Genesee, and with no further track to mark the way through the forest to "Buffaloe," on the far-off lake. Along the turnpike are settlements—"Schenectady," "Canajohary," "Schuyler or Utica," "Fort Stanwick, or Rome," "Oneida Castle," "Onondaga Castle," "Geneva" and "Canandargue," where the road turns north to Lake Ontario. Forests cover all western New York, all northwestern Pennsylvania. Far off in Ohio is a detached region indicated as "the Connecticut Reserve, conceded to the families who had been ruined during the war of independence"—whence our modern phrase "Western Reserve." The summary of the whole map is that the United States still consisted of the region east of the Alleghanies, with a few outlying settlements, and nothing more.

Now pass over twenty years. In the map prefixed to "William Darby's Tour from New York to Detroit in 1818"—this Darby being the author of an emigrant's guide, and a member of the New York Historical society—we find no state west of the Mississippi except Missouri, and scarcely any towns in Indiana or Illinois. Michigan territory is designated, but across the whole western half of it is the inscription, "This part very imperfectly known." All beyond Lake Michigan and all west of the Mississippi is a nameless waste, except for a few names of rivers and of Indian villages. This marks the progress—and a very considerable progress—of twenty years. Writing from Buffalo (now spelled correctly), Darby says: "The beautiful and highly cultivated lands of the strait of Erie are now a specimen of what in forty years will be the landscape from Erie to Chicago [sic]. It is a very gratifying anticipation to behold in fancy the epoch to come when this augmenting mass of the population will enjoy, in the interior of this vast continent, a choice collection of immense marts where the produce of the banks of innumerable rivers and lakes can be exchanged."

Already, it seems, travelors and map makers had got from misspelling "Buffaloe" to misspelling "Chicago." It was a great deal. The Edinburg Review for that same year (June, 1818), in reviewing Birbeck's once celebrated Travels in America, said:

"Where is this prodigious increase of numbers, this vast extension of dominion, to end? What bounds has nature set to the progress of this mighty nation? Let our jealousy burn as it may, let our intolerance of America be as unreasonably violent as we please, still it is plain that she is a power in spite of us, rapidly rising to supremacy; or, at least, that each year so mightily augments her strength as to overtake, by a most sensible distance, even the most formidable of her competitors."

This was written, it must be remembered, when the whole population of the United States was but little more than 9,000,000, or about the present population of New York and Pennsylvania taken together.

What were the first channels for this great transfer of population? The great turnpike road up the Mohawk valley in New York; and farther south the "National road" which ended at Wheeling, Va. Old men, now or recently living—as, for instance, Sewell Newhouse, the trapper and trapmaker of Oneida—can recall the long lines of broad-wheeled wagons, drawn by ten horses, forty of these teams sometimes coming in close succession; the stages, six of which were sometimes in sight at once; the casualties, the breakdowns, the sloughs of despond, the passengers at work with fence rails to pry out the vehicle from a mud hole. These sights, now disappearing on the shores of the Pacific, were then familiar in the heart of what is now the east. This was the tide flowing westward; while eastward, on the other hand, there soon began a counter current of flocks and herds sent from the new settlements to supply the older states. As early as 1824 Timothy Flint records meeting a drove of more than a thousand cattle and swine, rough and shaggy as wolves, guided toward the Philadelphia market by a herdsman looking as untamed as themselves, and coming from Ohio—"a name which still sounded in our ears," Flint says, "like the land of savages."

The group so well known in our literature, the emigrant family, the way-side fire, the high-peaked wagon, the exhausted oxen, this picture recedes steadily in space as we come nearer to our own time. In 1788 it set off with the first settlers from Massachusetts to seek Ohio; in 1798 it was just leaving the Hudson to ascend the Mohawk river; in 1815 the hero of Lawrie Todd saw it at Rochester, N. Y.; in 1819 Darby met it near Detroit, Mich.; in 1824 Flint saw it in Missouri; in 1831 Alexander depicted it in Tennessee; in 1843 Margaret Fuller Ossoli sketched it beyond Chicago; in 1856 I myself saw it in Nebraska and Kansas; in 1864 Clarence King described it in his admirable sketch 'Way-side Pikes, in California. In 1882 Mrs. Leighton in her charming letters pictures it at Puget sound; beyond which, as it has reached the Pacific, it cannot advance. From this continent the emigrant group, in its original form, has almost vanished; the process of spreading emigration by steam is less picturesque but more rapid.

The newly published volumes of the United States census for 1880 give, with an accuracy of detail such as the world never before saw, the panorama of this vast westward march. It is a matter of national pride to see how its ever changing phases have been caught and photographed in these masterly volumes, in a way such as the countries of the older world have never equaled, though it would seem so much easier to depict their more fixed conditions. The Austrian newspapers complain that no one in that nation knows at this moment, for instance, the center of Austrian population; while the successive centers for the United States are here exhibited on a chart with a precision as great, and an impressiveness to the imagination as vast, as when astronomers represent for us the successive portions of a planet. Like the shadow thrown by the hand of some great clock, this inevitable point advances year by year across the continent, sometimes four miles a year, sometimes eight miles, but always advancing. And with this striking summary, the census report gives us a series of successive representations and colored charts, at ten year intervals, of the gradual expansion and filling in of population over the whole territory of the United States. No romance is so fascinating as the thoughts suggested by these silent sheets, each line and tint representing the unspoken sacrifices and fatigues of thousands of nameless men and women. Let us consider for a moment these successive indications.

In the map for 1790 the whole population is on the eastern slope of the Appalachian range, except a slight spur of emigration reaching westward from Pennsylvania and Virginia, and a detached settlement in Kentucky. The average depth of the strip of civilization, measuring back from the Atlantic westward, is but 255 miles. In 1800 there is some deepening of population within the old lines, and a western movement along the Mohawk in New York state, while the Kentucky oasis of population has spread down into Tennessee. In 1810 all New York, Pennsylvania and Kentucky are well sprinkled with population, which begins to invade southern Ohio also, while the territory of Orleans has a share, and Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, the Mississippi territory, including Mississippi and Alabama, are still almost or untouched. In 1820 Ohio, or two-thirds of it, shows signs of civilized occupation; and the settlements around Detroit, which so impressed Darby, have joined those in Ohio; Tennessee is well occupied, as is southern Indiana; while Illinois, Wisconsin, Alabama, have rills of population adjoining the Indian tribes, not yet removed, still retarding southern settlements. In 1830—Adams' administration being now closed—Indiana is nearly covered with population, Illinois more than half; there is hardly any unsettled land in Ohio, while Michigan is beginning to be occupied. Population has spread up the Missouri to the north of Kansas river, and farther south Louisiana, Alabama, and Arkansas begin to show for something. But even in 1830 the center of population is in Moorefield, western Virginia, not yet moving westward at the rate of more than five miles a year.

Got.

The Spectator.

It is a fact, small in itself, since it is only three letters, but of consequential importance, that the word "got" is making steady headway in the English language. The time is not far gone when children were reproved sternly for using this word; now, although it grates upon the average American ear, it has found an unquestionable lodgment, while in England it is an accepted part of the language. Trollope makes the freest use of it of any writer I know of; his characters in the very highest circles all use it indiscriminately and continually. It is a word, short, full of meaning, and so why not take up and be good friends. We have "got" many good words in the same way.

ENGINES, BOILERS and SAW MILLS.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

SLAB WOOD—$1 50 PER LOAD—FROM WEID... Saw-Mill. Orders left at mill or in the box at ... Saloon will be promptly attended to.

NEW BOOKS.

A PALACE PRISON, or the Past and Present; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, publishers. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., $1 25.

In this story an anonymous author sketches the career of a young lady, Marion Page, "a maidenly flower, a blossom of the spiritual type," who, being inclined to push or send load of thinking for herself, was gradually adjudged insane and sent to one of our modern insane asylums—a palace prison—and the design of the story is to expose the many plausible silent infamies of such institutions. The author claims that the underlying data are facts, that the pith of the story is true.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY.—By W. H. Mallock. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, publishers; For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

This is practically a reprint of the author's contributions to the pages of the *Quarterly Review*. In these articles Mr. Mallock comes to the front as the champion of conservative policy in England, and, as the representatives of radical socialism, subjects Messrs. George and Hyndman to a course of argumentative treatment, in which merciless directness vies with lofty style and generous warmth. In these days of excited personal debate, it is a rare thing to find an essayist, who, like Mr. Mallock, seem to fight like King Arthur's knights, fair and open, but to the death. He is a terribly close and persistent logician and in his criticism of Mr. George, turns that writer's own efforts upon himself with the adroitness of a skilled fencing master. Mr. Mallock claims that while his opponents are honest, patriotic and undeniably able exponents of their cause, they are for that very reason pernicious in their effect upon the hot blooded masses, who, not educated to reason, make their deductions hastily and hotly, rather than deeply and rightly. Anyone who has read Mr. George's theories of progress, will find arguments of extraordinary interest in the pages of this work, while the rapid general reader will find the cream of the current thought of the day. Pro and con, it deals with a topic, which although applied to England alone in this case, comes home to all of us very forcibly and should command the deepest attention.

A ROMAN SINGER. By F. Marion Crawford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., $1 25.

In many respects "A Roman Singer" is the most satisfactory of the novels which Mr. Marion Crawford has produced so rapidly, and its opening chapters are of really unusual merit. Of plot, properly speaking, the volume is as absolutely devoid as the rest of Mr. Crawford's stories, while the characters are so obviously puppets that had the author at any given point taken a whim to kill them all in a penstroke, it is doubtful if the reader would have experienced any emotion beyond the most mild surprise. The narrator, it is true, the old Grandi, possesses some humanity, but his foster son, the great tenor, is only a little nearer humanity than his peerless iceberg of a bride. As for the extremely unpleasant and casually minded countess, who is introduced for no especial purpose, and the wearisome old Jew, they as evidently bore the author as they do the reader, and one regrets that the clumsy device of declaring the latter insane—by way of a paragraph in the *Figaro*—had not occurred to Mr. Crawford 207 pages sooner. Despite all these drawbacks, there is much that is attractive in "A Roman Singer." Mr. Crawford's stage settings are always effective, and usually novel. The use made of Nino's voice, if rather improbable to one acquainted with the care stage-tenors take of their throats, is still picturesque, and the book has the advantage over "To Leeward" of being decent and readable throughout.

PHASES OF LIFE IN ITALY. By Mrs. Bianciardi. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., $1 25.

Mrs. Bianciardi, an American lady who has lived for many years in France and Italy, has made an attractive book of some phases of life in Italy. She writes pleasantly of Siena, Perugia, the convents of northern Italy, Valombrosa, the cool villages among the mountains, where the summer is a season of comfort as well as of enchanting beauty. One-third of the book is devoted to a discussion of Italy as a residence, and the information given is of interest to all readers, and of great value to invalids who go to Italy for the sake of health, and to families who go for the sake of culture or study, and do not wish to live at large hotels. Mrs. Bianciardi speaks also of the mistake made by American parents in allowing their daughters to go abroad alone for study, and says that "there are no circumstances, even of exceptional talent and poverty combined, which justify the sending forth a girl without protection." She thinks that Hawthorne's "Hilda" has done a great deal of harm in luring her sisters over the sea, and she suggests that in Boston and New York an Italian or French girl, unknown and unauthenticated, would hardly be admitted at once as a companion of those young ladies whose parents feel that they confer honor on Italy and Germany by sending their daughters thither unchaperoned, and who complain if inexperience and imprudence do not always secure respect. Mrs. Bianciardi is earnest in this matter, because she has seen so much evil result from it. She is earnest also in condemnation of Henry James' persistent disparagement of everything American, and asserts that he has greatly retarded the true knowledge and appreciation of America on the part of the English people, and has impeded the establishment of those cordial relations which right-minded English people and Americans sincerely desire to see established.

A New Edition of the Siamese Twins.

About two months ago twins were borne by a poor man's wife in Sarisniemi parish, Finland, who are joined together in life somewhat in the style of the famous ones of Siam. If this new combination continues to thrive as well as hitherto, there is no doubt but it will in time cause as much sensation and prosper as well as the Siamese one. They are named Liza and Anna respectively, which suggests that they belong to the opposite sex of their Siamese predecessors. Both children have heads, shoulders and arms separately, but only two legs in common. The feet are normally developed, with five toes each. It is necessary to keep them lying on their backs, and when they are being washed or moved the one's head must be held in the same position as that of the other. From the lower part of Anna's hip there is one more leg running up her back so far as to touch her head when she moves it, and to judge by its size it also contains Liza's other leg. It ends in a foot with eight toes, the biggest of them in the middle. The stomach is mostly located on one side of the spine. When one of the curios is fast asleep the other may be crying lustily.

A Novel Hen.

A Cape Vincent man has constructed a sheet-iron hen that promises to lay him a golden egg. It is finished up to life, full size, cackles, clucks and looks with one eye at a time so naturally that it deceives the oldest henhawk in the country. It is so fixed that when a hawk, mink or polecat pounces on to it the back springs open and the wings fly up and force the assailant on to a ravenous buzz-saw that makes 1700 revolutions a minute. After moving half a minute the saw stops, the hen closes up, folds its wings and begins to cackle as though it had just laid an egg. One winding up will answer for three massacres, providing the rather delicate machinery does not get clogged up with too much blood, bones and feathers. He set a freshly painted one out in the sun to dry last Wednesday which attracted the attention of a fine old cat belonging to Doctor Wood, who had been poking a great deal of fun at the fool thing. The hen is there but the cat is hence.

Fooled with Paper Flowers.

Chicago Herald.

A professor of botany in a Boston school was recently taken into a conservatory where the most of the flowers and shrubs were artificial, and asked if he thought there were any bogus flowers there. After making a hasty examination, without touching them, he pronounced them all genuine except one. The facts were that this one was natural, and those that he pronounced such perfect specimens were all made of paper and wire. So perfect were some of the paper specimens that when they were placed beside the natural one the latter could not be distinguished from the other.

In pursuance of an order made and entered in the above entitled cause on the 26th day of May, 1884, the above sale is postponed until Wednesday, June 18, 1884, at same time and place.
EDWARD S. KEARNEY, U. S. Marshal.

Truly Named The King of Tonics, Dr. Henley's DANDELION TONIC.

How Gun Barrels are Made.

St. Nicholas for June.

The beautiful waved lines and curious flowerlike figures that appear on the surface of the barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals, iron and steel are intimately blended in making the strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars, or ribbons, of steel and iron are alternately ranged together and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together and shaped into a long, flat bar, which is next spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated, and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed. The last, or finishing operation is to turn the barrel on a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings, and weldings and hammerings, the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst. But the finishing of the inside of the barrel is an operation requiring very great care and skill. What is called a cylinder-bored barrel is where the bore or hole through the barrel is made of uniform size from end to end. A choke-bore is one that is a little smaller at the muzzle end than it is at the breach end. There are various ways of "making" gun-barrels, but the object of all methods is to make the gun throw its shot close together with even and regular distribution and with great force. There are several kinds of metallic combinations that gun-makers use the principal of which are called Damascus, Bernard, and laminated steel; the Damascus barrels are generally considered the best.

Lordlings in Gotham.

There are several lordlings in New York at present, among them Mandeville, Aylesford and the Right Hon. Sands son of Lord Sands. These three can frequently be seen together, and it is the one last mentioned who has attained some celebrity by appearing on Broadway in a costume, the chief feature of which was a waistcoat of the vivid color adopted by the New York Cab company for the adornment of their coupe bodies. One of the young lords now in New York is not popular among American young men in spite of his title. This is enough, as a general thing to endear almost any kind of a foreigner to the youthful New Yorkers, but it doesn't seem to reach this far in the case of the particular lord in question. It is only a few nights ago that he came to his hotel in a painful state of collapse occasioned by the unexpected vigor of a dude. His lordship had a black eye, a swollen nose, and a cut which crossed his mouth and split both lips open. In a moment of brandy and soda exhilaration he had been offensive to one of the budding sons of New York's proudest society. He was not lucky in his choice, because this particular bud is accustomed to disport himself among dumb-bells and boxing gloves. Straightway his lordship was slugged in the most Sullivanian style of the art. In addition to the heavy odor of carbolic acid which has for so long perfumed the atmosphere of this British lord, the sensitive nostril may now detect the less pungent but equally curative smell of arnica.

Communism.

Herbert Spencer.

The machinery of communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since, vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrative organization once developed and consolidated, must become irresistible. And if there needs proof that the periodic exercise of electoral power would fail to prevent this, it suffices to instance the French government, which, purely popular in origin, and subject from time to time to popular judgment nevertheless tramples on the freedom of citizens to an extent which the English delegates to the late trades-unions congress say "is a disgrace to, and an anomaly in, a republican nation."

A Woman of Worth.

Montrose Messenger.

Miss Ella Webb, postmistress at Paradox, Col. has taken a quarter section of good land in her name, and is laying plans for a very handsome and comfortable home. She has contracted we are informed, with E. J. Hill, for 30,000 feet of lumber; with this she proposes to fence her entire claim, four boards high and a fifth board nailed on top of the posts (cedar); also build a two-story frame house about 24x40 feet in size, with shingle roof and everything complete. Outhouses, sheds, etc., for stock will also be constructed. Her ranch is all under water, every acre of it can be cultivated, and when her improvements are completed will be the most valuable in the country. She may conclude to side the house up with planed siding, this would necessarily be hauled over from Montrose. Miss Ella, besides possessing this ranch, has quite a bunch of cattle in her own right. She has evidently made good use of her time and energies during the past few years. Enterprise will win in Colorado whether by a man or woman.

SOMEBODY'S PRIDE.

Plume on his helmet, and sword to the shoulder.
Sound the advance! Never call the retreat!
Some are as fair, not a man can look bolder,
Reining his charger to side down the street:
Up with the windows, the regiment passes,
Glory will cover the old colors that droop;
Love lights the eyes and the lips of the lassies,
Somebody nods to the Pride of the Troop.

Dust on his helmet, and sword that is broken;
Sound the recall to the scattering men!
Victory wavers, with death for its token,
Hundreds return to us. Where are the ten?
Lone in her chamber a maiden is weeping—
Eyes that have sparkled with sorrow can droop,
Dead on the battlefield heroes are sleeping,
Somebody prays for the Pride of the Troop.

Laurel on helmet, a sword that is rusted,
Gather the women and march the men!
Honor is due to the soldiers we trusted,
Cheer for the hundred, but weep for the ten!
Out from the crowd a young maiden is lifted,
Lifted on shoulders that gallantly stoop:
Tears are forgotten, and sorrow has drifted,
Somebody kisses the Pride of the Troop.

—*Clement Scott in Home Chimes.*

The Java Cataclysm.

Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

The recent earthquake in England lends interest to a report which came under the notice of the French academy of science yesterday respecting the volcanic cataclysm in the Sunda straits. The report was drawn up by a Dutch engineer sent by his government to investigate the effects of the Java cataclysm and gives additional and authentic information concerning the catastrophe. The eruptions commenced on August 20, and attained their maximum on the 27th. On this side the reports of the eruptions were so loud that they were heard in Ceylon, and even in Australia, the sound thus traveling over a surface of 3000 kilometers, and forming a circle which represents the fifteenth part of the total surface of the globe. The enormous mass of cinders which was thrown out by the eruption, is estimated at about 33 cubic kilometers, and it was the fall of this tremendous mass that shook the soil and altered the position of the straits. There was, therefore, strictly speaking, no earthquake.

Old Buildings Destroyed.

With the last two months the crowbar brigade has demolished that curious block of houses which occupied the Strand with St. Clement's Danes church (Dr. Johnson's favorite place of worship) at the Temple Bar end, and St. Mary's-le-Strand at the other—one of them the house in which Daniel Defoe wrote part of "Robinson Crusoe;" the house next again that wherein Mistress Nell Gwynne, the actress, lodged, and where Charles II., with his friends, Rochester and Killigrew, would sit with the fair frail one in the wooden balcony and exchange repartees with the masher of the period; and the fourth, where local tradition has it that Ben Johnson, Alleyn and the divine William himself had a sort of a club, although it is more certain that Dick Steele wrote many a paper for the *Spectator* there.

The Paris Executioner.

From the London News.

Monsieur de Paris gets good wages for his bloody work—3000 francs a year, but then he is an object of execration, and when he orders a bottle of wine in a public house the servant pours it out backhanded, the greatest insult one can offer to any other Frenchman. Besides his salary, Monsieur de Paris—what with fees and mileages—makes about 100 francs per head—for those he removes in town, outside of Paris, his fee for an operation in the capital is 40 francs. But Monsieur Grevy is a merciful man; few of the death sentences are carried out and Monsieur de Paris complains that, as far as he is concerned, business is almost at a standstill.

LAND PLASTER
FOR SALE BY
EVERDING & FARRELL.

PROHIBITING FLASH LITERATURE.

Brooklyn Union.

There is a provision in the penal code which prohibits the sale or exhibition of indecent pictures or publications. Spasmodic efforts have been made to secure the observance of this very salutary restriction, and, in some instances, there have resulted in the arrest and punishment of those guilty of its violation. The action of the men who have attempted to stop the traffic in such literature and to prevent the sale of pictures of a questionable nature has sometimes been characterized by more zeal than discretion, but their error has been overlooked, very generally, in consideration of the good cause in which they are engaged. But while much anxiety has been shown to enforce the law in some directions, there has been but little vigor evidenced in others, and, as a consequence, several publications have been permitted to appear, and their exposure for sale has been allowed without interference. A glance, only, at the stands of the newsdealers will disclose the character of the literature referred to, while the free distribution at the street corners of these abominable sheets shows the boldness with which their proprietors bid for public patronage. Their reading matter has to do with thieves, murderers and pugilists, whose crimes are skilfully held up for admiration, while the illustrations represent scenes unfit for the eye of young or old to rest upon. In spite of the statutory prohibition of publications of this class the owner of one of them has become rich through its sales, and his recklessness seems to have increased in proportion as his income has become larger. It is safe to say but for the prominence given to pugilism and pugilists in this weekly sheet the prize ring would soon lose that notoriety which is necessary to its successful maintenance.

A majority of the members of the late legislature saw the wisdom of devising further measures for the suppression of these vile papers, and with that object in view they passed a law increasing the scope of the already existing code provisions making these publications illegal. The amendments to the statutory law were carefully prepared by Mr. John B. Pine, attorney for the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and were introduced in the senate by Mr. Gilbert. It is their purpose to extend the prohibitory provision of the statute by the addition of three sections. The first declares any person guilty of a misdemeanor who shall sell, give, show or offer for sale to any minor child any book, pamphlet, magazine, newspaper or other printed paper devoted to the publication or principally made up of criminal news, police reports or accounts of criminal deeds, or pictures and stories of bloodshed, lust or crime." The second section makes it a crime, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for persons to exhibit any of these indecent publications "upon any street or highway, or in any other place within the view or which may be within the view of any minor child," while the third constitutes it a misdemeanor to hire, use or employ any minor child to sell, give away or distribute the prohibited sheets. No one, surely, can raise any objection to the exercise by the legislature of its police powers in passing these excellent amendments. There can be no difficulty in determining the class of publications they are intended to effect, nor can there be any doubt that the discontinuance of their exposure for sale will go far to stay their demoralizing influence.

Senator Gilbert's bill still awaits the approval of the governor, and it is difficult to conceive of any reasons which can lead him to withhold his signature from it. Strenuous efforts have been and will, no doubt, continue to be made to persuade Mr. Cleveland not to give it his sanction, but the source from which these have come or may yet come should be sufficient to prove to the executive that the wishes of those who importune him to allow the bill to lapse may better be disregarded than heeded. It will be wise for the governor to remember that in some states these disreputable papers are entirely prohibited. Nor should he forget that an attempt was made in the house, just before adjournment, to exclude from the senate bill all reference to newspapers. This amendment was defeated, as it was seen to have been introduced in the interest of a sheet the suspension of which will be hailed by all decent people with satisfaction. If the governor desires to show his disapproval of the circulation of papers, the influence of which is demoralizing in the extreme, he will sign the bill: his failure to do so will only give encouragement for an increase in the number of a class of publications which are a disgrace to those who produce them, those who sell them, and of incalculable injury to the community.

A Warning to Smokers.

A curious incident happened in Paris the other day. Dr. R—— wears very open collars on his shirts, and when in walking along the Rue de Vaugirard somebody threw a lighted cigar stump out of the window, the doctor received the gracious offering in the nape of the neck. He tried to take hold of it, but it eluded his grasp and tumbled down his back, burning him dreadfully in a number of places. Mad with pain he rushed into a wine shop, but before he could strip his back was a mass of blisters.

The doctor did not know who had thrown the cigar stump, but a bystander noticed the window it came from and the doctor sent for a policeman. The person who threw the cigar proved to be a M. G——, a gentleman of means who was very much shocked at his imprudence and offered a considerable sum of money to the doctor to hush the matter up. But the latter refused to be appeased, and threatened to bring an action of criminal carelessness. Should he succeed, the smoker may grieve in jail over the result of his folly.

A Singular Divorce Suit.

Indianapolis Journal.

Judge Walker yesterday granted Elizabeth Beeler a divorce from Jones Vestal Beeler, on proof of continued drunkenness. She is 52 years old and he six years her senior, and they are the parents of nineteen children, fourteen of whom are still alive, the youngest being 10 years old. They nearly all sided with their mother in the suit, and several of them testified that their father was in the habit of getting "dead drunk" at least once a week, and at such times inclined to be cross and abusive. By agreement a division of the property—a farm of 120 acres in Decatur township—was made, she to receive forty acres and the home, and he the remainder. Beeler was at one time quite wealthy, but has since lost most of his possessions. Nearly the entire family was in court, and the spectacle was an unusual one.

The Mahdi's Cruelty.

Philadelphia Times.

It is said that the Mahdi just cuts the heads off those natives who are bold enough to question his divine mission, and promises a delightful paradise to those who are faithful to him. Meanwhile his own private harem numbers some thirty-nine wives, divorced and taken back alternately so keep within range of the Mohammedan law. His inactivity after the defeat of Hicks Pasha is explained by the statement of a special correspondent to the London *News*, to the effect that in that fight the Mahdi received a sword-cut across the forehead, which divided the brass cap which he wears under his turban and inflicted an ugly wound. For some time after the battle he did not appear in public. Mohammed Ahmed is a total abstinence man of the purest water. When he read General Gordon's letter offering to make him governor of Kordofan he burned it publicly and sent back word that his mission came from God and he did not need human titles and honors, and that if the general would wait a little while he (the Mahdi) would come to Khartoum any way.

SONG OF THE HEARTSICK.

Make me a grave, good sexton,
Narrow, and dark, and deep,
Close by the one you fashioned
When they laid my love to sleep!

What hath life for the weary?
What joy can the sick heart hold?
Tho' earth be robed in beauty,
And the skies are veiled with gold.

Deep in earth's sheltering bosom,
How sweetly we shall sleep,
Thou, whom I've wept so often,
And I, who shall cease to weep.

Dig me a grave, good sexton,
Narrow, and dark, and deep,
Where the river sings its dirges,
And the pines their vigils keep.

EAST PORTLAND LETTER LIST.

The following letters remain in the East Portland postoffice, June 6, 1884:

WOMEN'S LIST.

Brophy, Miss Nellie
Brown, Lottie E
Bussard, Mrs S B
Benson, Mrs Mary J
Burist, Miss Allie
Borde, Mrs Annie
Bennett, Sarah M
Carpenter, Miss Kate
Cline, Mrs T
Cornelius, Mrs B
Fenn, Miss Emma
Gedanke, Lucy
Joslin, Miss Eva
Jones, Miss Carrie
Keller, Miss Maggie
Love, Alice (2)
Mangles, Miss
Neurath, Mrs W
Price, Mrs Margaret
Robinson, Miss Lottie
Stevens, Lutie G
Sullivan, Mrs M (2)
Schuman, Mrs Jacob
Terman, Mrs Hester
Tregrove, Miss Ada
Whitwell, Mrs Susie
Wakefield, Mrs T
Yocum, Mrs A M

MEN'S LIST.

Alderson, Rev G
Anthony, John
Anderson, Edw'd
Abrams, Ed
Brain, Wm
Brownsberger, S
Banefield, M C
Bentler, John
Burleigh, John
Bobb, J B
Cavanaugh, Edw
Carwells, M
Crooks, Will H
Cleveland, Chas
Donaldson, Thos
Dun, Bickford M
Daniel, James B
Ehlers, Andrew
Glynn, F A
Gelogly, C H
Heller, Joseph
Hengle, John G
Hamilton, Hamble
Long, Wm
Lamen, D W
Lillas, Thos
Lawrence, S C
Morse, George
Morris, Jas A
Morgan, Frank
Morris, David
Murray, Chas S
Mason, B F
Manning, Geo
McDonald, Sam'l
Neilson, Peter
Nutenthal, Chris
Nickerson, M
Snider, Caleb B (5)
Scott, General
Scotten, Geo
Sokefield, M
Seston, G W
Siler, Scott
Stevens, Jas
Showfield, E S
Sliats, S N
Smith, S W
Sullivan, Eugene
Schumann, Jacob
Weaver, M B (3)
Walker, Phil
Watson, Jay W
Walton, Frank S
Winkle, Frank
Wright, Henry
Wise, Dan J
Wilson, J C
Wray, Wm B

M. COUGILL, M. P.

Without hope life is a burden. Keep it alive by drinking Celery, Beef and Iron.

WHITTIER, St. Louis, Mo. ... Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage ...

ZAN BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE
IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE
Nos. 19 and ... North Front St.